THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Weekly
Benj. Franklin

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MARCH 12, 1927

Booth Tarkington—Norma Talmadge—Thomas Beer—George Rector
Elbert H. Gary—Bertram Atkey—Floyd W. Parsons—Charles Brackett

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~ ~ ~

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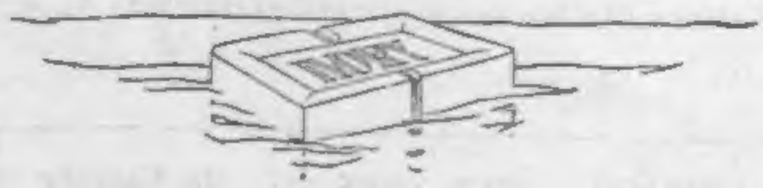

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MR. WHITE

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"But That ——" Mary Said. "Why, That—Why, It Must Have Been Exactly Like—Like Having Died, Mr. White!"

OUR country is so much larger and richer and more complicated than it used to be that nowadays even a first-rate newspaperman doesn't know all there is to know about it. During these past two decades the growth has come upon us so prodigiously that the United States has come to consist of too many intricate political and business kingdoms for any one person to know even the names of all the kings. Careers that once would have been national are now only sectional, perhaps no more than local; celebrities, believed in Boston or New York, or even in Pittsburgh, to be of world-wide conspicuousness, are unknown in other self-centered seats of the mighty. People of experience have abandoned that crushing phrase, "As every schoolboy knows," because there is too much to know; and a North Carolinian no longer blushes when he cannot name the senators from Minnesota. No more need a Vermonter, for instance, blush to confess that he has never so much as heard the name of the great Tom Golding, though naturally, here in the midland state of which he was governor, most of us thought that everybody in the world knew at least something about him. To us he appeared to be of monumental proportions; and a pickaninny, playing in a back alley of any of our towns, would say to another who assumed a manner of importance, "Look ou', boy! You ain' no Gov'nuh Tom Gol'ing!"

Most of his friends wondered why he took the trouble to acquire the governorship. "Why on earth should he bother with it?" they asked; and the only answer they could find was that it somewhat pleased his human vanity. He already had all the power a man could wish, and all the money in the world, as was often said; he may have decided to make an excuse for a statue of himself in one of the parks and cared something to hang his portrait on a wall in the State House. Certainly he enjoyed having his portrait painted for this purpose; though, for that matter, he seemed to enjoy everything.

He was one of those men who are, as we say, full of life; reporters usually described him at banquets as bubbling over with good spirits; and he seldom appeared to be in any other mood. I can give first-hand testimony to this, for I knew him well; and after he moved from his small town to the state capital and built his big Tudor house there, in the days of his first great prosperity, I was always a neighbor of his. He was unfailingly bubbling over with good spirits, year in and year out, whenever you saw him. He was full of life, and the longer he lived the fuller he was of life; indeed, one might say that the longer he lived the more he lived. People were always exclaiming admiringly of him, "Did you ever in the world see anybody enjoy life as much as

he does?" And the response was invariable: "I certainly never did!"

At fifty-four, when he had finished with his incidental governorship, he was obviously a man in the prime of the life he so abundantly enjoyed. True, he was fat; but he was nevertheless a powerful and active figure. He was over six feet, a big, hearty, bluff, jovial man, with a splendid head, a ruddy handsome face, all of his hair and most of his teeth. These excellent teeth he used with unction, for he was a good liver and an authority upon cookery. He was something of a gourmand, too, it must be said; he ate and drank and smoked heartily, sometimes prodigiously, and he had the good liver's faculty of enjoying a dinner, in retrospect, for hours after it was eaten. A dozen times, during an evening, I have heard him say, "My, but that was a good dinner! Lordy, Lordy, what a dinner that was!"

In his content of such a dinner he would prove himself richly conscious of possessing so much inner goodness. "Ain't it wonderful to have a dinner like that inside you?" he would say; and he loved to tell what his instructions to his chef had been—what special kind of oiled paper he had ordered to be used for cooking the game, and what year's Piper Heidsieck he had selected as the best obbligato for that course. Then, after the coffee and Napoleon brandy from Foyot's old stock, with the long and thick cigars nobody else in town could afford so generously, he was ready for one of those friendly little games of poker that usually lasted most of the night in his big brown library. He loved poker, and vigorously showed his disappointment if anyone went home before three in the morning; it delighted him to have the game last until daylight.

Hunting and fishing were his happy passions, and he maintained a number of camps—two in Canada, one in the South and one on the Kankakee. Never was he happier than when he had a squad of cronies with him on his private car, gorging themselves and playing cards on the way to greater gorgings, more cards and heavy slaughter of fish and fowl at one of these lavish sylvan retreats. Yet such sporting excursions, though both frequent and protracted, were not undertaken as relaxations from business; for he loved business too. He loved his power in the directorates of railroads and banks; though he used it genially, somewhat as a gambler, perhaps, and never as a hawk; but what pleased him even more was his ownership of the various Golding plants.

"I'll tell you what's the biggest satisfaction any man can have," he said once to me. "It's to walk through a great big works full of hundreds and hundreds of men, and hundreds and hundreds of big shiny machines all oiled and humming along smooth as glass, and to realize that it all bears your name and that the running of all those powerful machines and the prosperity of all those people depend entirely on a word from you, because the whole thing's yours. If there's any pleasure in the world equal to the feeling that you're the absolute owner of a big show like that, then I want to know about it!"

Probably he felt something of the same glorious satisfaction in his large and happy family. He had married at twenty and was devoted to his commonplace little wife. For her and their seven children he seemed to feel, in addition to his proprietary affection, something like the waggish indulgence we see shown by the biggest dogs for the smallest, when the latter are frolicsome. He loved them, was magnificently lavish with them, teased them jovially; and I have seen him rolling over and over on his broad, shady lawn, pretending to wrestle with his two-year-old twin grandsons, like a Newfoundland in ecstasy.

But what of all things he most profoundly seemed to enjoy was one of the florid big dinners he loved to give in his florid big house; yet it was at one of these that there began, so it seems to me, an alteration in him inspired by something even more curious than the change it made. This dinner was given in honor of an old friend of his; and a few nights before that piquant evening, he told me something of the expected guest of honor. We were sitting in his library, with a brisk wood fire twinkling again in the gilt lettering on the backs of the rows and rows of uniform editions he never read; he smoked with his unfailing relish as he talked, and his husky rich voice had continually the sound of chuckles in it.

"Funny thing, too," he said, his face rosy in the invigorating firelight. "Yes, sir, it's a funny thing, good old Merry White's turning up like this. By George, sir, it's funny!"

"Is his name Merry White?"

"Yep. Meredith White," Golding said. "Roommate of mine at the military school my old daddy sent me to because I was so full of animal spirits they couldn't do a blame thing with me at home. Pretty darn merry Merry White was! Both of us were, I guess; and how we ever got through without being fired was a mystery to us as well as to all the rest of that old school. There certainly weren't many known kinds of deviltry Merry White and I weren't up to together. No, sir-ree, not many!"

"And you have always kept up the friendship, governor?"

"A Man's Got to Think Some About What Might Happen to Him—What Might Happen Any Time"

"Not exactly, and that's what's the funny thing about it," he answered. "Merry White lived in a little place 'way up in Wisconsin—his father had big timber interests up there—but back in the old days before I moved here, Merry used to come visit me for a month or so and then we'd go off fishing or duck shooting somewhere. Every now and then we'd meet in New York and have a grand time eating and drinking at Delmonico's and the Holland House and the old Waldorf, and going to shows and playing a little roulette, maybe, at Canfield's, with a few supper parties for show girls at Rector's thrown in on the side for luck. My, what times we had!" He chuckled heartily; then became serious. "You folks around here think I know something about good eating and what to drink; you wait till you hear Merry White tell you a few things about how a lobster ought to be treated, or a partridge—yes, or even just a simple Châteaubriand! I tell you that man taught me everything I know."

"You mean about food, governor?"

"Yes, sir!" he returned with warm emphasis. "About every other kind of good living too. You like these cigars we're smoking, I think I've heard you say."

"Very much."

"Well, sir," he said solemnly, "I'd never in the world have known anything about these cigars if it hadn't been for Merry White. I mean it! He sent me a dozen boxes from Havana just after the Spanish War and I've been importing them for myself ever since. Why, there's hardly an old wine in my cellar he didn't introduce me to—it's a fact! He knew Paris just as well as he did New York, and what he didn't know about New York wasn't worth a tomcat's whisker. The minute I'd get there he'd blow in with tickets for right up in front at the best show in town. And my Lordy, is there anything more pleasing than a first-rate right-up-to-date rattling good show? I mean the kind that's all bright and sparkling, and with good music—none of this sad opera stuff—and something doing every minute, with all the girls as pretty as red apples and not too much on 'em?" He laughed gayly and added a little from the decanter to the glass on the table beside him. "For my part, I don't care how much they take off; I don't want to get old-fashioned, you know."

I prompted him: "You were saying there was something funny about your hearing again from Mr. White, governor."

"Yes, sir, that's what I'm telling you," he returned amiably. "We were thick as thieves, yet we didn't often write to each other, except to make a date to get together for a good time somewhere, or when we heard a new funny story—mostly the kind not for ladies, you know. Well, old Merry was always a great traveler. He had plenty of money and nothing to do but live on the fat o' the land; and sometimes he'd be out of the country for as much as two or three years, maybe, and I'd hear from him only a couple of times—probably nothing but postals—all the while he was gone. Well, I hadn't heard from him in a hell of a long time—didn't know what had become of him—and then he wrote me a letter from a fishing club up in Canada, telling me all about the salmon he was catching and how a salmon ought to be cooked if you were really going to eat it—and he said he was going over to Deauville for the racing. Well, sir, that's the last word I ever had from him in eighteen years! I thought he was dead."

"Naturally, you would suppose so."

"I heard he was," Golding said. "A couple years after he wrote me how to cook a salmon I ran across a man in New York that used to go around some with us, and he said he'd seen it in a newspaper somewhere that poor old Merry'd passed out in Vienna—some kind of a stroke, he said he remembered the paper said it was. Naturally, I took it for granted the paper was right, and I never made any inquiries. I felt right bad to think old jolly Merry was gone; but I hadn't seen him for a long time, and I was pretty busy enlarging my interests about then—you know how that is. Somebody tells us a fellow we used to be pretty thick with has passed out and we say, 'Well, well! I certainly am sorry to hear it!' And after a minute or two we go right on about our business. Then, if it turns out to be a mistake, like this case, and we run up against the fellow again, walking around all wool and a yard wide and alive as ever, we say, 'Well, I'll be dog-goned! I heard you were dead! For goodness' sake, come on and let's have a little tonic together and tell each other where we been all this time!' I was certainly glad to hear from old Merry White again! Funny, isn't it?"

"You mean thinking he was dead, and then ——"

"No," Golding said. "That happens often enough. I mean the old boy's thinking enough of me to look me up. There aren't so many men you care to see when you been out of touch with 'em as long as that, and it kind of flatters me a little, I guess." He laughed with a deprecatory inflection, as if asking indulgence for his vanity. "Well, sir, I appreciate it, and I told him so. He didn't write to me; he called me on long-distance, and when he got me, he says, 'Tom, do you know this voice?' 'No,' I says, 'I'll have to say I don't. Who is it?' 'It's an old friend of yours,' he

says; 'someone you used to like to have pretty good times with. I've been away a long time, but I've been thinking about you lately and I'm not over five hundred miles from you. I'd like to see you again. Do you ever cook a salmon the way I told you to?' Well, sir, I hadn't given him a thought in years; but I pretty nearly jumped out of my shoes I was so glad. 'You bet your life I do, Merry White!' I told him. 'My soul! I thought you were dead! When you coming over here to visit me?' Well, sir, I signed him up right there to come for this week-end, and I want to give him the time of his life."

"I think that should be easy for you to do, governor."

"I guess so," Golding laughed in sheer pleasure. "Good old Merry White! There he was! Almost the first thing he said after eighteen years, talking about how to cook a salmon! My, but that sounded natural! I never did have a friend more my own kind, and we certainly thought the world of each other. He's maybe a better-looking man than I am; yet people often used to take us for brothers. He's a great big handsome, grand, good, fat man with a heart as big as an elephant's, and the only thing he'd rather do than eat and smoke and drink is laugh; and the only thing he'd rather do than laugh is play poker. Like him? Everybody'll like him. You see if you don't!"

I said I was sure that everybody would; and Golding got up exuberantly to stand before the fire and beam his delight in planning a proper reception for so great a *vivcur*.

"I'm going to show him the big stuff," he said. "All the Golding plants are going to have their flags up, and soon as he gets here I'm going to take him through and let him see what I been building up in this community. After we leave the works I'm going to take him and show him the bank I've got my oldest son president of, and to the trust company I got my sons-in-law running for me. Then I'm going to bring him out here and get him ready for that dinner. I've got some new caviar on the way from New York in glass to help the cocktails along, and there's some duck coming from South Carolina and —— Well, I won't say any more; I'll leave a surprise or two for you in that little meal. And I don't want any of you men to get the idea you're going home early, either. The wives—that's different. I got it all worked out with Mrs. Golding. When she takes the ladies away for their coffee in the living room we'll have ours and the old Napoleon at the table; then we'll just quietly walk in here and there'll be a nice fire and a few bottles of pre-war and cracked ice, and the chips'll be all stacked up for us, waiting. The ladies, they can go home whenever they like, without disturbing us. I want to give old Merry White the kind of a time he just plain adores. You wait till you take a look at him! See if you don't say to yourself right on the spot, 'Yes, sir, this is certainly one grand good fat man!'"

As it happened, that was what I was thinking just then of Tom Golding himself; there are not many people who would show so hearty an enthusiasm for the entertainment of a former friend after eighteen years of no communication. Tom was, indeed, an excellent example of what a grand good fat man should be, I thought, and I took his word for it that his old companion would prove to be just such another. Prodigies of gayety must come of the meeting of two grand good fat men, old companions, making merry together in renewed affection. I looked forward happily to this promised great occasion and prepared for an evening of laughter.

But when the evening and the banquet hour arrived, and, in this expectancy, I came already smiling into the Goldings' living room, I was surprised to discover that my smile had no fellow in all that opulent spaciousness. Neither Golding nor the visitor was in the room when I appeared; and the dozen men and women guests were finding little to say to one another, though two colored men were already among them with cocktails. A disturbing kind of gravity—one of those contagions that sometimes make uneasy solemnities of dinners—seemed to be in process of establishing itself as the atmosphere of this one, and I had little difficulty in tracing its origin to an emanation from the hostess.

Mrs. Golding was the portrait of a conscientious lady going ahead with a dinner in spite of the fact that her cook has just committed suicide in the butler's pantry. Her expression and manner were so strained as to be almost discomfiting; and the effect of her greeting to me was my immediate surmise that her husband and his old friend, in the first joy of their meeting, had hurriedly become so much too convivial that they would not be able to appear at all. But in this speculation I went far afield.

"Mr. Golding's gone upstairs to see why Mr. White doesn't come down," she said. "They'll be here right away, though; I'm sure they will." She didn't look sure of it, however. Her glance toward the doorway was one apparently of apprehension, not at all of assurance. "I—I'm sure they'll be down right away—or very soon, anyhow," she went on flutteringly. "They ought to, because you're the last to come and the table's waiting. Mr. Golding wants to go out to the dining room on the very second, you know, on account of the exact right time the salmon ought to be cooked. He thought Mr. White would be down ten or fifteen minutes ago; but of course, with a man like that ——" She paused, leaving to the air about her any more concrete description of what Mr. White was like. Certainly she allowed it to be inferred that she thought him unaccountable.

"I suppose Mr. Golding and Mr. White have had a great afternoon together," I said. "I understood they were to begin by going through the works."

"Why—no," she returned uncertainly. "I believe they—I believe they didn't. Mr. White didn't get here as soon as we expected. It was after dark before he ——" But, as she glanced again toward the doorway, a little relief appeared in her expression. "Here's my husband, anyhow," she said. It was as if she saw him returning, unsuccessful, but at least still alive, from a dangerous expedition.

Golding came briskly and noisily into the room, greeting me in his hearty voice and slapping me ponderously on the shoulder as he strode by to welcome one or two other guests who had arrived after he had left the room to summon Mr. Meredith White. His ready, husky laughter was loud and friendly, filling the place with hospitable resonances; and whatever Mrs. Golding's misgivings might have been, he had no appearance of sharing them. She called to him, "Isn't Mr. White ready? Didn't you ——"

"Certainly, certainly," he said. "Following me right up. On the stairway now." He turned toward the door, and the rest of us turned as he did. "It's all right, mamma," Golding said reassuringly. "Here he is."

(Continued on Page 102)

"One Moment I Was a Big, Jolly, Robust Man, and the Next I Was a Mere Consciousness of Self, Without Light or Sound or Touch or Smell"

CLOSE-UPS — By Norma Talmadge

Norma Talmadge, Donald Hall and Van Dyke Brooke in 1911

Norma and a Group of Extra Children

AT THE age of fourteen, my brown curls reaching almost to my waistline, my skirts just touching my knees and my ambition soaring to the skies, I first faced a camera professionally. Not a motion-picture camera, however, but the kind that was used for taking colored slides. It was in the days when every five-and-ten-cent motion-picture theater presented, as a part of its regular program, popular sentimental ballads bawled by attenuated tenors to the accompaniment of a tin piano, and illustrated by hectic lovers down by the old mill stream under the greenest trees and bluest skies ever invented by a paint brush.

We were very poor. My mother was busy from morning until night with household duties—cleaning, cooking and keeping the rather worn clothes of three growing girls from looking too shabby. My father was traveling on the road selling advertising. Natalie and Constance were attending Public School Number 92 in Brooklyn, and I was struggling with algebra and French in my first year at Erasmus Hall High School.

Every penny had to be counted, and being the oldest of three sisters I had to help out the family.

At the same time Peg and Fred—we have always called our mother and father by their Christian names, and even my granddad was just plain John to us; not from any irreverence, of course, but because our family attitude has ever been one of equality, like a jolly group of sisters and brothers, or perhaps "friends" would be the better word—wanted me to have an education, so they hit upon my posing for advertisements and song slides in the afternoons and Saturday mornings as a means of earning a little money in a way that would not tax my strength.

One Hundred Pictures My First Week

I SHALL never forget that first interview with the slide photographers. They agreed to pay me three dollars each. I thought that meant three shiny greenbacks for each slide and, as I made about 100 pictures my first week, proudly figured that I had earned $300. Imagine my feelings when the man handed me a check for nine dollars and I learned that it meant three dollars for each song—not each slide! However, when one is fourteen and a trifle threadbare at the elbows, to say nothing of cardboard in the bottoms of one's shoes where soles are wearing thin, a dollar in the hand is worth two in the bank. So I was glad to continue at the same rate as often as they could use me.

One day quite recently I was swapping beginnings with Irving Berlin. He was telling me of his early days in the lower East Side in New York as a singing waiter and a drug-store clerk, and I was describing my start posing for hat-and-coat advertisements and song slides. I hummed a bit of the lyric of the very first song I illustrated:

"Take me out upon that ocean called the lovable sea;
Fry each kiss in honey and present them to me;
"Cuddle and kiss your baby,
Anchor right at Cupid's door—
Oh, honey, stop, stop, stop, stop,
Don't you dare to stop ——
Come over and love me some more."

Irving added another emphatic "Stop!" Then he laughed and said, "Have a heart. I wrote that song!"

That slide work taught me something. I learned the value of expression and acquired a certain poise. Peg fairly haunted all the neighborhood makeshift theaters in Brooklyn, trying to find out where the songs for which I posed were being sung, and in this way we acquired the habit of going to the movies as frequently as possible.

Out of my meager earnings I used to treat the entire family. We would sit in a nickelodeon watching the continuous performance over and over, until one of the two ushers, or rather bouncers, as they did not have regular ushers then, would request us, none too politely, to leave and make room for newcomers. How well I remember those first five-and-ten-cent cinema theaters which were one day to develop into picture palaces. They were generally converted from stores—a long, narrow room with one aisle down the center and rows of wooden folding chairs, often rented from funeral parlors, on either side. They always reminded me of a train.

Norma at Fifteen

Florence Turner was my idol. I never missed a single picture in which she appeared and I would rather have touched the hem of her skirt than to have shaken hands with Saint Peter. Leaning forward in my hard chair, I was as much a part of Florence Turner as was her own reflection on the silver sheet. I laughed when she laughed, suffered when she suffered, wept when she wept. A veritable orgy of emotions for five copper pennies!

With all the pathetic ego of fourteen summers, I not only longed to express myself, but was thoroughly convinced that if only given the chance I, too, could become a great screen actress. It never occurred to me that one had to have a camera face to begin with, and as for technic—I didn't know how to spell it. But, though I knew nothing of the difficulties, I knew what I wanted, and I really believe if we want a thing badly enough and sincerely enough to go after it, the odds are four to one that it will meet us halfway. I have always remembered what Emerson says in one of his essays—I think it is the one on Friendship: "Be careful what you set your heart on, for it will surely be yours." Anyhow, I set my heart on moving pictures in preference to still pictures or song slides.

One day Peg herself suggested taking me to the Vitagraph Studios. We sat on the front porch of our old-fashioned house in Fenimore Street. It was twilight.

"Norma," Peg began, "is it true that you cut school again today?"

Cutting School to Play Theater

I AM afraid I was not exactly the soul of honor as a child. I had no scruples against playing hookey, and I lied to my teachers without a blush, but it was no use lying to Peg. She is the kind who always leaps one jump ahead of you, and no one ever gets away with anything where Peg is concerned. I made a feeble explanation, but admitted my absence. I was in the habit of going to Prospect Park about once a week with a group of other truants, and when we had hidden our books in the bushes we played theater, with a lovely green knoll as our outdoor stage.

"Since you show no interest in your studies," Peg said, "and the higher your education the lower your marks, it seems to me there is not much point in our skimping and saving to keep you in school. One thing is clear to me—you will never make a teacher; so you may just as well give up high school altogether and learn to support yourself now. You have to decide upon some means of making your own living sooner or later. Have you any ideas? What would you like to do?"

Of course I didn't dare tell Peg that I longed to become a screen actress. I never dreamed that she would approve, but Peg liked the movies as well as any of us. She sat thinking silently for a few moments, then, as I had not replied, she made a suggestion that sent me into ecstasies.

"How would you like to take up moving pictures?"

"Better than anything in the world, but how could I get a start?"

Antonio Moreno and Norma

"The usual beginning for anything is to try," was Peg's laconic and characteristic response.

The very next day we boarded the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Elevated train for the Vitagraph Studio, which was in Elm Street in the very wilds of Flatbush about three miles from our house.

It was not particularly difficult to get into the studio. No letter of introduction was necessary, no photographs were required if one applied for day-to-day work; no snippy office boy glared at one for daring to come without an appointment. The canned drama of the first ten years of the twentieth century was considered too lowly and despicable a means of livelihood to attract the streams of ambitious seekers for celluloid fame and fortune which swell the population of present-day Hollywood.

The motion-picture player was looked upon almost as an illegitimate child in the profession. Consequently it was rather difficult for Vitagraph, Biograph and other early companies to interest experienced players, and any chance comer who had fairly regular features and the courage to apply was at least interviewed, if not engaged. But all the extra people necessary had already been engaged that first day Peg and I applied, and Harry Mayo, the casting director, told us to come back another time. Before departing, however, I was duly registered—my age, height, weight, coloring, and so on, itemized on a filing card. In the space allotted for "experience" I wrote: "The leading character in many tableaux and school plays. Also have posed for song slides." We were told that they would send for us when needed, and the next day I returned to Erasmus, crushed and disappointed.

The First Lesson

THE promised telephone call never came. One morning about a week later Peg decided that we had to have some new sheets and pillowcases and, as a department store was advertising a special one-day "White Sale," told me to take a day off from school and go shopping. I was to have a quarter for myself for doing a number of errands, and as my adolescent ruling passions were cinemas and sodas, planned to treat myself royally. But on second thought it occurred to me that it would be a lark to use the money for car fare to the Vitagraph, and without saying anything to Peg try again for a job on my way back from the department store. I confided in Baby, as we always called Constance when she was little, and took her with me.

I was under the impression that the reason they had not sent for me at the studio after the day I registered was because they thought me too young. So this time I borrowed a russet-colored grown-up dress and an enormous picture hat with huge red roses growing upside down over the left ear. By converting my curls into two long braids and winding them around my head under the flopping leghorn, I thought I looked quite a woman of the world. Then, growing bolder with my change of character, came a change in my plans. I would go to the studio first and attend to Peg's shopping afterward.

Approaching confidently, secure in my borrowed finery, and holding Baby by the hand, we encountered Mr. Sam Spedon, a gaunt, thin, energetic man with keen, deep-set eyes, nicknamed around the Vitagraph "the human skeleton," who looked up from his desk. Mr. Spedon had charge of the publicity department, assisted Harry Mayo with the casting, helped find stories and was a sort of office manager. Everyone had three or four different jobs in those days.

"What can you do?" he inquired.

"I have posed for song slides, and I can recite."

Norma Talmadge in 1911. In Oval—With Antonio Moreno

"That last will help a lot," he snapped, and my heart sank to my first high-heeled shoes—borrowed shoes, at that.

Just then Mrs. Breuill, who had to do with stories, stopped to confer with Mr. Spedon, and as I waited speechlessly, she gave me a friendly nod. But I soon felt, by her amused smile, that all was not well with my borrowed clothes. While nervously adjusting the flower-laden leghorn one of my braids came tumbling down. In the midst of my mortification Mrs. Breuill removed my hat and unpinned the other braid. "There, how much better! Now you look like a human being and we can probably use you. . . . Lovely eyes," she said in an aside to Mr. Spedon.

So ended my first sophisticated rôle and so began my first lesson in being myself. Later I was to learn that being natural is the very first step toward being an actress, although that would have seemed to me a paradox my first day, had I known what a paradox meant.

A Scene From The Missing Links. In the Foreground: Wilbur Higby, Hal Wilson, Norma Talmadge, Bobby Harron and Constance Talmadge as an Extra Girl

Alice in Cameraland

"YOU may both stay today," Mrs. Breuill invited, and as soon as I could find my tongue I asked permission to telephone my mother. When Peg heard that if I didn't have to go shopping I had landed a job, needless to say the silver sheet won out over the cotton ones. She was almost as excited as were Constance and I.

Mrs. Breuill led Baby and me to the set. Constance was too young and nonchalant to be particularly thrilled, but I was trembling with excitement. Four or five different companies were working at the same time—men were flitting about in swallow-tailed evening dress, doublet and hose or armor. Women were dragging dusty trains across the painted canvas floors. Strange people were hurrying back and forth shouting incoherent commands. Scattered here and there on desultory chairs were odd-looking persons with and without make-up. Somewhere near by a

(Continued on Page 115)

ON PRECEDENT

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

MR. VAN ECK gave Lupus a twenty-dollar bill on the afternoon of his eighteenth birthday and said drowsily, "Don't you go make a fool of yourself, son, just because that's the most money you ever had in your pants. You're a grown-up feller now, and you needn't go do nothin' idjyotic."

Lupus turned over the bill in his brown hands and said meekly, "Why, I ain't done nothin' idiotic lately, pop, did I?"

His father spat at a rooster that was strutting near the peg of his wooden leg and said, "I dunno, Lupus. It ain't two hours since I thrashed you for bein' expelled from high school and it's not a week since I thrashed you for breakin' a leg on the best mare I ever bred."

"Oh," said Lupus, "those! I thought you meant sumpin bad, sir. Well, I won't do nothin' silly, pop. I tell you what. I guess I'll drive Sue Priestley over to Rangerville and see if that cousin of hers has a collie pup he'll sell."

"Do so, sonny," Mr. Van Eck purred. "Sue can keep you out of trouble."

On the morning of his nineteenth birthday Lupus came loping to find his father watching a hired man clean moss out of the date 1821 cut in a white stone over the door of the red brick stable.

"It's a boy, pop!"

"That's nice, sonny," said Mr. Van Eck, spitting at a cat. "What you and Sue going to name him?"

"Why, Carolus, for you, sir—if you don't mind, I mean."

"I don't mind, Lupus," his father admitted, "to speak of. Here's twenty dollars. Drive down to town and set 'em up for the boys. But git shaved first."

Lupus rubbed his chin and said respectfully, "I ain't got nothin' to shave, pop, yet. It'd be a waste of money."

"Lupus, a feller that has a kid ought to git shaved. The family ain't got much in the way of whiskers, but I want you to git shaved. It might make you more responsible. Now don't mix your drinks, sonny. Sue wouldn't like it. She'll want you to pet her some. It's how women are when they've had a baby."

"Oh, I won't mix my drinks, pop. I ain't been drunk since that time you thrashed me for drinkin' metheglin up at Jimmy Rice's."

"Well, git shaved, sonny," his father said, "to oblige me."

At a quarter to seven on the morning of his thirty-seventh birthday Lupus went into his father's bedroom and said, "Pop, gimme a twenty for Carolus. I forgot this was our birthday. I ain't got a thing for the kid!"

Mr. Van Eck spat through the window four feet from his sunny bed and purred, "I hate to give you money on your birthday, Lupus. Somethin' terrible always happens. You git married or git soused and bust an arm or your wife dies or one of those kind of things."

"But this is for Carolus, pop. He's a responsible kid and he won't do nothin'."

"I should say he wouldn't," Mr. Van Eck drawled, sitting up brown and lean among his white pillows. "But I'm givin' it to you, sonny, and that makes me dubious. Gimme my pants."

Lupus handed his father one of the ten pairs of gray trousers which lay on a chair beside the yellow ancient bed, and said, "I'll give it to him when he brings up your grub, pop. That'll break the bad luck on it."

"You've had some good luck on your birthdays, Lupus. Sue was a nice girl. You better go and git married again. Git a red-headed woman this time. She'd be excitin' and a change from Carolus. . . . Here's his twenty. He can buy some more white pants with it. I never seen a kid with so many white pants to him. You could give him a hundred dollars, and all he'd do would be buy white pants or put it in the bank. You can tell he's a Van Eck, 'cause he's got black eyes and long legs and don't make any noise walkin'. But he's been an awful blow to me. Eighteen today and never been thrashed. If you swung your belt on him he'd yell to wake Julius Cæsar an' Rip Van Winkle."

"Aw, pop! The kid ain't yella! You've seen him play basketball and football. He's just quiet, like you."

Mr. Van Eck lifted a black eyebrow toward his wholly black hair. It was said that the first Van Eck in the county had married a baptized Iroquois woman, and Lupus often thought that his father was like a sachem in one of the steel engravings downstairs. Sunlight flowed on Mr. Van Eck's naked shoulders and square, high chest. His face continued to be expressionless while he counted bills on the bedclothes.

"'And Now You're Done Bein' Educated, Lupus, an' I Expect You to be Useful Around the Place. You're a Grown-Up Feller. Go and Git Washed"

"Bringin' up a fool like you, sonny, took the devil out of me. I was kicked out of high school my second year. It's bringin' up a hard kid that makes a feller responsible. Carolus ain't ever given you cause to worry about him. He don't even stink of cigarettes. These new kids are a wad of trash anyhow. Best they can do is to git stewed on gin—it's a stableboy's drink, too—and drive their folks' car into a tree once. If Carolus amounted to somethin', you'd be a grown-up man today. You're the nicest feller I've ever knew, and I'm fifty-nine years old, Lupus; but you ain't good for nothin' but hosses and company. God knows, I wouldn't have you any different! When I see the slobs some fellers have for sons, with pot bellies and no sand in 'em, I git real religious thinkin' what a good kid you are, and come near goin' to church or somethin'. Here's a hundred, Lupus. It may raise hell, but I'll risk it."

"You better keep it, pop," said Lupus, tremendously moved. "You're awful good to me, sir."

"I'd be a fool if I wasn't," the sachem purred, putting the bill back in his bundle. He wound around the treasury a shoe string which was believed to have belonged to the foot lost at San Juan Hill and repeated, "I'd be a fool. You might run off and leave me with Carolus. I'd die of cold."

"Aw, pop! The kid loves you to death!"

Mr. Van Eck put back his trousers on the pile and said, "Well, I'm fond of him as can be, Lupus, but he ain't excitin'. You git married, sonny. Mebbe some of your next kids would have the devil in 'em."

"I ain't much of a bargain, pop."

"The hell," said the sachem, "you ain't! You got the best blood in New York State in you. You won't never git fat. It ain't in the family. You was a top sergeant in the war and you're the best-lookin' feller in the county, and the nicest. What's a girl want?"

"I—I ain't responsible, pop. You said so yourself."

The sachem rubbed the smooth center of his chest with a thumb and said, "No, that's true. But soon as you git responsible, Lupus, this place is yours. You can run it from eggs to stallions. You ——"

Carolus shoved open the gray door with his grandfather's round tin tray and walked noiselessly into the room, as the clock in the hall began to strike seven.

"Many happy returns, kid!"

"Thanks, dad. Same to you. . . . Good morning, sir."

"'Morning, Carolus," said the sachem.

Carolus settled the tray in place where his grandfather's right knee would have been if it hadn't been left in Cuba, and recited, "One foal, sir. Jupiter kicked a hole in his stall. There's a dealer coming from Albany to look at some bulls."

"Which bulls, Carolus?"

"He didn't say, sir. Mrs. Clements has the telegram. He just said he'd be here by noon to look at some bulls."

The sachem slit a poached egg and purred, "Jiminy! People ain't got any respect for fine stock no more. When I was your age, kid, they'd drive miles just to see a good bull if they wanted to buy him or not. . . . Carolus, do I see you without socks in your shoes?"

Carolus looked down at the inch or two of tan ankle between his neat white trousers and his cotton shoes. "Lots of fellas don't wear socks in sneakers, grandfather."

"When I was a kid your age," Mr. Van Eck said, "you wouldn't see a shoe on a feller after end of May. When I got kicked out of high school I didn't have nothin' on me but a shirt and some crash pants, and I come home by cross lots and gardens 'cause the principal—he was a big feller—took the shirt off me pitchin' me out of the buildin'. I don't like them jerseys you kids wear, sonny, 'cause they make me think of a girl's stockin'."

Red dye from his jersey seemed to flood up the boy's yellow neck and into his darker face. He shifted one foot on the warm matting and plucked at the breast of the jersey.

"Wh-what were you expelled from high school for, grandfather?"

"I fergit, kid. It's forty-some years ago. Your great-gran'daddy raised the blood out of my back though. He was long for havin' me educated, because he'd missed bein' made a sergeant in the rebellion 'cause he couldn't read good. They fired him out of grammar school when he was eight. Kids was hard then, Carolus. I bet ever since this house was built, an' the brick barn, a Van Eck has looked through the ladder in the barn while his old man used a belt on him behind. And none of 'em ever cried a drop. You're the first Van Eck ever gradjated from high school. I'm proud of you, sonny."

"Thank you, sir," said Carolus, moving his feet. He stood looking at his ancestor, and Lupus thought how much alike they were. It was astonishing. The boy was the sachem grown young again.

"O'Brien wants to know do you want the tool shed whitewashed, sir."

"Oh, th-thunder!" said Lupus. "I told him to whitewash the tool shed yesterday mornin'!"

That was it! He was just Lupus! The men would come past him to get an order from the sachem, or would take one from Mary Clements or from Carolus. Who minded him? He was just Lupus, good at training horses, and the old man's son around the place. He was no bargain for anybody. He was just Lupus Van Eck. The dealers from Buffalo and Albany, the imposing men from New York who bought horses for the rich, all called his father Mr. Van Eck. But nobody ever called him anything but Lupus.

"Tell O'Brien to git busy with his whitewash. And send Mary Clements up in a minute to take down some letters. Gimme that nightshirt. . . . I hate these things for a fare thee well, but she's a preacher's widda. Go on and git your breakfast, Carolus boy."

"Yes, sir."

"Hey, kid," said Lupus, "here's a twenty for you!"

"Thanks a lot, dad," Carolus said, and slung his heavy arms around his father's neck. His face, nuzzling the man's cheek, was hot, and his eyes were black milk pails with some emotion at their bottoms.

"You feel all right, kid?"

"Yeh," said Carolus, letting go; "sure. . . . I'll tell Mrs. Clements to come up, grandfather."

"I'd be obliged, sonny. Have a good time at high school."

"Thanks," said Carolus, and walked out of the room.

"He's a sweet boy," the sachem drawled. "I wish he had some devil in him. It'd be the makin' of you, Lupus, to thrash him once."

"Aw, shut it off, pop! Quit teasin' me! You think he's fine."

"No devil in him. You couldn't thrash him and not raise a holler. Sits a hoss good though. Good legs on him. He ain't handsome, though, nor as nice as his dad is."

Lupus tramped up and down the matting with its smell of summer and lifted a boot over his father's wooden leg. He had never made out why the sachem left this object ten feet from the bed. He must have to hop there every morning. But the leg did not exist in the family's conversation. Carolus Van Eck, 1st, had no wooden leg. Its brass-bound peg glittered in the stable yard and sometimes visibly got caught in knot holes of new floors, but there was no wooden leg. Hired men were cautioned on the subject, and young Carolus, with his wonderful discretion, had never even spoken of the leg to Lupus.

"Spit it out, son."

"Oh, nothin'!"

"Go on," said the sachem, "tell dad."

But Lupus had nothing on his mind. There was some kind of colored whirling inside his head, but it had no name. He said, "Put on your nightshirt before Mary Clements comes up to take your letters, for heaven's sake!"

"I will. The other mornin' I let out a yell for her, an' she come up and took my letters. Then she told me I looked like Rain-in-the-Face. She's a sassy piece. I asked her how she come to marry any such a slob as Jimmy Clements, and she said damned if she could remember, exceptin' he had curly hair."

"Jimmy was all right," said Lupus, running a hand over his smooth hair. "He was kind of sickly though. Nothin' of him when he was in swimmin'. He was sweet tempered too."

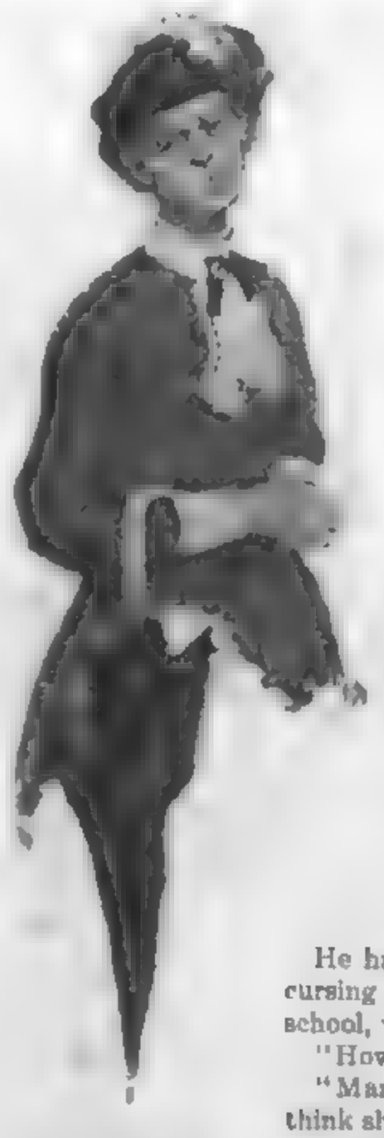
"So are you, son," the sachem purred. "I'd give you a thousand dollars if I seen a welt on Carolus you'd put there with a belt. I'd give you a thousand dollars and I'd give him the best hoss on the place if he stood it without yellin'. . . . Go and git your breakfast."

Lupus walked up and down the room again. The colored whirling in his head probably came from hunger. He had been awake since five o'clock struck in the hall, thinking deeply about nothing.

"Go and git breakfast," Mr. Van Eck commanded; "you'll feel better."

"Maybe I will," said Lupus, and went out of the room.

The whole house was painted gray inside. Mary Clements said that the first Van Eck in the county must have been a man of taste. Generations of men and horses had vanished off the earth since the wood was painted, and there the paint still was, smoothly hard. He thought about it as he walked down the stairs and turned into a little room under his father's bedchamber, where Mary Clements was busy working over a ledger.



Mrs. Kitchener Darkly Approaching in a Plum-Colored Silk Gown With Sun Flaring From Her Spectacles

"We've lost a calf, Lupus."

"Huh?"

"We've lost a calf. The poor little brute was sold on April thirtieth, but they can't remember who bought him, because they paid cash. And now if his mother gets ill we won't know where to send for him. . . . It's funny. I've lived in the country all my life, but I've never seen a cow's deathbed. I suppose it's very depressing."

"Yeh," said Lupus.

The sun was making gilded hummocks and planes of amber in her hair.

"Does Peter Stuyvesant want me to write some letters?"

"Yeh," said Lupus. "No hurry. He ain't got his nightshirt on yet."

"He's a terrible old heathen," the preacher's widow drawled. "I think mamma has a private season of prayer for me when I get on the trolley to come out here. He wants me to go to Saratoga with you when the racing season opens. It's funny to have lived most of one's life within a hundred miles of Saratoga and not to have been there. Mamma will disown me if I go, of course."

He had a clear and compact vision of Mrs. Kitchener cursing her daughter from the granite steps of the high school, with a Latin grammar in one hand.

"How is Mrs. Kitchener, Mary?"

"Mamma," said the widow, "is just as usual. But I think she's suffering from a secret sorrow. I think she expected Carolus to be expelled from high school on precedent. He looks exactly like you and Sitting Bull, and she believes the Van Ecks are damned."

"I spose she does. Carolus is the first Van Eck ever got through high school. Hey, I was thinkin'! We're gettin' promoted. Kind of slow but sure. Grandpop was a plain soldier in the rebellion. Pop got to be a sergeant. I got to be a top sergeant. The kid ought to be a second lieutenant anyhow. Say, he'd look good in a uniform!"

"I never saw so much ingrown vanity in a family, Lupus. Sitting Bull keeps bragging about your figure. And you're so pleased with your kid. And Carolus is lost in admiration of your legs. . . . I don't know how you got to be a top sergeant. Why don't you exert a little military swank around here and fire O'Brien? I'm sick of him."

"It's pop's place, Mary. . . . Hey, Mary, I can't stand this any more! I got to take the kid in to high school.

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"He's a Terrible Old Heathen," the Preacher's Widow Drawled. "I Think Mamma Has a Private Season of Prayer for Me When I Get on the Trolley to Come Out Here"

METROPOLITAN INTERMEZZO

"He Understands That I Meant the Letters Were Too Lovely for You Ever to Have Written Sincerely"

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

I HAVE always thought that my part in the affair began in Cynthia Gage's desire to give me something besides my illness to think about. My illness rejoices in the impressive name of rheumatic endocarditis and cannot be said to repay thought. I was useful to Cynthia in a way, of course, but I refuse to believe that there was ever any real necessity for a creature of her allure to requisition charm from the dusty stores of my brain. If you saw Cynthia you would understand.

She came into my room that day looking the color of sunlight through honey, except for her cheeks, which are naturally deep peach pink, and her mouth, which was the smart tint of the very newest lipstick. She was wearing a green velvet dress, and a hunter's green felt hat, and she was carrying a great bunch of black hothouse grapes from which I'd heard her tearing the wrappings outside my door.

"I know you can't eat them probably, darling," she said, "because you can't eat anything; but I had to bring you something, and I'm afraid to buy you books, you're so clever, and you have so many flowers, and I wanted something very expensive and beautiful, and I thought these would be nice for you to smell and see."

"Don't lie to me, Cynthia Gage!" I roared at her. "You brought them because you knew that they'd provide you with an entrance. You look like Persephone carrying a gift from her mother into hell."

"I suppose one isn't an actress for nothing," Cynthia sighed penitently. "Horrid calling! It destroys all one's natural, simple, fine traits. Does the 'hell' mean that you had a bad night?"

"The 'hell' was merely the necessary dramatic finish to a classical allusion," I replied; "and I had a very good night."

Like most invalids, I make it a rule to contradict whatever opinion people express of the night I have had. If Cynthia had entered saying "Oh, how well you look! I see that you had a splendid night," "You do?" I should have asked acidly. "Well, I happen to have had a rotten night."

As usual I got more than credit for my purely notional retort. "You're so brave!" Cynthia said. "I've never known anyone so brave as you."

"Well, you must have a pretty miserable acquaintance then," I told her. "I shouldn't brag of it if I were you."

"Oh, I haven't," she said. "I know lovely people. The reason I brought the grapes is because I want you to do me a favor. I'm terrifically in love with the most beautiful young man. He looks like the scornful Assyrian. He has a red, sulky, perfectly beastly mouth, and eyebrows that meet over his nose."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"His name is Jack Hun and he's playing in Yesterday—just a smallish part, but he ——"

"You needn't go on," I stopped her. "Jack has told me quite enough about what miracles he does with that part. He's one of my regular visitors."

"Isn't he too beautiful?" Cynthia demanded. "Don't you adore the way his lashes curl back against his lids?"

"I'm afraid there is very little adoration in my relationship with him," I said. "I suppose he's personable enough. When do you want to meet him?"

"Oh, I've met him," Cynthia explained; "but what I want to know is what to do to interest him."

"No charm, please, Miss Gage," was my only reply to that, for surely it wasn't possible that she could feel so self-deprecatory as she sounded and looked.

"But it's true," she pleaded. "I don't make the slightest impression on him. It was perfectly awful."

"Then he's got something wrong with his head," I grunted.

"Oh, he thought I was pretty, I guess," Cynthia said, that being so commonplace a reaction she didn't bother to consider it; "but I hadn't any mental appeal for him. I could see that. He despised me just a little."

I was so amused by the idea of Jack Hun's despising anyone for a mental reason that I thought I wouldn't spoil the joke by enlightening Cynthia. Perhaps she would be able to enjoy it, too, if she found out about Jack for herself.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" I asked. "Undertake your education? Do you really think you can wait as many years as that will require?"

"I thought you might just lend me a little of yours," she answered, opening her eyes wide in an expression of utmost candor. "If one of your heroines"—I write plays, or used to—"wanted to attract a man, you'd know just how she should do it; and I thought maybe you'd write a letter for me—just a little letter."

"Well, I won't," I told her. "I can't. I've lain in this damned room so long my brain has gone."

"Oh, it hasn't all gone," she contradicted me. "There's a little left—enough, at least, to save your poor Cynthia."

"That's something you must never do," I snapped at her. "You must never speak of yourself in the third person. It smacks of South Sea heroines of a low order."

"I'm sorry," Cynthia said. "I thought I was being eighteenth century. That's fashionable now. Your poor your despairing Pamela, you know."

It is astonishing how much that magpie mind of Cynthia's has been able to collect in its skimming flights, and how she always manages to use every fruit of her pilferings to put one in the wrong.

"If I hadn't been right about my mind I'd be able to think up some crushing retort to that," I told her. "As it is, you stand vindicated, which is always very bad for you."

"But seriously, do please write a letter," she went back to her subject. "I don't mean right now, but think up one in the night and jot it down. I can't write him myself. You know how my letters sound."

They were rather wretched, unless you were already fatuously interested in Cynthia, which almost everybody who received one was. They didn't sound like her in the least, but were made up of jerky, matter-of-fact sentences,

"We Just Looked at Each Other Most of the Time"

like a child's letter home from boarding school. Cynthia herself said that the bare sight of pen and ink gave her stage fright, and her letters sounded as though that were a fact.

"But I have no idea what you talked about," I protested, "or what your relations were."

"Oh, he just said he liked me in A Pretty Penny, and wasn't it too bad Hope Gregory's gin tasted like camphor. Things like that, you know."

"Which, of course, explains why you think him worthy of the lance of my wit!" I sneered. "What would be the use of my concocting something for you to write him anyway? He'd never be able to read a word of your scrawl."

"And that is why," she said, opening a wide-mouthed snake-skin purse, "I've brought some of my note paper. You can type the letter, so that you'll know exactly what you're turning out. I know how conscientious you are. It's what makes you such a great artist."

"And I suppose concealed in your hat you are carrying a notary public to witness your giving me a power of attorney to sign your name. Or are you, just possibly, planning to catch me up for forgery?"

"Oh, I'll get it tomorrow and sign it myself."

"Further bribery," I denounced that remark. "No, I can't, Cynthia, honestly. I feel rotten and I haven't the guts to do even that much."

"Please, Denby," she said. "Please."

It wasn't like Cynthia, I having appealed to her sympathies. It made me suspect she'd been having a talk with one of my damned doctors, who kept urging me to get my mind off myself.

"And tell whoever put you up to this," I went on, "that it's no use. What I want them to do is to cure my rheumatic endocarditis, not try to reconcile me with having it."

"Nobody put me up to it," Cynthia vowed, "and it's so important to me! I'm simply expiring for love of him and you're my only chance. Please! I'll give you a kiss."

"You'll give me a kiss anyway," I remarked churlishly.

"But think," she adjured me, "how much more you'd enjoy it if you knew you'd earned it."

"That's not my psychology in the least."

"Then that means I'm not to come for my letter tomorrow," she said in a wistful voice. "Oh, dear! And I've got to go now."

"Why?"

"Oh, I've promised to be at a filthy tea. And I'd so much rather be with you."

Then she bent over me and gave me the kiss I'd been sure of. It was very much like being kissed by a butterfly rose

"You'll have your note," I admitted.

"My delectable!" she called me, and kissed me again.

Then, having given, all during her visit, the impression that every one of my snarls had been the quintessence of charm, and that it was really only because I never had happened to encourage her that she ever looked at another man, she went away from the penitential moments which her kindness had made her give me, to the glowing young music-measured life which was her real life. I had been quite right when I called her Persephone.

Jack Hun was a nice enough young animal, but I thought that it was just as well that Cynthia should explode any illusions she'd manufactured for herself as quickly as possible, and to that end that she should see him soon. He certainly wasn't worth my wasting much thought, and for my purpose practically none was necessary. All I had to do was to write a note which sounded a little as Cynthia talked, instead of as she wrote. It's amazing how easy doing that sort of thing becomes when one has the passionate perspective on the pretended writer. I typed:

Dear Mr. Hun: Will you be a seraph and explain to me why you despise my performance in A Pretty Penny so utterly? I've been wondering ever since our talk at Hope Gregory's tea, and finally I've decided simply to ask you. No, don't protest. I know the sugar-coated tones of deep distaste unwilling to show itself for fear of having to bother to explain, but I do so want the explanation. I realize the performance is wrong, but I don't know just how, and I'm honestly trying to get information.

Will you come to tea—mine tastes more of naphtha, I think, than of camphor—and give me your diagnosis? I am choosing you to ask because I know if I can break through your silence at all you will tell me the truth. You have such a thoroughly cruel face.

For me to apologize for typing this would be as affected as for me to regret that it's not written in cuneiform. Perhaps the words below, by showing my explanation, will prove my excuse.

Very urgently,

Tea Wednesday, if you can, rather on the latish side of five, or Friday, if you can't. Mats. Thurs. and Sats.

"It's divine!" Cynthia said when she read it next day. "You're a perfect Cissie Loftus of the pen. It succeeds in having the charm I try to have but never quite make. I must write my name very badly, mustn't I?"

"Your most excruciatingly careful penmanship will justify the little allusion," I declared.

She scribbled one of her disjointed blots. "I'm so glad you used the word 'cuneiform,'" she commented. "That will impress him tremendously."

It did. "What the deuce does cuneiform mean?" were almost the first words Jack Hun uttered when he came into my room the next afternoon. I told him my vague understanding of the term, gave him a brief talk on the purpose and use of the dictionary, and ended by asking him why.

"Cynthia Gage used it in a letter to me," he said, with a little swagger in his tone. It wasn't long that Jack Hun had been meeting luminaries like my Cynthia. "I didn't know she was so highbrow."

"Oh, she's one of our first intellectuals," I said.

He was silent for a time, evidently waiting for my curiosity to become acute. "Want to see it?" he asked at last

"Oh, I've run across the word once or twice," I replied. "I know what it looks like."

"I mean the letter."

"Was it meant to be shown about?" I inquired priggishly, and if Jack Hun had had much brain he would have realized there was something odd in the remark, as I'm one of the most inquisitive people on earth.

"Well, what I thought," he explained, "was that you'd give me some idea about answering it. I don't know how to answer a letter like this."

I took the sheet he held out. "Well, do you want to go?" I asked.

"You bet I do. To have tea with Cynthia Gage! Why, she's the town panic."

"Then why not just tell her you'd be pleased to come?"

"And have her take me for a dumb-waiter? Not me."

I was really pleased at the chance to postpone the shock Cynthia would receive when Jack Hun was revealed to her, but I didn't show it

"Well, what do you want me to do about it?" I asked irritably. "Dictate a letter?"

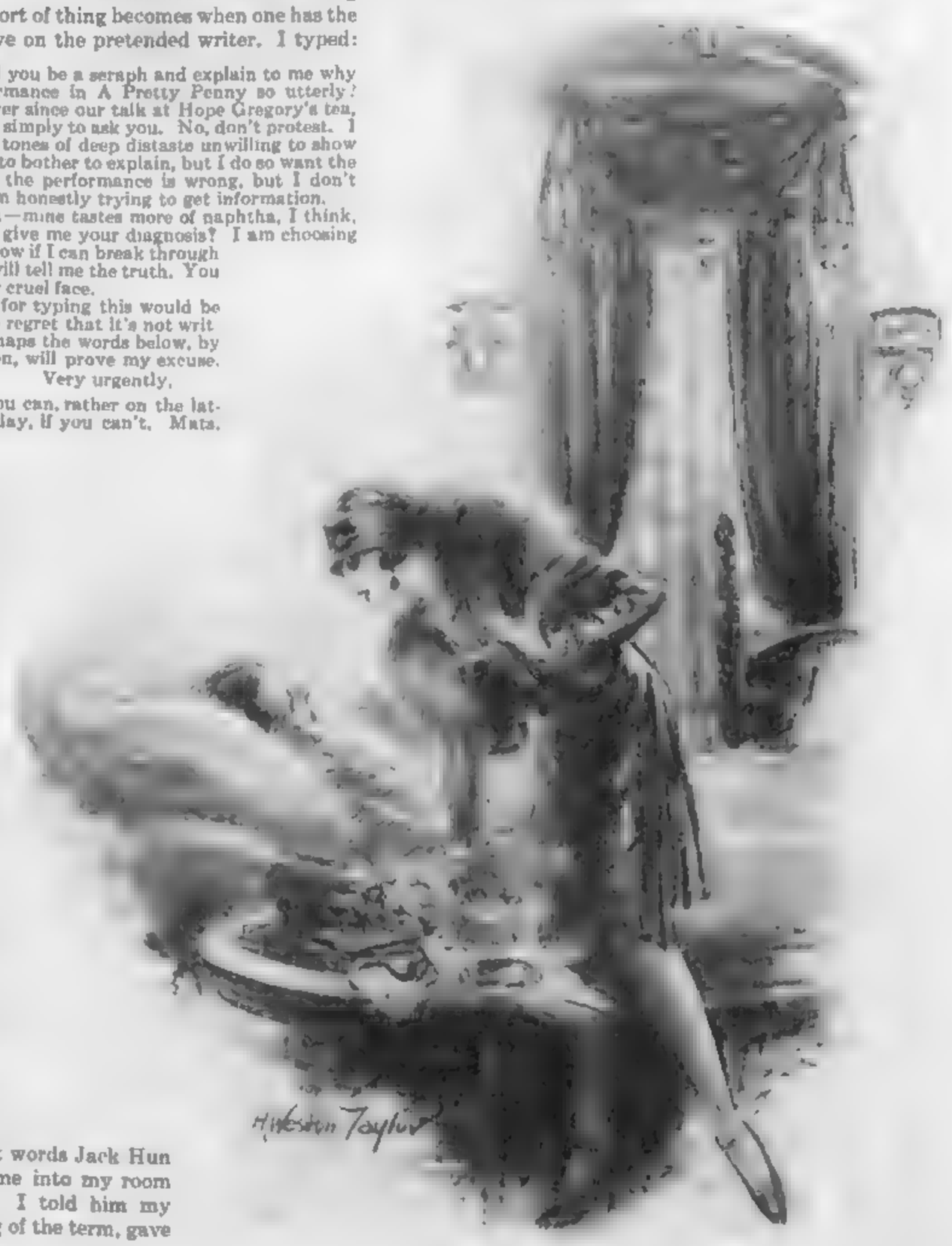
"Gee, I wish you would."

"All right," I said. "There's some plain paper in the middle drawer of that desk. Sit down and take this."

"Great," he said as he arranged himself.

"Ready?"

"Shoot" (Continued on Page 138)



"Oh, I've Promised to be at a Filthy Tea. And I'd So Much Rather be With You"

THE SENIOR MORGAN

By ELBERT H. GARY

Chairman United States Steel Corporation

In an Interview With William A. McGarry

THE people of the United States are reaping today where the late J. Pierpont Morgan sowed. The influence of his genius is impressed on our railroads, our basic manufacturing industries and our financial structure. To those who were privileged to know him it is plainly discernible, even in the vast new industries that came to national maturity only after he had passed away. In the first group this influence is the guiding force, and even where its origin is forgotten or unrecognized, it becomes more powerful every year. The second group has grown with unprecedented rapidity because it has been able to avoid many of the errors of the pioneers. If Morgan had not lived and labored it is conceivable that certain early business practices—trade wars, for example—might not now be so universally regarded as errors.

Mr. J. P. Morgan at Yale in 1908, When He Received the Degree LL.D.

These statements may seem rather sweeping to many of the younger generation of business men, but I can assure them that they will not be so considered by those who obtained their information and impressions of Mr. Morgan at first hand. With few exceptions, his former associates who are still living have now retired from active business life. If the foregoing estimate of Morgan's contribution to the well-being of our country should come to their notice, they are quite likely to wonder why I should consider it necessary to call attention to it. The truth about the senior Morgan is so well known to them that they are inclined to assume it is equally familiar to all.

Financier and Business Statesman

ONE who is in daily touch with business life, however, cannot subscribe to this view. My own contacts are for the most part with men who do not need to be told of Morgan's greatness. Yet on more than one occasion in recent years I have heard chance remarks indicating that a Morgan tradition is developing which is wholly false. It is said that he was domineering, and this has given rise to ridiculous legends concerning his methods of dealing with men.

It is asserted that he was indifferent to the views of his associates and contemptuous of public opinion. The national habit of using the name Morgan as a synonym for wealth has caused him to be pictured as one seeking his own profit, whether or not at the expense of others.

When all this is subjected to analysis by any fair-minded man it is found to be illogical, inconsistent and contradictory, so much so that it falls of its own weight. It is necessary only to reflect that one answering this unpleasant characterization could hardly have attracted to himself the group of strong, proud and virile figures always associated with J. P. Morgan, to realize how absurd it is. I am afraid the great mass of human beings is too busy to make this search for the truth, however, and there is danger that this distorted picture may become fixed in the public mind. In the long run this would right itself, because history will find his place. But it would be a grave loss to our country if we were to miss the lesson of Morgan's life.

I am persuaded now to set down certain reminiscences of Mr. Morgan for this reason. It is a labor of love to pay tribute to his memory, and there is, of course, a deep personal satisfaction in making known the truth. The prime consideration, however, is that an understanding of the qualities that made Morgan great should be of incalculable value to our people. If these qualities were named by his former associates, I believe they would agree on certain fundamentals of character and intelligence. But each of us puts his own interpretation on these terms, and, after all, they are too general to be really descriptive. I believe it will be more to the point if I endeavor to describe him as I knew him during the most active period of his life, and to explain his reactions to triumph and defeat and the everyday affairs of business.

In the three score years of my professional and business life it has been my good fortune to meet many men who have figured prominently in the business and industrial world, here and abroad, and a considerable number I have known intimately. I do not know of one in all that brilliant procession who was the mental equal of J. P. Morgan. In fact, I have never met another man who was similar to him. In my opinion his was the most constructive mind we have had in the whole business history of our country. He is ranked by all as a great financier, but he was more than that. If ever there was a business statesman it was J. P. Morgan. I never knew him to take hold of an undertaking that did not have as its chief hope of success the immediate benefit of many, and the unending public good.

Mr. Morgan was physically a strong, vigorous man, and in his youth very handsome. When his mind was in action his dark eyes shone like coals of fire and his magnetic influence over others was beyond accurate and full description. When he was dealing with human affairs, however, the expression in his eyes was that of a tender-hearted, sympathetic woman. Those who knew him best loved him most and trusted him completely. Very frequently his gestures would indicate great positiveness, but his mind was composed and his expressions clear, forcible and distinctive. When he walked his strides were quick and his footsteps indicated alacrity and firmness.

With all his characteristics he was ordinarily bashful, modest and unobtrusive. It was because of this diffidence that he sometimes created a wrong impression of his disposition when approached by newspaper reporters and some others. There was no bitterness or undue antagonism in his intentions. When he was complimented, publicly or privately, he was not inclined to respond, although to the keen observer and close acquaintance he gave signs of appreciation and gratitude. When he was thanked for kindnesses which he had shown to business men he gave no recognition, except perhaps a smile that was almost imperceptible. It is believed that no keen-minded acquaintance with a desire to be fair and honest ever had occasion to find fault with Mr. Morgan's final decisions.

One very good way to gauge the caliber of a man is to note his treatment of his employes and their attitude toward him. It was always a source of comment among those not directly connected with the Morgan organization. Mr. Morgan might be fiery and dynamic in his negotiations with men meeting him at arm's length, but he was ever kindly and considerate toward those in his service. He had a deep and rumbling voice, and sometimes in the heat of argument it was gruff, but when he gave orders to his employes his tone was softened and gentle. Quite evidently his consideration of these workers went far beyond this, for otherwise he could not have commanded the extraordinary loyalty shown by them.

Little Room for Compromise

THE domineering man repulses others, while the dominating man attracts them. This is the sharp distinction so many fail to see when they talk of Mr. Morgan. When a man domineers over those who may be weaker, or at a disadvantage, he creates anger and hatred and sows the seeds of conflict. But when a man dominates, as Morgan did, by sheer force of character and intellect, by attracting within the spell of his influence strong-minded men with widely divergent opinions, he wields a tremendous power for peace and stability. The utilization of this power was the chief reason for every great accomplishment of Mr. Morgan that came to my attention. He had an extraordinary faculty for reconciling men with conflicting views, and he reveled in the exercise of it. But he did not do this by compromise. He did it by taking a longer view, a broader and more daring view, than any of his contemporaries.

To such a character compromise was abhorrent unless he was first mentally and morally convinced. He regarded it as a surrender to wrong, and the great ruling passion of his life was to be right—to do the right and the sound thing at all times. It is sometimes said complainingly of him that he demanded his own way, and that he could not accept any plan but his own. The truth is that Morgan never determined on a plan until he was confident it was the only fair and just one, and after that he was willing to fight for his conviction. He was a hard fighter, an intent and compelling speaker. When his views prevailed, as they generally did, his elation was almost boyish. His eyes blazed and his face gave every appearance of delight. The contagion of these moments communicated itself to all his associates, and I have often thought it was one of the minor

things that attracted men to him. He could make the most self-contained of his associates feel the thrill of achievement.

This power was no less manifest on the infrequent occasions when the plans or views of others prevailed. At such times he might have been expected to show some irritation or disappointment, since he had used every ounce of his energy and will in support of his own views. But once he was convinced that the other plan was right, his acceptance was instantaneous. He did not quibble over details, nor did he waste time trying to excuse or explain his position. He simply abandoned it. Often this happened after his associates had given up and were ready to concede that he was right. I recall one instance of a man who spent two successive days in continuous conference with Mr. Morgan without reaching an agreement.

"Since this project must be carried through on your responsibility," said this man at last, "perhaps it will be better to adopt your own method."

"Not at all," Mr. Morgan answered; "your way is satisfactory."

Halting the Bankers' Panic

THESE all-day conferences were not uncommon. Mr. Morgan did not like delays. He would cover more ground in a day than many others could achieve in a week. He worked at top speed, and those who tried to keep pace with him were generally exhausted at the end of a long session, while he would be evidently as keen and energetic as at the start. When something of unusual importance was under discussion he ate no luncheon; and even when he had plenty of time he ate sparingly in the middle of the day. As a rule he would order a cup of coffee and a piece of pie brought into his office. If something occurred to demand his attention these would be pushed aside, temporarily at least, and often he would forget them altogether.

I have said that his power to transmit enthusiasm was a minor reason for his attraction for other men. The major one was the instinctive trust he inspired. He was the dominating figure in any group—the natural leader. Men accustomed to command elsewhere looked instinctively to him for leadership. I do not doubt that many men sought him with the deliberate intention of seeking his favor by flattery. But they were not long in his presence before the studied effort was forgotten. It became the simple and natural thing to defer to him. If Mr Morgan had not been worthy of this extraordinary respect it would have turned his head. But he was always modest and unassuming. Certainly he was never aware of the extent to which he was trusted.

In all the years of my contact with him I never knew anyone to doubt his personal integrity. Nearly every other human being I have ever known has felt it incumbent upon him at some time or other to defend himself on this score It is a familiar experience to all of us. But Morgan did not have to meet this challenge from friend or foe. One might question his judgment or object to a method, but his own sincerity of purpose was taken so much for granted that it was not even a matter of comment. It is difficult to overestimate the advantage that this gave him. He started at what, among others, was often the breaking point.

Illustration of the confidence he enjoyed could be furnished from any of his achievements, but a few will suffice. The explanation of how the bankers' panic of 1907 was stopped is one that stands out in my memory. It will be recalled that a few days after the great break in stock prices, when every effort was being made to stem the tide of collapse, a run started on an important New York banking institution. This was potentially far more dangerous than anything which might happen on the Stock Exchange. It was recognized instantly that if it were permitted to continue it might communicate to other banks, and thus lead to national disaster.

Mr. Morgan was naturally very much concerned. He applied himself to this situation and worked out a plan for a pooling of resources by a score of the largest banks in the city, to be followed by a dramatic display of cash. He asked the opinion of others as to the prospects of his plan, if adopted, and also as to whether it was believed the necessary cooperation could be obtained. If any man other than J. P. Morgan had proposed it we would have been compelled to say this could not be done, because the only hope of success lay in placing virtually all the cash assets of these banks at his disposal, and there was no time to draw up contracts for their protection. Since we knew the confidence in which he was held by these men—all of them his competitors to some extent—we urged him to go ahead.

The plan of procedure was explained briefly over the telephone to each of a long list of leading bankers, and each agreed to come at once to Mr. Morgan's office. They began to arrive a few minutes later, and I sat in the office while more than twenty men came in, among them such men as Mr. George F. Baker, Mr. James Stillman, Mr. Nash and others of equal prominence. As each man entered he was called on to state the actual cash subscription he stood prepared to make to the pool, and one after another these bankers named sums that would have ruined them and their institutions if the plan had failed.

More than that, most of them added that they were willing to try to raise any further sums Mr. Morgan might allot to them. When it is borne in mind that this was a money panic, and nothing more, and that every banker in the country was fearful of demands from his depositors which he might not be able to meet, it is impossible to overstate the confidence indicated by this pooling of resources. It is now a matter of history that within a few hours Mr. Morgan had succeeded, by a display of a very large fund, in checking the bank run and the worst of the panic. But it may not be generally known that the subscribers never were called on to put up a cent. Mr. Morgan supplied the cash from his own vaults.

With Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, of the Metropolitan Museum

When I say, therefore, that it was not unusual for competitors of Mr. Morgan to place their entire fortunes in his hands without documentary protection of any kind, I am stating the simple truth. In the foregoing instance, however, a national emergency existed, and it may be said that Morgan was trusted to this extent because he alone was in a position to save everybody.

A Man Whom Men Trusted

THE situation when the Steel Corporation was formed was an altogether different one. Yet I am in position to testify that the majority of the men who put their plants into the merger did so without knowing what price was to be paid them. Andrew Carnegie and a few others stipulated for definite prices, but the others left everything in the hands of Mr. Morgan. If any other man of our times has been able to buy even one business at his own price I do not recall it.

It is a matter of common knowledge today that during the early years of this century very large and very complex financial transactions went through Morgan and Company because no other firm could handle them. This was not solely a matter of dollars and cents. It was because most of the experts in various fields of industrial financing were under the Morgan roof. It would be unfair to overlook the contribution of these men in a survey of Mr. Morgan's achievements.

But the more credit one gives to them, the more luster is shed thereby on the head of the firm, for though they were known as partners, their agreements were those of employes. All the capital was owned by J. P. Morgan. His associates were not entitled by contract to any share of the profits, yet I happen to know that he voluntarily shared with them—and liberally—at the end of each year. It simply did not occur to any of these men to ask for the legal protection that would have been a matter of common business sense elsewhere. I do not believe that any of Mr. Morgan's partners ever found the need for this. He made them all wealthy beyond their dreams.

A great deal of the misunderstanding about Mr. Morgan has been due to the failure of others to explain what he was driving at in some of his statements that became widely

Continued on Page 157

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Morgan in London About 1908. At Left—Mr. Morgan in France

George H. Jay and the Bourke Oil Bean

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"Oh, Yes, I Know That You are Cross, and Feel Hurt and Bitter With Me, Dear Mr. Jay," Cooed Mrs. Jenifer Johnstoun, "Because I Made a Trifle More of This Foolish Money Out of the Wyke Waste Transaction"

OF THE many clients who passed through the grindstones—as it might be expressed—which operated at the mill of that jolly miller of 5 Finch Court, London, more usually known—to himself—as Mr. George H. Jay, Agent to the Aristocracy, few, indeed, etched themselves more indelibly on the mental apparatus of Mr. Jay than the highly adventurous gentleman named Hungerford Bourke. Gentle George had done quite a respectable stroke of business *in re* Mr. Hungerford Bourke before, sorely disappointed in love, Hungerford had disappeared, jaundiced in spirit and embittered at heart, in the direction of darkest Africa. Naturally he took with him Mr. Jay's benediction.

Because Hungerford left England with the openly avowed intention of gouging large quantities of gold dust from the fierce and warlike folk inhabiting that minute dot of Africa entitled—by Hungerford, who had found it first—Bourkeville, the genial and breezy mannered Mr. Jay had no hope whatever of renewing Mr. Bourke's acquaintance in this life. Later, perhaps—yes; for probably both would be detailed at the day of judgment to the same place, whichever that might prove to be. But in this life, no.

Consequently it was with some amazement that the Squire of Finch Court—as George was half ironically, half affectionately, termed by neighboring denizens of that place of offices and more or less anxious-looking brass plates—sitting one morning in his office, wondering what could possibly have happened to folk in need of the services of a high-class agent, heard sounds from the outer office which indicated to his ready perception that his clerk, Gus Golding, was engaged in stemming the impulsive tide of none other than the large and highly vociferous Mr. Bourke himself.

There were several duties in which that alert young cockney, Mr. Gus Golding, excelled. But as a tide stemmer of men like Mr. Bourke, Gus was not much. At his mildest, Hungerford Bourke was an overman, one of the overriding, overbearing, overwhelming kind we all know so well and suffer so sadly.

George H., listening intently, heard Gus overborne, perceived the door of his private office open more or less violently, was aware of a large, sun-bronzed, overhanging presence before his desk, a deep and sonorous voice booming in his office, a flash of strong white teeth, a red, hairy hand, and a small, shiny, leathery-looking globule about the size of a walnut lying on his blotting pad, where the said hairy hand had violently deposited it.

"Hullo, Jay! There you are then! Here's old Hungerford Bourke back again! Hey? Oblige me, Jay, by smelling that fruit on your blotting pad, will you, Jay?"

"Glad to see you, Bourke," said George H. in the brief style he reserved for clients like the abrupt Bourke, put out the cigar box and studied the thing on his blotting pad.

"Fruit?" he inquired dubiously.

"Fruit or vegetable—what do I care, Jay? There'd be just as much money in it if you called it a rosebud. Smell of it, man, and then guess what it is."

George smelled at it. "A very poorly flavored production," he stated emphatically.

Big Mr. Bourke bellowed mirthfully. "Yes, maybe; but does it remind you of anything?" he demanded.

"No," said Mr. Jay flatly. "Not of anything I care to be reminded of. What is it anyway?"

Hungerford, clearly excited, emitted smoke apparently from all parts of his features, including his reddish beard. "Squeeze it and see," he commanded in the tone of one who invites a hesitant child to take a dip in the lucky bran pie.

Gentle George squeezed the "fruit," which yielded rather easily to the pressure and squirtsomely exuded all over his hand a jet of yellowish, rather viscous fluid that smelled excessively of Brazil nuts and looked like colored castor oil.

"Monkeys," said Mr. Jay, rather sourly, as he wiped his hands—"monkeys would be charmed with it. But me, I can't see ——"

"—— half an inch in front of your nose," Mr. Bourke finished the observation for him, and continued: "Now you sit still and quiet and listen, Jay, and I'll tell you some news. That's the Bourke oil bean, and I am the only

civilized man in existence who knows where it grows. It was discovered by me in South America."

"South America!" Mr. Jay stared. "But I understood that you were returning to Africa, to the place you call Bourkeville, where you intended to get a large fortune in gold dust from the natives."

Mr. Bourke grinned rather ferociously through his beard and turned his profile to George H. "Notice anything, Jay?" he demanded.

George started a little, for it was impossible to avoid noticing that Hungerford Bourke was shy an ear.

"Man, where's your left ear?" demanded the Squire, paling slightly.

"Back in Bourkeville—at least that's where I last saw it," roared Mr. Bourke. "Cut off—cut off by order of the chief, my own blood brother, mark you! That's what the natives of Bourkeville did to me, the man who had fathered them like—like a father! The man who had done them the honor of naming the collection of ratty hovels they called their village after him! The man who had introduced the boon of general insurance to them in return for a few measly handfuls of gold dust!

"Why? What for? What had I done to them to have my ear snicked off in that way? I'll tell you, Jay. That untrustworthy hound with the evil face, Tattenham, I sent over to look after my interests, played those natives up for their gold dust in a way that would shame sharks, Jay. He wrung 'em out, he hung 'em up to dry, and he then quit, leaving them hungry to meet another white man—which just naturally had to be me. I dropped into the village just as they were good and hot and ready. Well, they let me off light—it being me, the man who got himself bit by a stinging lizard that time to save the chief—they spared my life, but fined me an ear and fired me out into the jungle. That kind of killed my interest in Africa, Jay, and I tried South America. Had an instinct—a white-hot hunch that there was something waiting for me in that country. Well, there was. I went into the interior—a long way in—and I found it. That's it—that bean. Jay, man, I know where the vine that bears that bean grows like a weed and is as fruitful as rabbits! Hey now? D'you understand oil—rich vegetable oil, Jay? D'you know—have you got any idea at all of the sheer, stark-naked value of an unlimited supply of practically costless vegetable oil, Jay?"

George Henry, already thrilling a little at the back of his mind, raised his big white hand in a gesture of protest. "If you will let me slip in just one word sideways, Bourke, it will give me an opportunity of telling you that I am part author of a book written years ago—out of print now—on vegetable oils, their production, their significance and their relation to modern commerce." He laughed almost as loudly and quite as self-confidently as a wild ass lecturing to its young.

But Mr. Bourke stared. Like many of the more intensely physical type, he was prone to regard writers with a highly paradoxical species of contemptuous respect—much as a multimillionaire with a near-22 golf handicap who is spending his declining years largely in the rough—when not in the bunkers—regards an all but ragged little devil of a caddie who seems incapable of hitting a ball any way but dead straight, and can stop to yawn or scratch himself while doing so.

"You wrote a book on oils, Jay?"

"Why not? Years ago, in my eager days."

"Humph! Well, what's your opinion of the Bourke oil bean?"

The Squire took another sniff at his oily blotting pad.

"It's a fine, full-bodied oil, there's no doubt about that," he said cautiously, racking his brains for all he knew about vegetable oils, which was less than he knew about mineral-oil shares. "And I suspect from its very viscous character that we have here an oil—one of the fatty oils—of a very—um—catholic character."

"What d'ye mean by catholic character, Jay?" bawled Mr. Bourke suspiciously.

"I mean, roughly, that it can be put to many important uses."

"Well, I know that, and I haven't written any books about it," interjected Hungerford. "And I'll tell you now, Jay, just how catholic it is. A man can eat and enjoy Bourke oil-bean butter or he can grease his boots with it; he can use this oil, Jay, to lubricate his motor car or as a gargle for sore throat; he can make scented soap from it or paint his fence with a preparation of it; he can use it on his salad or he can fatten bullocks with it; it is a wonderful hair restorer, a beautiful skin food, and fish fried in it is fish perfectly fried, Jay. Man, I've fried alligator steaks in it, and let me tell you that alligators are not true fish, though fried in Bourke oil they're better than fish."

"Yes, yes, I know—I know," said George H. with a touch of testiness. "Almost any of the fatty oils will do that—cottonseed, linseed, rapeseed, olive, coconut, croton, castor, colza, cod-liver, palm-nut, porpoise, sperm oil, neat's-foot, and so on."

Hungerford's hairy jaw fell a little. "Say, are there so many oils as that?"

"Why, man, there are hundreds, not to mention the hydrocarbons or the solid fats. The world's an oily old place, Bourke—marvel, in a way, mankind can walk without slipping up. If it wasn't for Nature we'd all be traveling on skates everywhere. But we needn't let that worry us, for most of the fatty oils cost money to produce, whereas this Bourke oil—Bourke-Jay oil, it'll have to be if we tackle the problem together, as we shall if we're smart—practically produces itself. And it looks richer, fuller bodied, than even castor oil. It wants a thorough examination, Bourke. For instance, now, is it a drying or semidrying or a nondrying oil?"

Hungerford Bourke looked sulky. "How the devil do I know, Jay? It's an oily oil—a very oily oil, and it grows that way. Each of my beans contains about half an egg cupful of good pure oily oil, and I got first call on a forest full of 'em. And a concession like that, Jay, is like having money left to you by your rich uncle. Moreover, Jay, I got two hundred tons of these beans collected and stored, and the whole Sim Yan tribe is collecting more as hard as their fingers can pick. Maybe there's five hundred tons

(Continued on Page 68)

It Was the Brutal Mr. Bourke Who Had to Spell It. "Why?" He Bawled, Laughing. "Why? Because You Got the Wrong Impression, Jay"

THE WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

WE HAD been telling stories about thieves, murderers and the weight of evidence, when Donovan strolled up to the fire. I think he had stood, listening, in the background. Someone spoke of his drenched clothing. According to the logic of the evidence, he had been caught in the shower that had sent us to cover an hour or so earlier.

Donovan selected a seat, shook out his feathers and laughed. "Shower nothing! That's canyon water."

"Canyon water nothing! There's not a pool in the canyon as big as your hat."

"The weight of evidence is against you," said another. "You were out during a rain. You came in wet. Therefore the rain wet you. That's logic."

Donovan had followed a kingfisher through the spray at the upper falls; but instead of saying so, he remarked simply, "Sounds like South Africa."

"What does?" asked one.

"Who's rapping the district attorney now?" asked another.

"If it's a story let's have it," I said.

"It ended in a story," Donovan replied.

Seeing that we expected him to continue, he screwed his heel into the steaming ground and began telling us this story of his early life. I give it mostly in my own words:

"They have a saying on the veldt that what happens in South Africa before sunset will be forgotten by morning. I think this incident has been, by most people. The man who would have remembered it best was hanged."

At the time of which he spoke Donovan was a boy of nineteen; but he had been born in Kimberley, which lies at the heart of the diamond fields, and was beginning to know diamonds. He was beginning to know the trail of the beast as well. I have already told in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of his clash with Big Pete, a Portuguese labor agent, and his seventeen dagga-smoking thieves.

"See!" He Cried. "You Can Look at My Hands All You Want to Yet! My Hands are Clean!"

That early success had not only brought him to the attention of the Head, but it had won him friends among the city police. Otherwise Police Captain Pat Flaherty would never have stopped him in Du Toits Pan Road to convey a morsel of news.

"If you don't mind eating a cold supper, drop in at the station," said the officer. "You'll probably have to later. We've made another haul of rough diamonds."

Rough diamonds are the diamonds as they come from the mine, before they are cut and polished. Under the provisions of the Diamond Trading Act, all diamonds mined were required to be registered. If not registered the assumption was that they had been stolen. Unregistered stones were subject to confiscation and their possessor to imprisonment. Their actual theft did not have to be proved.

"Does that mean hidden in soap?" asked Donovan.

"Not this time. We found these in a coat pocket. A Boer walloper from Pretoria had them. He says he bought them from another Boer whose name he forgot to get."

A walloper, in the speech of the day, was a man engaged in I. D. B., or illicit diamond buying. In the early days he bought diamonds only, most of which, being stolen, were obtained at prices absurdly low. Later he became a kind of wandering pawnbroker. In the early days he bought his diamonds openly. Later he could not operate so, but had to buy and sell by stealth.

"I'd like to see these rough diamonds," said Donovan. "Does the Head know?"

"Couldn't say. Probably not."

The seized parcel of diamonds proved to consist of thirty-two stones, ranging in weight from one to two carats. Stolen diamonds commonly run much larger. In color, as nearly as Donovan could tell, they ranged from top crystals to jagers. Stolen diamonds seldom run so even in color, nor is their quality so uniformly high. Furthermore, none of these stones had been acid cleaned, yet none bore a trace of grease from the pulsators. They had therefore been stolen prior to the concentration of the matrix ore that bore them.

That which caught Donovan's eye, however, was not so much the uniform size of the diamonds, nor their relative smallness, nor their even quality, but an external tint as of thinned-out carmine upon the white cheeks of some of them. Rough diamonds often bear a film of matrix material that dims their true color. This tint in no way resembled that from such a film. It showed more body, seemed warmer, brighter, cleaner, like a pigment.

"What's that red color on that stone?" he asked, indicating the largest of the encrimsoned diamonds.

The officer glanced at him sharply. After a moment he said, "You notice it too. You know rough diamonds a little. What do you think it is?"

"Just at a crazy guess?"

"Sure! Take a shot blindfolded."

"It looks like blood to me," replied Donovan hesitantly.

"That's what I make it too," said Flaherty—"blood."

"Human blood?"

"If it's blood, it's human blood."

"But what would blood be doing on a rough diamond like that?" asked Donovan then.

The officer smiled grimly. "This does seem to be a pretty young diamond for bloodstains. Most diamonds have to wait until they're cut and mounted."

"I wonder how it got there—this blood."

"I think the walloper may have hurt his hand," said Flaherty, meaning the opposite.

"Have you looked to see?" Again Donovan caught his smile, and hastened to add, "He didn't, but he might have had blood on his fingers or clothes somehow. Blood wouldn't just happen."

"No, it wouldn't just happen. I make the guess that the man who sold these diamonds had to climb through a barbed-wire fence at night. Still, it might be the walloper who had to do it. Care to see him?"

"I'd like to watch you look him over."

They found the old Boer seated upon the plank couch in his cell, his bluish-yellow chin cupped in his hand, his frayed hat still pulled over his greasy locks. The man was dressed in moleskin like a farmer. His faded work shirt, dust-stained coat and trousers, and thong-bound blucher shoes that might have been fashioned from elephant's hide, so thick they were, and might have heard the guns of Majuba Hill, so old they were—all seemed to point to a prolonged existence out of doors.

"Let's see your hands, Oom Paul," Flaherty began.

The man addressed jammed his thick fingers into the pockets of his coat and refused to let them be inspected.

"What's the matter? Have you blood on them?"

"No!" shouted the Boer, lifting his worried eyes.

"Easy, easy! Don't forget we caught you with the goods. I want to see your hands."

The Boer exploded into a string of curses not one of which was lost upon either of his auditors. "Can't see my hands yet!" he cried behind the smoke of them.

"You're a stubborn old stump," said Flaherty. "You might be an Irishman like me now, or my Irish friend here. Listen, Slim Piet: If you were out of this jail, you could find the man who sold you those diamonds and make him buy them back."

"I ram them down his throat!" cried the Boer.

"Now you're talking sense. But you're not out of this jail, but inside it. You can't look for him. You don't even know his name. What's your next best bet?"

"When I get out I find him!"

"No," replied Flaherty. "You might do that, but it would take too much time. You don't know where he'll be by then. The time to find him is now. If you can't look for him yourself, the next best thing would be to get someone else to look for him—let the police find him. Perhaps he's still in town."

"He's three-four blocks off," said the Boer.

"Who was it—a Kafir?"

"Boer farmer like me. I tell you already yet."

"How long had you had the stones when you were arrested?"

"You see me buy them. How long is that?"

"Inexact," said Flaherty. "I didn't see you buy them. I merely saw you looking them over."

"Ten minutes!" the Boer shouted.

"Call it an hour and forty minutes, all told. That's no long time. You're sure he didn't give you his name?"

"He say Johann Tafelberg, but I know better."

"Johann Tafelberg. What do you think?" asked Flaherty, turning to Donovan. "Ever hear that name?"

"I never did," replied Donovan.

"That's that," said Flaherty "He gave a made-up name. What did he look like this farmer?"

"Just Boer farmer."

"Tall man?"

"Like me," replied the Boer.

"Slender or fat?"

"Lean like me."

"Light hair like yours?"

"Black," said the Boer.

"Blue eyes?"

"Not blue, no. Brown, maybe."

"Did this man wear a beard?"

"No beard. Smooth face."

"How was he dressed?"

"Just farmer's clothes."

"Was he on foot or in a wagon?"

"He drove a team—good horses and a good wagon."

"Black horses?"

"No, not black. One was white and the other was big bay, blind in off eye."

"That's getting it down a little," said Flaherty.

"It might pay to look for this Boer farmer with the wagon and team of horses," Donovan suggested. "Though how a Boer farmer ever got past the mine gates is beyond me."

"If only he had a mark on him of some kind! This town is full of Boer farmers driving teams."

"He had a big blue wart on his nose," the prisoner volunteered.

"Say that again!" cried Flaherty.

"A big blue wart right there, with black hairs in it."

"Jan Smoot! Mrs. Piet Burger's hired man!"

"We passed him on the street as we came in," said Donovan. "I know him a little. He never stole any diamonds."

"He went into Haggerty's store."

"Jan Smoot's honest," persisted Donovan.

"You never can tell. I know he works for an honest woman. Piet Burger's widow doesn't know of the diamonds."

"Perhaps the real thief has been using Jan Smoot as a go-between. He's just a good-hearted, ignorant boy."

"We'll have to question him," said Flaherty.

"You won't arrest him, Flaherty!"

"If this man identifies him I will"

The old Boer sprang to his feet and in a voice charged with hatred accused the man he had described of being himself the thief. "He tell me he sell them for the owner. He say he have the right. How can I know?"

"We'll fetch him in within ten minutes," replied Flaherty.

The prisoner glared at him as if the words had framed a threat against himself; then, as their meaning sank into his mind, with a sudden dramatic gesture he held out his hands.

"See!" he cried. "You can look at my hands all you want to yet! My hands are clean!"

Donovan accompanied the policeman upon his new errand. As they passed out into the street Flaherty pointed to a narrow entrance leading to the upper floors of an antiquated building given over to tenants equally antiquated.

"The I. D. B. I'd like to catch does business in that room with the gold lettering. We know he buys diamonds, but we can't catch him with the goods—neither him nor his partner."

The lettering read "Jacob Klinger & Co., Loans." Donovan knew the firm by name, but not by sight. He had not so much as heard whispers about the nature of its business. That Flaherty was speaking in confidence he understood, and the knowledge caused him to glow with a pride that was almost professional.

"Klinger is new here, isn't he?"

"About a year."

"I don't know him."

"He's a white-faced fat man. His partner's white-faced and lean. I wouldn't trust either one with the change from a shilling."

"There's Jan Smoot's team!" cried Donovan. "He's still in Haggerty's store!"

"I believe you're right," said Flaherty.

The sight of the white horse and the bay changed the direction of Donovan's thoughts, and he forgot to ask the name of Klinger's partner. The arrest of Jan Smoot followed; for he had not yet spent the proceeds from the diamonds, and was still buying goods from a list he had notched upon a stick. Apparently he was preparing for an extended journey.

"Yes, I sold the diamonds," he admitted. "I had the right. I sold them for somebody else."

But when pressed to say for whom he had sold them he abruptly ceased talking, nor could another syllable be dragged from his lips. Later he was identified by the buyer. His pockets proved to contain no further diamonds, however, but only the unexpended remainder of what had been paid for the seized stones, a piece of string, half a dozen bent nails and a door key. The string had on it a stain as of blood.

II

DONOVAN first heard of the murder toward the end of the morning, when the Head summoned him to report at the executive offices. He was admitted at once. As on a previous occasion, he found the commander in chief seated behind an all but empty desk, although today not reading

"I suppose you know what I want of you," began the Head

"Yes, sir," replied Donovan confidently, conscious of his new knowledge. "You're on the trail of another den of thieves"

The Head sat straighter and waited for a moment before replying. "What did they steal?" he asked at last.

(Continued on Page 84)

He Again Paused to Look About Him. Ahead Lay the House of Tragedy, Now Become a House of Mystery

WHERE ROMANCE BEGINS

By Floyd W. Parsons

A Snow Motor in Switzerland

FOR trying to interest people in a device that would transmit the human voice over wires, Joshua Coppersmith was jailed in New York. The board of education of a Pennsylvania town refused to permit the use of their public-school auditorium for a debate about railroads and telegraphs, on the ground that it would be rank infidelity to allow open discussions of such nefarious institutions. The waltz was denounced in America as a foreign abomination. Each baby born could reasonably expect to live to be only thirty-two years old. Twenty infants out of every hundred died before the first twelve months had passed.

A woman in Providence was arrested for going without a petticoat. An Ohio editor lauded the bicycle, but added, "A man has invented a horseless wagon. Some day he will go back to his grocery and do some good in the world." Westinghouse was rebuffed, Edison jeered at, Robert Fulton ridiculed, and Goodyear had to become a showman and wear India-rubber clothes in order to prove his point. The idea prevailed that bread and milk were the only things one could safely buy on the hand-to-mouth system, and the common notion about meeting a business slump was to fire a lot of men outright, smashing the organization that had been carefully built up and throwing away the money that had been put into training an adequate working force.

On the Road to Mandalay

YESTERDAY is as much like the present as the Indian's smoke signal is like a radio flash to a ship at sea. The automobile salesman of a few years ago gave all his time to selling us the idea that the engine would run. Now his arguments concern the lines of the body, the color scheme, the convenience of the accessories and the comfort of the seats. The waltz today is only a breath restorer. The average expectancy of life is fifty-nine years. Even steel is bought on the hand-to-mouth system, and this plan is a chief factor at present in the maintenance of prosperity. Now when trade slackens, the aim is to retain the entire force, working on a part-time schedule, waiting and hoping for the better day that's coming.

Political spellbinders have largely lost their influence. An effort to increase the price of a street-car ride or a telephone call no longer starts a mob marching to the city hall. Thoughtless legislative bodies have met defeat in their attempts to enforce discriminatory decrees. Our highest court says 7 per cent is a reasonable income on certain forms of investment and intelligent workmen believe that it is to their interest for capital to have a fair return.

Smart executives have come to realize that our greatest industries are lineal in descent from research laboratories. Now our men of science can command attention without turning themselves into clowns. We appreciate how fortunate we are to have people among us who look at the apple on the tree and wonder why it grows

When the Larkin Tower in New York Is Finished It Will Be the Highest in the World, 110 Stories Above the Street

rather than how it tastes; who are more interested in the structure of gold than in its possession. This new attitude has made possible the harnessing of the River Shannon and the construction of a dam across the Jordan. It has put automobiles on the road to Mandalay and built a railroad through Robin Hood's Sherwood Forest.

Change

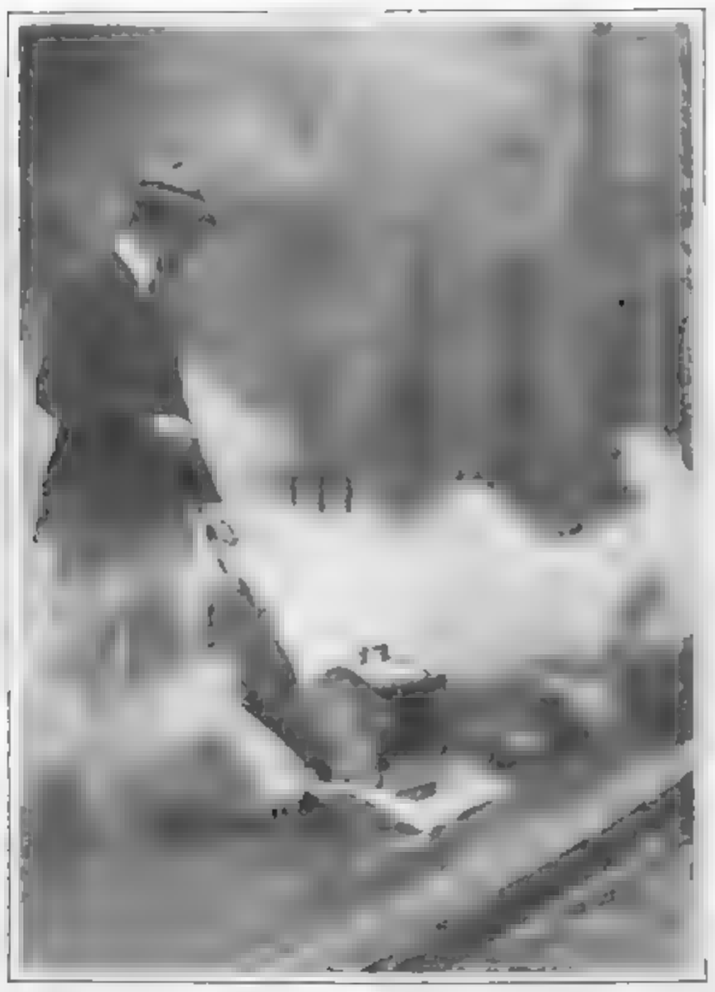
NO LONGER is the modern scientist classed in the category of dreamers, for his present achievements in industry represent the most startling happenings in all history. He has made it possible to produce radio dials from the hulls of oats, buttons from corncobs, poker chips from cheese and umbrella handles from milk. A dozen new synthetic products in the past two years have revolutionized basic businesses. Not a day passes without some important change in style or habit. When American women decided to stop wearing corsets the manufacturers found themselves floundering in a rough sea with no land in sight. Some who had not thought far ahead tried to stave off defeat by crying out against feminine degeneracy and the moral dangers of the corsetless waist. The wiser ones, recognizing the futility of trying to buck such an issue, sought a way out through producing a new article with a new name, conforming to the latest thoughts on health and hygiene.

The introduction of bobbed hair brought ruin to entire industries. It put a serious crimp in businesses manufacturing hair nets, ribbons, hairpins and hair ornaments. The decline in sales of hair nets was felt as far away as China, where it caused unemployment and distress in certain districts. Short hair changed the whole character of the millinery business, proving the influence on industry of nothing more serious than a mere change of style.

No longer is it possible to know where the benefits of a new discovery will fall. Without telephones there would not be room on city streets for people carrying important messages. Without elevators we could not live and work in skyscrapers. Studies in plant physiology not only helped farmers and fertilizer manufacturers but added millions to the freight revenue of railroads. An investigation of the moon's craters now going on may produce knowledge of great value in steam engineering. Fences have been leveled.

A manufacturer may find his business jeopardized by a discovery in a packing plant. That is one reason why a great corporation has just split a $12,000,000 bonus among eighty of its executives as a reward for initiative and foresight.

Its climate made England the center of the great textile-producing industries. Later, when it was decided to start a similar business here in the United States, climate again was the deciding factor and



A New Bomb to Foil Payroll Bandits, Which Not Only Throws Out a Heavy Smoke But So Discolors the Money That It Cannot be Passed

New England was the beneficiary. A few years ago some chemists and engineers started to analyze the problem. Their studies showed that every textile fiber, plant or animal, is hygroscopic; so much so, in fact, that these fibers are used in delicate instruments as detectors of moisture. When dry, the fibers get brittle and break, but when placed in air of the proper humidity they twist in such a way as to lock themselves securely together when drawn into a yarn. This made it clear why atmospheric condition is the vital factor in textile manufacture.

With this knowledge in hand, the engineers eventually succeeded in producing indoors any climate that might be desired. This means that we can now take the climate to the industry instead of having to take the industry to the climate. As a result of this development, the South is building its own textile industry, making it unnecessary any longer to ship cotton across the ocean. Now textiles are even being produced in Southern California, which section, because of its extreme variation in atmospheric conditions from noon to night, would have been the last place in the world in which a textile manufacturer a few years ago would have located a mill.

Cheese Plated

THIS same discovery saved the day for the rayon—artificial silk—industry by doing away with climatic hazards. Improved methods in this field in the past two years have not only doubled the output of many plants but have increased the strength of rayon more than 200 per cent. This accomplishment has placed attractive stockings within the reach of millions more women and has helped to shorten skirts. So it is plain that a single engineering achievement has built new towns in the South.

There is no occasion for any regret over our increasing recognition of the far-reaching character of current developments. A piece of cheese, tossed by one workman at another during the luncheon hour, missed its mark and dropped into the plating bath used in the production of copper disks from which wax phonograph records were stamped. Later the disks from that bath were found to be far superior to the others, and an investigation revealed that the casein in the cheese had done the trick. This disclosed a possible improvement worth thousands of dollars to the manufacturer.

Telephone engineers discovered that an alloy of nickel and iron, when produced in the form of a narrow ribbon and wound around the copper core of a submarine cable, would increase the speed of the cable six times. The only trouble was that no one seemed able to find a flux that would weld the ends of the ribbon into a solid piece. One day a workman jokingly said, "Let's try salt." Picking up the shaker from his luncheon pail, he started to sprinkle the salt over the flux, when the cover fell off the shaker and the salt poured over the weld. This started a chemical action that united the edges and the problem was solved.

Accident Plays Its Part

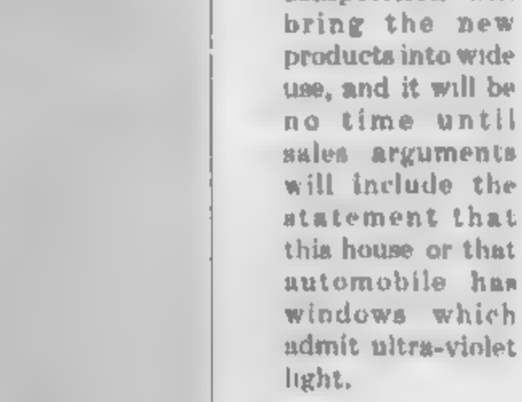
A SCIENTIST in France, while experimenting in his laboratory, inadvertently opened the wrong valve. Before he could rectify his mistake several drops of moisture settled in a glass tube that was part of the apparatus. His elation knew no bounds, for here at last was the end of the long search for liquid oxygen. Again an accident created an industry and gave us an explosive far safer and mightier than dynamite.

Nothing equals in dramatic value today the simple fact of scientific achievement. The spraying of dissolved gun-cotton as a substitute for the hand painting of automobile bodies has saved one manufacturer alone $10,000,000 which he would otherwise have had to invest. The mere discovery that seventeen drops of solder and not eighteen were needed in closing a can saved an oil company $40,000 last year.

Industrial chemistry was asked to provide a paint that could be applied quickly, would dry rapidly and be tough, hard and resistant to the elements. It had to have some of the properties of glass and yet not crack, and must be proof against the action of oil, grease and acids. The research workers accepted the challenge, and now the newest coating for automobile bodies is a preparation that combines the virtues of paint, varnish and enamel. Instead of waiting years to find out how the new product would stand up under the effects of weathering, the scientists alternated the use of ultra-violet light and water baths, thus getting results in a week's time that could only have been produced with two years of sun and rain.

But even here we find accident again playing an important rôle. All the early experiments, designed to keep the solution in a liquid condition so it could be applied with a brush, had definitely failed. Then came a break in the machinery, and the material had to stand for days until the repairs were completed. When work was started again the chemists were amazed to find that the paint now retained its liquid form. The long-sought secret had been finally discovered.

No industry is closer to the edge of a great revolution than glass manufacturing. One new variety of glass will bounce like a rubber ball, and another can be pierced but will not shatter under the impact of a bullet. But most important of all are the new kinds of window glass that will admit the ultra violet rays of the sun. Science had no more than pointed out that it was bad for us to live and work behind glass that shut out the highly healthful short rays of the sun before research was inaugurated to solve the problem. Hospitals and sanitariums first met the difficulty by putting in windows of fused quartz. But these windows cost thousands of dollars and were quite out of the reach of people generally. Investigation continued and now we have several companies manufacturing varieties of glass that are moderate in price and admit 40 per cent or more of the vital rays. Increases in production and competition will bring the new products into wide use, and it will be no time until sales arguments will include the statement that this house or that automobile has windows which admit ultra-violet light.



A Novel Mirror Guide for Motorists at an Intersection of Three Roads at Ashford, England

In Rolls

ANOTHER new glass fully protects the eyes of furnacemen from the intense rays produced by high-temperature flames, while the need for a glass to cover windows and other openings in temporary buildings has brought us a product that can be cut with shears or rolled up like a piece of linoleum. It is translucent and has a base of galvanized iron mesh.

(Continued on Page 202)

A Race Between Two Yachts, One Fitted With the New Flettner Rotor and the Other With Sail, Was Staged on the Spree River, Berlin, to Determine Whether the Sail or the Rotor Was the Better Means of Utilizing the Wind for Sailing Purposes

A COOK'S TOUR

By GEORGE RECTOR

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

THE Creole is the descendant of French and Spanish parents, and it was the French culinary flair that supplied the motif of the Creole cuisine. The early French settlers in Louisiana were the patrician *émigrés*, who brought along the perfect peak of gastronomic culture. They were accompanied by the French farmer and artisan, with their simpler *pot-au-feu* and grillades. But long before the French arrived, the Spaniard was on the Gulf with his *arte de componer las viandas*.

The Spanish taste for strong seasoning of foods, combined with the delicate French preparation, and pepped up by the natural love of condiments in the spice-spangled tropics, is the combination that created the Creole cuisine. The old colored mammy of Louisiana had her share in refining the product. So did the American Indian, who gathered roots and pungent herbs in the woods and added his bit to the flavoring. The result is that the present Creole dishes are a combination of Old and New World cooking. It stands supreme and without competition.

You Could Actually Smell Yourself a Good Meal if the Wind Happened to be in the Right Direction

My father took me into Begue's place in the old French Market many years ago. Begue was a butcher who opened a restaurant in connection with his butcher shop. His specialties were kidney stew with red wine and calf's liver *à la bourgeoise*. He prepared the liver by first washing it in cold water. Then he larded it with bacon. The larding was done with a long, hollow needle. The bacon or soft pork was sliced in thin strips and drawn through the liver by the larding needle. This leaves the liver laced with long thin threads of bacon. He placed an egg-size piece of butter in the frying pan. When the butter got hot he added an onion, a carrot and a turnip, all sliced very fine. Then he dropped a powdered bay leaf in and allowed the mixture to brown. It was not until then that he added the liver to the pan, along with a pint of consommé. He seasoned it very highly with Cayenne pepper and salt, covered the saucepan very tightly, set it on a slow fire and allowed it to simmer for about thirty minutes.

Where Larding Originated

TANTALUS, the father of Niobe, was plunged to his neck in water as punishment for revealing the secrets of the gods. Fruit hung within an inch of his head. But when Tantalus tried to assuage his thirst the water receded from his lips. When he attempted to reach the fruit it swung out of his reach. If I am to be punished for revealing the culinary code of Begue, all you have to do to make that retribution cruel and unusual is to place me in his dining room within nasal distance of the odor of liver bourgeoise sizzling in the buttery pan. Begue's patrons used to go wild as they sat out in front and inhaled the spicy perfumes filtrating their richness through the screen doors. That thirty minutes of sizzling and simmering was the longest sentence I have ever served in my life.

The pungent essence of bay leaves may mingle with other odors, but it never fraternizes. It stands supreme and sharp. But it has plenty of competition from fennel, sorrel, rue, sage, sassafras, rosemary, quince and marjoram. Add cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, thyme and sweet basil to these aromas and you can readily understand why Creole nostrils twitched like those of a wolf scenting a jack rabbit.

The Creole brought over the Old World legends with his native spices. Fennel was dedicated to Saint John and made the scrawny fat, at the same time giving strength to the weak. Orpheus said that the eating of sorrel and carrots would win a maiden's love. Rosemary was for remembrance. Fennel, worn over the heart, induced perpetual gayety. Venus first raised sweet marjoram, which is why bridal couples are still crowned with it in Greece. Mussolini may be successful in erasing old Italian superstitions, but I'll bet an old straw hat that he cannot stop Italian maidens from wearing corsages of sweet basil, for it is popularly supposed to start sympathy fermenting in the hearts of the sterner sex.

Begue's larding of liver bourgeoise did not mean that he used our popular conception of lard. In this case, "lard" is the French term for "bacon." Larding started in France when an Italian chef came north to compete with the French cooks, preparing the dinner which was to celebrate the marriage of one of the Medici to the son of Francis I. They gave him a fish to prepare, and being dissatisfied with the dryness of the fish, he was struck with the bright idea of larding, or stuffing, it with bacon. This was a revolutionary thought in cuisine. Now when you stuff a turkey with oysters or a roast with mushrooms, you are larding them. Larding permeates the roast and supplies the necessary moisture which prevents the meat from becoming parched and falling flat.

He Then Added One Bay Leaf, Chopped Fine

Sassafras was the important herb used by one chef in preparing his gumbo filé. Do not confuse "filé" with the French "filet," which means meat, fish or chicken which has been separated from the bone. The Creole filé is a powder made by the Choctaw Indians from the tender leaves of the sassafras. The Choctaws had a monopoly on the filé by the right of eminent domain, for they gathered it on their reservation between the Mobile and Mississippi rivers. The squaws collected the leaves and spread them on stone mortars to dry. They pounded them into powder, strained the powder through a sieve and sold it at the French Market in New Orleans. The Indians also used the sassafras for many medicinal purposes on their later reservation at Bayou Lacombe. The Creole saw the culinary possibilities of pulverized sassafras, or filé, and originated the now famous gumbo filé.

It was a favorite on the Mississippi plantations and in the New Orleans restaurants. The gumbo can be made with chicken, rabbit, turkey, oyster, shrimp or cabbage. There is a different recipe for each one, but I will give you the famous one used by our chef in preparing it with chicken.

Gumbo Filé With Chicken

FIRST, he went to the old French Market and bought a large tender chicken, direct from manufacturer to consumer, with all brokerage charges eliminated. I want to lay stress on the fact that Creole cookery was not only very fine but that it also incorporated in its doctrines that most important of all kitchen utensils—namely, economy. He cleaned and cut up the chicken as if preparing it for a fricassee. After sprinkling a liberal amount of salt and pepper on the disjointed chicken, he cut two large slices of lean ham into dice. He chopped one large onion, three sprigs of parsley and one sprig of thyme up very fine. He next dropped two tablespoonfuls of butter—or one of lard—into a very deep stewing pot.

When the butter or lard got hot he placed in the chicken and the ham, covered the pot closely and allowed it to fry for about eight minutes. He added the chopped onion, parsley and thyme and kept stirring to prevent burning. After this was nicely browned, he added two quarts of oyster water and another two quarts of boiling water. The oyster water was not added until it was thoroughly heated. He then added one bay leaf, chopped fine. Anybody who tried to add two bay leaves would have to do so over our chef's inanimate body. One bay leaf was exactly the right amount to balance the scales of gastronomy. He cut a pepper pod in two, removed the seeds and dropped in half of the pod.

If you try to prepare this dish, remember to remove the seeds from the pepper pod; and only a red-pepper pod will suffice. Did our chef drop in half the pod without further ceremony? He did not. That half pod must also be halved before it disappeared in the deep stewing pot. This almost

completed the gumbo, which was set back on the stove to simmer for an hour longer. But at exactly three minutes before suppertime the lid was removed from the pot and three dozen large fresh oysters were added. The chef allowed the gumbo to remain on the stove three minutes and then dragged the pot away from the fire. He had meanwhile prepared the serving tureens in a *bainmarie*, or hot-water bath.

He was ready now to add the sassafras filé. He did this by dropping two tablespoonfuls of the filé into the boiling-hot gumbo, taking great care to drop a pinch at a time and stirring very thoroughly with the other hand. No time was lost then in pouring the gumbo into the hot tureens, for once he had added the filé the gumbo could never be warmed over again. He served it with rice which had been boiled until every grain was a distinct unit. The rice was never boiled with the gumbo, but was served separately in its own individual dish. Two spoonfuls of rice was about the right amount for each dish of gumbo.

This is probably the most distinctive Creole dish that I know. I admit that the recipe is fairly puzzling, as the Creole seemed to drop everything into the pot except a Creole. The preparation of rice was another item in Creole kitchen ritual. The chef picked the rice clean and washed it in cold water, rubbing the rice between the hands to remove all dust. He then poured off the old water and added fresh, repeating this operation three times. He allowed a quart of water to come to a boil, adding a teaspoonful of salt. He did not throw in the rice until the water was red hot. This prevented the rice from jellying in a mass. After it had boiled twenty minutes the chef drained off the water, then placed the rice in an oven so that the heat in the dry oven would absorb all the moisture in the rice. At the end of ten minutes the rice was puffed and flaky, each kernel being as distinct and as beautiful as a solitaire. The chef was exacting about his rice, because that staple is served with chicken, fish, vegetables and all Creole gravies.

A Fountain Murmured Faintly Near the Entrance of the Western Piazza, and There Came From the Shadows of the Fig Tree the Sweet and Plaintive Cooing of Doves

The Louisiana Lottery

LIQUEUR figured largely in the old-time Creole cooking, and the wines of New Orleans were so fragrant and delightful that our old boy friend, William Makepeace Thackeray, stopped off there on his American tour and bought a big supply of Creole wine for consignment to his home in merry old Albion.

This item may raise a tempest in the teetotalers' teapots, but facts are the truth as surely as pigs are pork, and you cannot dilute history. For that matter, New Orleans boasts, or did boast, of being the proving ground for many a high-powered liquid explosive. The Zazerac originated in the Zazerac bar, where fifteen white-coated bartenders swung thirty elbows in an effort to make the supply equal the demand. The Zazerac was a cocktail and was the forerunner of the liquid flame employed by both sides in the late war.

Ramos was noted for its gin fizz. The least said about that, the better. The Gem was a nice restaurant in the French quarter and ran its string out like a good billiard player. Madame Eugène started another small eating place near the French Market and later moved to Canal Street near St. Charles. Leon Lamothe's place was slightly outside the pale, for it was patronized by high-class gamblers

Strangely enough, the famous Louisiana Lottery was not started by a native of Louisiana. The idea was the brain child of a man named Howard, who was a New Yorker. He launched the Louisiana Lottery in 1865 and actually succeeded in getting a charter good for twenty-five years from the state legislature. This may seem impossible, but it happened during the reign of the carpetbaggers in the South, in the chaotic days following the Civil War. Howard had branch offices all over New Orleans and sold his chances for twenty-five cents a ticket. There was a daily drawing at three P.M. It grew rapidly and soon spread all over the country. The Louisiana Lottery had agents in every city in the United States. The tickets ran as high as five dollars each, and there was a monthly prize of $50,000.

John Morris, of New York, owner of the now extinct Morris Park race track, realized that the lottery was a cow that would stand for a lot of milking. So he went to New Orleans and threw in with Howard. The lottery kept growing bigger and bigger. In order to forestall any possible chances of having its fairness disputed, and also to place the seal of honesty on the hazardous speculation, Morris engaged two famous ex-Confederate officers to superintend the drawing of the fortunate numbers. These two officers had won an imperishable fame in the annals of warfare. I will not mention their names, although their share in the lottery was absolutely fair and square. They were always present each month when the big winning numbers were pulled out of the wheel by a blindfolded child from a near-by orphan asylum.

However, every man who has lost money gambling is of the sneaking notion that he has been cheated somehow. Complaints and the squealing of the shorn lamb were heard all over the nation. The newspapers and magazines added to the clamor with blistering editorials and red-hot cartoons. Uncle Sam got after the lottery for using the government mails, and the owners quietly withdrew to Spanish Honduras. In justice to the natives of Louisiana, it must be noted that the originators and owners of the Louisiana Lottery were New Yorkers, and that the state was being run by Yankee carpetbaggers at the time.

There has long been a dispute as to whether the sheepshead or the pompano is the better eating fish found in the Gulf. I throw my vote for the pompano, which sells in the South for eighty to ninety cents a pound on the wharf. The Spanish mackerel is another fine delicacy, but is easier to catch than the pompano, which has such a small mouth that it cannot take a hook. This necessitates its being seined with small nets over the reefs, a dangerous proceeding in the squally waters of the South. A dish famous in Creole cookery is the illustrious *bouillabaisse*. We must quote that noted epicure, Thackeray: "In New Orleans you can get a *bouillabaisse* the like of which was never eaten in Marseilles or Paris."

Like all other Creole dishes, the *bouillabaisse* has a legend. Two fishermen from Marseilles were arguing in a rowboat as to the best method of cooking a sturgeon and a perch together. As you probably do not know, the *bouillabaisse* consists of cooking two kinds of fish together. The fishermen agreed to settle their dispute by actually going through the practical test of cooking. The first failed, his effort winding up in a concoction that wasn't even good mucilage. The second succeeded in evolving a dish that would have made our friend Berry Wall wish he were a cow with seven stomachs. He offered to teach his less fortunate friends the method of preparing the *bouillabaisse*, and that's how the dish got its name. Just at that momentous moment when the fish must be snatched from the fire lest it spoil if cooked a split second longer, the instructor shouted, *Et quand ça commence à bouillir, baisse!*" Hence the name "*bouillabaisse*." You must stop when it starts to boil.

Bouillabaisse

THE usual Creole custom was to use a red snapper and a redfish instead of a sturgeon and a perch, as the red snapper abounded in Gulf waters. The sturgeon is a foreign fish, so the Creole had to work with the materials at hand However, he did very well. If an Eskimo desired an arctic *bouillabaisse* he would have to follow the Creole's lead in working with native fish and would probably utilize one walrus and one whale. The Creoles launched their *bouillabaisse* by first boiling the head of a red snapper in two quarts of water in order to get a good fish stock. They put one sliced onion in the pot along with a bouquet of herbs consisting of thyme, bay leaf and parsley. When the boiling had reduced the contents to one pint they strained the water and set it aside.

They then took six slices of redfish and six slices of red snapper of equal size and rubbed them well with salt and pepper. They minced three sprigs of thyme, three sprigs of parsley, three bay leaves and three cloves of garlic. Then six berries of allspice were ground very fine and mixed with the herbs and garlic. Each slice of fish was rubbed with this exhilarating liniment until it was permeated by the herbs, spice and garlic. The success of the dish depended on the operation. Two tablespoonfuls of

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Aged One Hundred and Twenty

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Whah's de People?" She Asked. "Dis Am de Night. Is Dey Goin' to Let de Boys Stick?"

ON THE afternoon of a gray Thanksgiving Day, old Flo walked slowly toward the center of Gettysburg. Neither the shawl which enveloped her, nor her sunbonnet, nor her large basket and staff gave her tiny figure much size. She talked as she walked, to no audience but herself. She looked back, and to the right and left, in search of human beings.

"Ise lef' mah home fo' de sake ob comp'ny," she said. "But de comp'ny is all gone elsewhah. De peoples is in dey houses sleepin' aftah dey eats dey good dinnahs; de tourists, dey is at home; an' de guides fo' de battlefield, dey is gone into dey holes. De boys, dey is gone too."

She stood perfectly still, pushing back her sunbonnet as though to hear more distinctly, her head poised like a bird's.

"I don' hear nuffin from dem yet," she said, and stepped on.

At the corner of the square she stopped again. She saw a lady coming toward her and recognized Mrs. Neff, a newcomer in Gettysburg. She was a bustling creature with a patronizing air.

"Well, aunty," said she.

"Well?" Flo smiled her toothless smile, though she did not like to be called aunty by Mrs. Neff.

"Where are you going?"

"Ise takin' de air."

"You've had your dinner, surely?"

"I has. I has de same dinnah what de jedge has—turkey, crambrys, pumpkin pie. De jedge, he carve de turkey and de black man what dribes he auto, he bring it roun'. Dat's de good dinnah what I has. Ise replete wif dinnah."

"Why do you carry a basket?"

"I carries it fo' comp'ny," explained Flo. "Besides, no tellin' what manna might fall from de skies."

A real lady would have taken this delicate hint, but Mrs. Neff started on her way. Then she looked back. "How old are you, Flo?"

"Hundred an' twenty," said Flo proudly.

"Oh, Flo!"

"I is a hundred and twenty."

"That would mean that you were born in 1806."

"Dat's 'zactly de year."

"That was before Abraham Lincoln was born."

"Dat can easy be. Him an' me was 'bout de same age when he was heah durin' de war."

"Do you remember the battle?"

"'Member de battle! Ise de chief wo'ker. De doctahs, dey say, 'Heah, Flo, is a bucket ob blood. You take dis out an' empty it. Heah ——'"

Mrs. Neff gave a little shriek.

"'——heah is a ahm,'" continued Flo in a louder and more determined tone, gesticulating meanwhile as though she tossed these objects to Mrs. Neff. "'Heah is a laig.'"

Mrs. Neff was repelled, yet fascinated. "Were you a slave?"

"Slabe? I was hitched up and dribed wid a whip."

So ancient, so weird, so shriveled, did Flo look that her statement seemed not incredible. Her tragic tone accomplished what cheerfulness could not accomplish—Mrs. Neff presented her with a quarter of a dollar.

"You come round tomorrow and I'll have some things for you."

"Whah you lib?" asked Flo.

"On Hale Avenue."

"I see," said Flo, with subtle meaning. "In de new paht ob de town."

Mrs. Neff went on her way down the street, and Flo went on hers round the square. Her little eyes sought human figures, but still no human figures appeared.

"'Bout fo' o'clock," said she. "Time fo' de tu'tles to stop baskin' and de dogs to git up from dey naps. Nobody in dis town ain't ate mo' dan I is, an' Ise out. Heah's de bank. I wish I had all de money in de bank. An' heah's de jew'lry sto'. I'd like to hang dat pearl necklace roun' mah neck. I tell you, when mah time comes and I gets white, den I has a pearl necklace and bracelets. Heah's de dry-gooda shop and heah's de restaurant. Heah's de candy sto'. When I comes back Ise goin' to get some sweets wif dis quatah."

Flo made another turn. "I aims to projec' 'mongst de old fam'lies," she said. "But Ise tiahd, not from walkin' but from eatin'. I sits on de bench an' swings mah feet to keep 'em off de col' ground."

Round a circle of grass in the center of the square stood benches, and upon one of them Flo seated herself.

"Dis de place fo' de guides. If anybody comes to be guided, Ise goin' to offah mahself. I can splain de battle. I can say, 'Now frien's, we go to Hancock Avenue. Why, frien's, do we say Hancock Avenue? Because, frien's, General Hancock fought deah.' I can make a deep voice, an' I can flourish mah han'." Flo waved her hand, stick and all, and suddenly a young man stood beside her, appearing so unexpectedly that she was startled.

"Boy, youse de spirit what comes out de groun' when de wizard wabes he wan'? Whah's you come from?"

"From the hotel."

"You has a good face."

"Thank you."

"Youse welcome. When de quality meets, de compliments pass. What is you lookin' for in de squah?"

"I'm looking for news," said the young man. "I thought you beckoned to me."

"Ise lookin' for news, too," said Flo. "Ise tiahd ob mahself. What is yo' name?"

"I'm tired of myself too. My name is Rand."

"Is you from dis town?"

"I went to college here."

"Youse de only man lef' in town. Isn't you want to go to de game?"

"The game?" Rand looked amused. "What game?"

"De big game. De game between de Gettysbu'gs an' de Franklins an' de Dickinsons. Isn't you want to go deah?"

"No."

"Not de game wheah dey yells an' shouts and swinges each oder ovah de haid? I watch 'em fru de fence. Youse queeah, boy! Is you wo'kin'?"

"Not very hard at this moment."

"What is yo' business?"

"I work on the daily paper."

"On de Stah papah?"

"Yes, on the Star."

"Is dat so?" Flo looked at him with respect. "Annie Garrett, she mah neighbo', she read de Stah paper to me.

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"De Bell. Don' You Heah de Bell?"

PROTECT-YOUR-MEN

"Bounce Sized it Up, and His Outfit Took Cover and Laid Low. And He Went Back With Two Men to Look Things Over"

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

JASON had done fifteen months with the machine guns; Paul was in the English medical service before we entered the war, and in our most advanced dressing stations afterward; and Woodridge, finding every other channel closed, went over as a Y worker, and interpreted his duties as demanding his presence as far forward as he could make his way. I knew each one of them more or less intimately; but they did not know one another, and I had sometimes thought of bringing them together. They would, it seemed to me, have many things in common.

A certain moving picture came to town—a picture which pretended to portray the war. I saw it once, and twice, and a third time; and then I met Woodridge on the street. He had not seen the picture; and I suggested that he dine with me a day or two later and go afterward to the theater. He agreed to do so.

Later it occurred to me to ask Paul and Jason, and the end was that we four met at the Beacon Club about half-past six on a Thursday evening. A blizzard had been sweeping all day across the city; there were great drifts along the curb and stalled cars in every street. Woodridge came first, and then Jason, and then Paul; and we stayed a little while in the club library, waiting for the steward to announce his readiness to serve us.

Woodridge was a grave little man with thick lenses in his spectacles; and he hid, behind the mien of a curate, a zealous soul fit for high endeavors. Paul, the surgeon, served his profession like an acolyte; and Jason was a man of business. Woodridge had an almost feminine voice, Paul spoke with a dry precision, and Jason boomed like a bittern. They were as much unlike as men are apt to be; and I felt, faintly, the burden of getting matters under way.

"This picture may bore you all," I suggested when we were together. "Probably you don't like to be reminded of the war. But I found it a singularly moving thing."

Little Woodridge nodded. "The war had a pictorial quality sometimes," he agreed. "I used to dissociate myself from it, look at it—you might say—with a distant eye."

Jason made a noncommittal sound; and Paul said soberly, "I saw things to laugh at sometimes. But not much beauty."

Woodridge insisted, in his earnest, persuasive voice; and he spoke of times and seasons. "I don't know whether I can make you see it," he confessed, "but I remember one night in particular."

He hesitated, then went on: "There was an outfit going in, and I had some chocolates; and I thought they ought to be distributed where they would do the most good. So I got a ride on one of the trucks full of men. It was a dark cloudy night."

He looked at each of us as though afraid of being wearisome, and I prompted him: "Go ahead, old man."

"Well," he agreed, "the road was bad, bumpy, full of holes, you know. But finally we came around a hill and along the slope of it; and the guns were behind us, firing over our heads; and there was a broad valley down below, and a good deal going on down there. About that time the moon came out, and we stopped on the road and stayed there till it went behind the clouds again."

"Weren't you spotted?" I asked.

He shook his head, paying no other heed. "And I remember," he continued, "you could see little pricks of orange flame, running in winding lines along the floor of the valley; then there'd be a spray from a machine gun somewhere; and there were shell bursts. In the flashes you could see everything quite plainly—this gray earth, and the smoke drifting, and sometimes a scurry of little men down there in it. And we could hear the shells going over our heads."

"I should think they'd have spotted the trucks," I insisted.

He answered me then. "Oh, they were camouflaged," he explained. "And there was a screen over the road. You could see through it, of course, but they couldn't see us. At least they didn't send a shell anywhere near us. But I remember the captain made the men get out and scatter and lie down." He smiled. "Captain Bounce," he said. "He was always careful of his men."

Paul ejaculated, "Bounce? Did you know Bull Bounce?"

And Jason, too, cried in that booming voice of his, "Old Protect-Your-Men?"

"Certainly," Woodridge assured them, a little surprised. "I knew him well." He hesitated, a certain stiffness in his tone. "He was a fine officer," he declared, as though he resented their familiarity.

"None better," Paul agreed. "I remember the first time I saw him ——"

But the steward appeared and invited us to dine; the talk was interrupted while we moved upstairs. I had no longer any fears; it was obvious that the three had found a common ground.

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The American Stake in Mexico

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

A EUROPEAN economist on his first trip to Mexico inquired about the status of foreign business interests there and got the following reply:

"The Americans and British control oil, land and mining; the Canadians operate the banks and tram lines; the French monopolize the dry-goods stores; the Germans conduct the hardware and drug establishments, while the Spanish run the cafés and groceries."

"What do the Mexicans do?" demanded the visitor.

"They stand in the middle of the street and yell 'Viva Mexico!'" was the answer.

Ever since the beginning of the Diaz régime in 1877, when the modern era began, foreign capital and enterprise have developed resources and brought about a wideapread expansion. Yet the avalanche of new laws is frankly antiforeign both in text and intent. Although lacking the financial and other equipment with which to assume the responsibilities of economic self-government, the new cry across the border is "Mexico for the Mexicans!"

With the significance and purpose of the Mexican anti-alien attitude we are not concerned just now. They have been disclosed in the two preceding articles and will be fully dealt with in the succeeding one. The present paper will be devoted to an explanation of the alien interests and especially the American stake of $1,400,000,000, which is greater by far than that of any other country.

An Aerial View of Tampico

A Favored Country

IN NO other land, perhaps, have our men and money undergone such travail as in Mexico during the past fifteen years. They have been caught between the cross fires of revolution and known the depredations of bandits galore.

Though Mexico is immensely rich in resources, the Mexicans, except for silver mining, barely scratched the surface until Diaz came into power. Their wealth was principally in huge areas of undeveloped land and in cattle. Louis Terrazas at one time owned 6,000,000 ranch acres upon which 500,000 cattle grazed. Evaristo Madero, grandfather of the ill-fated Francisco Madero, who led the revolt against Diaz, was lord of 2,000,000 acres. Then, as now, the rich Mexican of the upper class invested his money principally in houses and mortgages, in the cultivation of cactus, from which pulque and mescal, the national drinks, are made, and in loans.

In natural endowment Mexico is peculiarly favored in soil, climate, situation and resources. Bordered by the two great oceans, she is the land bridge between the two Americas, and the only Latin-American country touching the United States. Buenos Aires is eighteen days from New York, while Juarez is three minutes from El Paso. The Northern Mexican border line of 1744 miles is crossed by nine railroad gateways. In area Mexico equals Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Greece and Cuba. Their combined populations equal nearly, 225,000,000, while Mexico has a bare 15,000,000.

Panuco—A Typical Oil Town

Rebirth

NATURE has been lavish in her gifts to Mexico. The country is a vast treasure-trove. Practically everything known to the vegetable and mineral kingdoms exists, or can be produced, somewhere in the republic. With adequate irrigation, it could be made to blossom like a rose. For years it lay dormant so far as any large degree of capitalization of resource was concerned. It remained for Porfirio Diaz to realize the potentialities for expansion. When he became president he saw the necessity for outside help to develop the country and to induce the stability which could come only from industry and commerce. The government over which he presided for thirty years invited and encouraged the alien to come in under guaranties of protection. In consequence there was an influx of Americans, British, French and Germans. The results of their initiative brought about a rebirth of the nation. In this expansion the Spaniards had no inconsiderable part. Through the great Cortés adventure, Spain conquered the Aztec and ruled until 1810. The Spanish therefore have been a factor for 300 years and outnumber all other aliens.

Upon the accession of Diaz, Mexico had only 300 miles of railway—the line between Mexico City and Vera Cruz—although railways had been in existence in the world for forty years. When Diaz was forced to flee in 1911 there were 15,000 miles and the republic led all Latin-American countries in mileage. Moreover, at that time much new railway construction was under way, the greater part of which has since been stopped because of the incessant revolutionary unrest.

During the Diaz administration the telegraph system developed from almost nothing to 50,000 miles, and tolls were much cheaper than in the United States. During 1876 there were 300 post offices in the country;

by 1911 they had increased to 3000. In the intervening period the banking capital grew from insignificance to 250,000,000 pesos, or $125,000,000. In 1910 Mexican Government 5 per cent bonds sold at par and often at a premium. Now they are quoted around thirty-three cents on the dollar.

The era of modern mining in Mexico dates from the advent of the foreigner, and likewise hydroelectric and similar activities. The vast wealth of oil remained an unexploited asset until the Americans and the British discovered it after spending huge sums in the search. At the high tide of petroleum output the income of recent governments from oil taxes alone equaled the total revenues from all sources of the Diaz régime.

The almost complete dependence of Mexico upon foreign interests is shown by the fact that 86 per cent of her exports come from mining of some kind, a body of industry which is exactly 96 per cent alien owned. If these foreign interests had evaded their obligations, there might be some provocation for the flood of legislation aimed at them. The reverse is true. I have already shown the preponderant place that the oil taxes have in the national income. But that is only one detail.

The work of the Americans in particular has uplifted the whole country. Through them Mexico has learned the meaning of welfare in mine and mill, and the value of safety appliances. Our undertakings give employment to hundreds of thousands of Mexicans at better pay and under more favorable working conditions than were ever known before. In a word, they have added to the general comfort and well-being. As in every other country, there have been Yankee adventurers, both individuals and as companies, who worked shoestring concessions and whose titles to property were obscure. But they have been the exception. American capital has meant solid expansion wherever employed.

Election Day in Tampico

Errors

THIS leads to an observation that is an essential preliminary to an examination of American interests in Mexico. Whenever Washington insists upon justice or protection for our nationals the cry is raised in various quarters that vested interests and concessionaires are seeking special favors. Even so vital and fundamental an issue as the one involved in the threatened dispossession of the oil lands is erroneously regarded as a private row between rapacious petroleum companies and the government. The uninformed individual is apt to feel that the factions should be compelled to fight it out among themselves.

A further misconception is born of the incessant political turmoil in which Americans are presumed to have a part either as instigators or participants. To many they appear to be a Yankee class apart.

As a matter of fact, the Americans in Mexico are no different from those in other lands. They engage in similar occupations and live in much the same way as they did before going there. On account of racial differences and the peculiar conditions of Mexican politics, foreign residents in general do not become naturalized. When Americans in Mexico take the law into their own hands, as they have been compelled to do on many occasions, it is to safeguard their lives and their property.

We can now examine the American interests in Mexico in detail. According to a survey which was completed during my stay in Mexico, the total investment aggregates in the neighborhood of $1,400,000,000, distributed among a considerable variety of interests.

A Contrast

CONTRARY to the general belief, oil, the most spectacular activity, does not top the list. Our largest investment is in mines, smelters and the railways that serve them, which represent a total expenditure of nearly $400,000,000. Petroleum, including refineries, pipe lines and terminals but excluding tankers, comes second, with an investment of $350,000,000. Third is railroad property, in which we have $250,000,000. The outlay in rural property is $142,000,000, while urban property has attracted $31,500,000. A big item is government bonds, in which we have approximately $100,000,000 tied up. We have $22,000,000 in manufacturing enterprises and $7,300,000 in merchandising undertakings. Public utilities, miscellaneous investments, banks, the railway debt, approved claims and timber account for the rest.

Our total investment in Latin America aggregates $4,880,671,000. Our Mexican holdings, therefore, are nearly one-third of the entire American interest south of the Rio Grande.

Before we go into the concrete story it may be well to make a comparison between our Mexican and Canadian investments. Since 1910 the American stake in our northern neighbor has grown from $300,000,000 to $2,500,000,000. Canada has not only welcomed our money and initiative but has no fear of annexation or political complication. In consequence a safe and profitable field for financial and industrial expansion is afforded. Because of the harmony that prevails, Canada grows as the foreign interest increases

Mexico, on the other hand, is doing all in her power to discourage foreign enterprise, and in consequence the most severe business depression perhaps in history exists. The political disorders since 1910, followed up by the recent drastic legislation, have absolutely stopped the inflow of capital. American investment, with the possible exception of oil, has stood

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An Oil Field on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec

NEIGHBORS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

JANET CROSS tolerated Henry Bridge much as she might have tolerated the amiabilities of her butcher during negotiations for the Sunday roast. Of course there was a difference, for Henry was a banker—and even a country banker is more eligible than a city tradesman—but it was slight. She considered such manners as he had to be free and jovial, and set herself to look for crudities even where no glaring crudities existed. But she could not repel the effect of his kindliness, his ebullient good humor and his evident desire to amuse. Nor could she repel utterly the attacks made upon her disapproval of the whole evening by the toothsomeness of that steak and broiler.

With the lifting of the moon over the saucer walls of mountain which contained the lake, a breeze, refreshing, cooling, tonic, sprang up and brought an end to the mosquitoes. She found herself being comfortable, and without question there was beauty to charm.

A dozen feet away, Larry Fox and Tom Hewitt and fat Amanda Hewitt—with the intriguingly beautiful speaking voice—and Kitty Bridge were organizing themselves into an impromptu quartet to sing My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean. James Perrigo sat with his back against a tree, his lean, striking face defined by the moonlight, and seemed to watch rather than to talk to Sarah. And then Henry Bridge, that rather vulgar young man, commenced to talk to her, not with boisterous humor, not with clumsy clowning, but in a simple and straightforward sort of way—somehow the whole proceeding seemed less absurd and bucolic.

"Mrs. Cross," said Henry, "you're kind of uncomfortable here. A body with half an eye can see it. Just like any of us would be uncomfortable in New York. We're all different from your friends, and we have to like different things, because up here we kind of have to make our own fun if we have any. I dunno but what it's as good a way as the other, but then I'm used to it and all. But what I wanted to say to you, Mrs. Cross, is we're all awful glad to have you here, and we want you to like us." He paused, embarrassed and awkward.

Janet looked down at him as he sprawled, coatless, beside her. She was conscious of a little feeling of shame—ashamed because she was self-accused of snobbery. And he was so sincere and so kindly. Suddenly he became more tolerable to her, though no gentleman as she knew them would have said just what he had said in the way he said it.

"Why," she said—and there was a little gasp of surprise and of feeling in her voice—"why, thank you, Mr. Bridge."

"I just wanted you to know," he said; and then, in embarrassment, blew his nose very loudly. And he had to make a joke to cover his confusion: "One advantage is, the' ain't any cover charge to a flat-rock fry."

Warren Cross found himself with Eunice Perrigo on his hands. He did not know just how it had come about and did not like it. The situation was disturbing; more disturbing as he glanced uneasily across at James and his sister. He would have to warn Sarah to go easy with that young man. Eunice interrupted his unpleasant reflections.

"Lots of times," she said, "people talk to each other."

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," Warren said. "I ——"

"—— was looking with a hard cold eye at James Perrigo," she finished for him.

"Eh? . . . Not at all."

Reassured She Crossed the Hall Swiftly and Closed Her Own Door Behind Her

"Don't be silly. Everybody knows all the Perrigos hate each other. If I had to be shut up in an office all day with Walter I'd kill him. The best thing about James is that you never see him. . . . When are you going to fire my brothers? Everybody's waiting for it. You know—like the man who wouldn't throw down the other shoe."

This was disconcerting; he was not equipped to meet such nonplusing frankness.

"That steak was wonderful."

"—— said he, abruptly changing the subject." Eunice laughed, but there was something slightly acid in the tinkle of it. "It'll serve Walter right if you fire him. He had no business selling the mill. That's a Perrigo mill "

"But, really, I had nothing to do with buying it."

"Of course not. . . . I like your sister and Mrs. Cross. I hope nothing happens to take Sarah away." She paused. "Some day I'm going to tear out of this place myself and burst with a loud, reverberating bang some place where it will be a satisfaction to blow up. . . . In ten months ——"

"What—in ten months?"

"I'll be of age. Then you'll hear something—if it doesn't come before. I'm about fed up on Perrigos, and the Lord knows if I can live through another year of them! . . . What's Ab Knuckles doing here? Nobody ever invites him places I'm going. Everybody knows I despise the sight of him "

"You're a frank young person," said Warren.

"Oh, he despises me just as much. It sort of adds a zest to life, despising back and forth like that. . . . I understand my father did some kind of a dirty trick to Knuckles' father. I don't know just what, but if it was a Perrigo trick it was probably pretty raw."

Warren chuckled. He couldn't help it. Such appalling frankness in matters which any normal person would have avoided even in conversation with intimates did become humorous after a while.

"Well," he asked, "why don't you marry and leave your family on its uppers?"

"Marry who?" she said scornfully. "There isn't a young man in town would marry me on a bet. They're all afraid of me. I bite! And if there were I'd have to cut out his tongue and put in phonograph records of my own choosing. . . . It's too bad you're married."

Warren laughed again. "Would you have a try at me?" he asked.

"I'm not sure I shan't anyhow. After all I might as well be a full-blown Perrigo. Are you susceptible?"

"Not very. I'm a stodgy old gentleman."

"Most men are stodgy, when they're not worse. I don't know that I'd object to a little stodginess . . . Now there's James I've never been able to make up my mind about James—whether I hate him worse than I do Walter, or what. He's a something-or-other, James is. But if he didn't happen to be my brother, and I wasn't more or less obligated to dislike him, I could marry him."

"Most people seem to reserve their decision on James."

"Anyhow he isn't stodgy. And he looks as if he could make family life exciting."

"Is that your ideal of marriage?"

"Yes; and I'll get it too. If my husband doesn't make it exciting for me I'll make it darn exciting for him. . . . I never saw James all snarled up over a girl before—and a city girl at that. She might as well marry something out of the zoo." She paused and considered the situation. "Either James is two-thirds wild animal—or he just acts like one to keep out of the mess at home."

Warren looked again and more uneasily at Sarah and the puzzling young man.

"He'd probably make her live up in a tree," said Eunice reflectively. "Can you imagine it? I can't exactly see her hanging from a limb, can you?"

The conception tickled Warren, even though it disturbed him. The notion of Sarah and her lipstick and her jazz and her later-than-the-latest fashions keeping house in a tree top and shopping for beechnuts among the fallen leaves was too much of a contrast not to provoke a smile.

Eunice got to her feet. "Well," she said, "I've sat in one spot about as long as I can stand it. I'm going to get myself disliked." She crossed to James and Sarah and sat down with impish determination. "Hang out the welcome sign," she said. "You might as well." James eyed her darkly.

As for Knuckles, he prowled. Having satisfied his appetite he walked over to the old boathouse—in which he had no interest either financial or sentimental—and tinkered with the door. It was in disrepair and sagged from its top hinges. Knuckles braced it up, plugged the ancient screw holes, and with the driver blade of his enormous jackknife put in the screws again. Probably none would ever make

use of that boathouse, which he knew perfectly well, but anyhow the door would open and shut. He repaired it because he could not help it. Having set his mind at ease in this respect he prowled back again toward the fire and sat down close to the singing group. He did not sing, neither did he interrupt with conversation; he sat. Presently he got up again and prowled until he had found a rusty tin dish with a handle; this he brought over and left beside the fire.

During the whole evening he had not approached Eunice Perrigo, and if he had so much as looked at her, none had detected it. But he was aware of her constantly, unconscious of her presence as he might have seemed. He listened to her voice—a very distinct and pleasant voice; he considered what she said and stored it away in his mind. It was a satisfaction to him that no one in Barchester except his father guessed that his interest in Eunice was acute.

She disliked him, he knew—and did not trouble his head about it. It was an inherited dislike, a family dislike. As for himself she knew him not at all. When the time was propitious he would find means to disclose himself to her more fully and to abate her aversion. There is no question that he was embarked upon a courtship, that he was fully aware of it and that he had studied the matter from all sides. A Knuckles courting a Perrigo! It would tickle Walter almost to death! Indeed, it tickled Knuckles.

The hour advanced and the air grew chilly; restlessness manifested itself, until finally Amanda Hewitt announced that she must get home to relieve the girl who was staying with her baby. Knuckles took the tin vessel which his forehandedness had provided for the purpose and doused the fire with water from the lake. Couples got up creakily and climbed into their cars; Eunice lashed off alone in her blue runabout; everybody else chugged away—and then finally Knuckles, in his dilapidated machine.

Eunice was at the main road before the others turned off the finger of land on which the fry had been held; good roads or bad roads made no difference to her impetuosity. If springs were broken someone else would have to mend them. At the edge of town she turned off on the side road which led to the house her father had built, and which was her own property by his last will and testament. Her lights shone on the figure of a man walking toward her. It was her brother Walter, and as she flashed by him without speaking, and rather regretting there was no puddle with which she could splash him, she wondered where he was going at that time of night. Walter was usually to be found in his bed after ten, and on most nights in the house after dinner. Here it was half-past ten, and Walter was going out!

She ran her car into the garage, stopping it by a miracle when it seemed she must crash it through the back wall, swung her feet over the door and without opening it leaped to the ground. The house was dark. It bulked huge and black against the moon, but Eunice liked it even then. It was hers. In ten months it would be hers with no restraining strings, no guardianship to irk. And she would have plenty of money to run it. She stopped to regard it affectionately. Well, when it was hers it should be hers, and nobody should meddle with her in her management of it. It would cause a neat little scandal in Barchester, she knew, but she was resolved that on the day of her majority she would commence to live in it alone. At any rate Walter should get out of it! Her dish was full of Walter!

Some girls would be timid about entering a huge dark house, but not Eunice. She did not give that matter a thought, nor that the pair of servants were sound asleep in a wing distant from her bedroom. The back door was unlocked, as was the front. People in Barchester did not commonly know where were the keys to their houses, and there were doors in the village which had never been locked. Against what would one lock a door? . . . She entered the kitchen and felt about for a lamp. No electricity, of course, at that advanced hour of the night—almost eleven! Excepting when someone gave a party and paid especially for the service, power was turned off at 10:30.

Carrying the lamp before her she traversed the pantry and the dining room and the hall. The broad stairs confronted her, lifting out of the yellow light of the lamp into impenetrable blackness. Eunice did not notice the blackness, but mounted the stairs as quickly and as jauntily as a wabbling lamp chimney would permit. . . . One thing she would have when the house was hers—one of those lighting plants she had read about in the advertisements.

She went into her own room and closed the door. It was a large room, and comfortable, with furniture which she had selected herself and cretonne hangings of blazing design. . . . It takes the modern young lady a very short time to undress—one gets the impression they might do it with one energetic wriggle.

"I'm glad I've got pretty legs," she said to herself. "It's a good idea to have pretty legs."

She thrust them into silk pajamas—one of the very few suits owned in Barchester either by men or women—and sat on the edge of the bed, holding an excellent foot in one hand as she crossed one leg over the other knee. It was a satisfying picture, even though her face was bent in a frown. She was thinking about Knuckles, who had so successfully ignored her all the evening, and finding notable pleasure in estimating just how much she disliked him. Then she cocked her head to listen; it seemed to her a car had driven up to the house. She went to the window and looked out to see if James were returning. But no car was in front; and, anyhow, James ought not to be coming back so soon from the Crosses'. Again she cocked her ear, and lifting the lamp went out into the hall and across to Walter's room, which gave upon the driveway and the garage.

It was not that she was especially curious, but she was restless and not at all sleepy, and it gave her something to do. Eunice always welcomed something to do. She went to Walter's window and looked out. No car was there. With a thought that she must have imagined it she turned away, and then peered curiously about Walter's room. She could not remember when she had been in it before. There was his bed—that was where Walter slept. She made a little face at it, letting it suffer vicariously in Walter's absence. His dresser was old-maidishly neat, and the room had a sort of clothespress odor as if Walter slept with his windows closed. He would, she thought. It would be just like him.

Then she noticed a box against the wall—something like a small steamer trunk, but not of the wardrobe variety. When had Walter got that, and what for? She could not remember it as among his possessions. Still he could have a million things without her knowing or caring. Having nothing else to do she stood and stared at the box and wondered about it. A bunch of keys dangled from the lock—which signified two things: First, that Walter considered it worth while to keep it locked; and second, that for once in his meticulous life he had been careless. The temptation was too great to resist.

Really she hoped the box would contain something discreditable to Walter, in which case she could save up her knowledge to gibe him with in some hour when a gibe would come in handy.

So she knelt and turned the key and lifted the top. The box, or trunk, was not full. It was little more than half full—but it did not contain clothing. It contained nothing one would have expected to find there. Indeed, its contents startled Eunice so that she turned quickly, big-eyed, to stare about her. In some queer way it made her feel afraid, she who was never afraid of anything. For the contents of the box was money—bills in neat packages, with narrow belts around them as they had come from some bank. Nor were they small bills; hundreds and fifties! She lifted a package and pinched it to make sure of its reality—fifty one-hundred-dollar bills. That was five thousand dollars—and there were dozens of such packages. Never before had she seen such a sum of money. There must be—she drew her breath as she estimated—why, there must be at least a hundred thousand dollars!

Softly she closed the cover and locked it, allowing the keys to dangle as she had found them. Then,

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Warren Cross Remained Unconscious; His Arm Was Set and No Internal Injuries Developed.

EELS

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

What Happened He Could Not See, But He Heard a Laugh, Then Maude Jumped Out of the Car and Ran Indoors

"WELL," sighed Mrs. Doe as she sank into a chair on their return home, "they've gone, and we're all alone." John frowned at this reminder, but immediately put on a cheerful front. "Aw, cheer up, mother. I thought the wedding went fine, didn't you?"

But his wife would not be comforted. "They're gone, and I've lost my boy," she mourned, wiping her eyes.

"Well, you didn't expect to keep him here with you all his life, did you? To hear you talk, you'd think he was dead, or something."

"He might almost as well be, for all I'll see of him. A son always goes with his wife's family."

"That's a fact too Look how I went with yours. Say, how is it a man always lines up with his wife's kinfolks?"

"Why shouldn't he?" demanded Mrs. Doe. "But I tell you right now, if John can get along with his wife's family he'll be a wonder! Did you see how Mrs. Pratt treated me today? You'd have thought I didn't count. If I'd been the dirt under her feet——"

"Why, it seemed to me they treated us all right."

"That's because you and Pratt were in that back room hitting up the drinks. Oh, don't you try to deny it—your face is as red as a beet. How many did you have? Tell the truth now. I should think you'd be ashamed—and at your age too. A fine example —— Yes, and what on earth did you mean by running away like that when they called on you for a speech?"

"Because I can't make a speech. Never made a speech in my life—that's why," said John resentfully.

"All they expected you to do was get up and say something—anything. Any fool ought to be able to do that. Mr. Pratt did."

"He always was gabby." Mr. Doe filled his pipe and pulled up his favorite chair. Darkness was falling, but they did not light the gas. "I wonder if the paper's come," he hazarded.

"Why don't you go and see? Expect me to fetch it for you, I suppose."

"Maybe it'll have a write-up of the wedding."

"There wasn't a newspaper reporter there, so how could they?"

"No, I suppose not. We ain't rich and we don't advertise. That's the way it goes in this world."

Mrs. Doe grieved silently awhile. Then—"I thought Julia looked lovely, didn't you? But that dress Mrs. Pratt had on—what on earth ever made her pick such a color? And the ice cream ——"

"Pratt told me the wedding would set him back four hundred dollars," John cut in, not without a certain satisfaction.

"Well, that's one blessing."

"It certainly is. A boy's far less expense than a girl, any way you figure it. And Pratt's got five."

"They'll have a time marrying them all off," Mrs. Doe remarked. "They won't be able to rope—it'll be a cold day before they get another like John." Her husband grunted assent and puffed on his pipe. "They'll be past the Junction by now," continued Mrs. Doe. "I'm kinda glad they're going to Niag'ra Falls, aren't you? It sounds so swell. I hope they'll put that in the paper if they do print a piece."

"They're having it soft compared with me and you, mother, aren't they? We didn't have any wedding trip at all. Remember?"

"Am I ever likely to forget?" retorted his wife. "I didn't even get an engagement ring until John was nine years old."

"Oh, well, things were different then."

"Huh!"

"Our boy's in pretty good shape," went on his father complacently. "He's got close to ninety dollars."

"I hope it won't give Julia extravagant ideas."

"Aw, of course not, mother. She's a good sensible girl. You don't need to worry about Julia. She'll make John a fine wife."

"Well, I hope so. But when I think—oh, he might have done so much better, John. Any girl would have jumped at a chance to marry him. He's such—oh, he's so different from most boys. Ever since he was a baby —— Well, I can't explain it, but John's so—so—so different."

"He's a good boy—a good boy. John always was a good boy."

"Do you remember how sweet he was as a baby? And will you ever forget that blue sailor suit I bought for him on his third birthday?"

"There, there," exclaimed Mr. Doe hastily, "let's not talk about it any more tonight, mother."

"I can't help it. He's gone, and ——"

"Well, he's coming back, isn't he?"

"Yes, but they'll be thirty miles away. I don't see why he couldn't have got a job right here, where he could be near us."

"John told me he expected to get a raise next month. I certainly hope he does."

"If they paid him what he's worth, he'd be getting a hundred dollars a month, at the very least," cried his mother. "Yes," she added wildly, "a hundred and twenty a month! But those people—oh, I've no patience with them. They don't half appreciate John."

"He's young yet. Give him time, give him time."

"I do hope they won't have it as hard as we did, John. If I thought our boy—I just couldn't stand it."

"It didn't hurt us any. And if John and Julia —— But of course they won't have it as hard as we did. People nowadays have things easier—a whole lot easier."

Both grew quiet, dreaming of the past. At last Mr. Doe shook himself and exclaimed, "Gosh, I'd like to be starting off all over again like those two. Wouldn't you?"

"I would not; not for anything on earth," was the emphatic response. "Unless," she qualified, with a sidelong glance—"unless I could start knowing as much as I do now so I wouldn't make the same mistakes. What! Go through all the worry and trouble I've been through? I don't see how you can say such a thing."

"Well, maybe you're right. All the same, we've had a lot of fun, too, Maggie. And to start off young ——"

"Oh, if you mean being children again—that's different. A child —— But as soon as you grow up and get a sense of responsibility you never have any fun. And even as a child —— No, I wouldn't go through it all again, John, not for worlds. We were always so poor, and mamma nagged so ——"

"Ahem!" said Mr. Doe.

His wife did not seem to hear. "There's just one part of my life I'd like to live over again," she said softly—"the part when John was a little baby. He was so sweet. Yes, and when he got to be two or three years old —— Oh, if we could only keep them at that age all their lives ——"

"How about supper?" he broke in.

"Supper? Mercy sakes alive, how can you eat after the way you stuffed this afternoon? Always thinking about your stomach!"

"No, I'm not. But what else is there to do?"

"Well," replied his wife, rising, "I'll fix you up some crackers and milk; but if you expect me to cook anything for you tonight, John Doe, you're badly mistaken."

While she was absent in the kitchen Mr. Doe went out to look for the newspaper. It had not yet come and he returned to his chair in gloom.

"Say, supper ready yet?" he called. Receiving no reply, he entered the kitchen. It was in darkness, but he could make out a dim figure at the table. "There, there, mother!" he whispered, and kissed her moist cheek.

"I just couldn't get your supper," she moaned; "it seemed so useless. He's gone and —— Here we spend all our lives raising 'em and then they go off and leave us alone, with nothing to live for. Where's the sense in it?"

"He'll come back—he'll come back."

"It'll never be the same again. He'll belong to her, not to me. And we were always so close; he was always so good to his mother. But now he's gone and I'm all alone."

"You've still got me," said Mr. Doe facetiously.

It was a happy inspiration. Mrs. Doe instantly dried her eyes. "Yeh, I've got you. That's a good one—ha-ha!"

Meanwhile John, Jr., and his bride were rushing toward Niagara Falls at twenty-five miles an hour in a crowded

day coach. Everybody recognized, of course, that they were newly-weds, so the whole car was on the broad grin and their slightest movement provoked nudges and a buzz of comment. Now and again some fresh commercial traveler would come to the door from another car to refresh his eyes with a look, and then go back to regale the smoker. There was rice on the rim of John's hat, and the bride's brand-new suitcase of imitation leather was adorned with a white bow.

"Oh, isn't she sweet!" was the verdict of the women, and she was. John thought she was the most beautiful thing that had ever lived. And to her, John seemed handsomer than a Greek god and more than manly. He was noble—one of the strong, silent kind.

This nobility did not show in John's mug, however. He looked silent enough, yes; in fact, he looked almost dumb. But otherwise—well, a casual observer would have joined in Mr. Pratt's retort to his daughter's oft-repeated defense, "Still waters run deep." Mr. Pratt remarked, "They don't even move."

Yet anybody could see John was honest and terribly sincere. Why, he proved this immediately after the ceremony, when the couple found themselves alone for a moment before the cab came to take them to the station. John infolded his bride in his strong young arms and murmured brokenly, "My little wife!" Julia's lips were soft and warm. "Little mother," he added in a religious whisper. He was earnest, like that.

There was nothing at all exceptional about this couple. In outward appearance they were average small-town types of their day, when the difference between the city dweller and the small-towner was well defined. The groom's trousers were so tight that he could not draw them on over his shoes, although the shoes had toes as sharp as a wedge.

As for Julia, her sleeves billowed at the shoulders, but a wasp would have envied her waist. Just average honeymooners of the late 90's, going to Niagara Falls. Ever afterward the week they spent there seemed to both of them unreal, a fairy dream

"He is more wonderful every day," Julia wrote to her mother.

"Ain't love grand?" exclaimed Pa Pratt.

A tintype of the couple taken at the Falls revealed Julia radiant, standing beside John's chair, with a hand on his shoulder. John looked somewhat stern; anybody could see that he was the boss and impressed with the responsibility.

Upon their return the young couple went to live in a town thirty miles from their former home. They knew nobody there, but Julia did not have time to be lonely. Her mother visited her for a month in order to help get their house in shape, and after that each of her sisters paid a visit. John's mother went, too, but she did not remain long. When she arrived home she told Mr. Doe that Julia had been sweet to her, but—well, everything was different now—she just couldn't bear to see somebody else with a stronger right to her boy than she had, and—oh, it wasn't fair! And she did not go again for many months. After that her visits grew less and less frequent, until finally John took to making trips to see his mother at long intervals instead of her going to see him.

It was a small town, less than ten thousand in population. No very rich people, and none who could be legitimately classed as poverty-stricken. Of course there were always some families which had to be helped through the worst of the winter with fuel, clothing and food, but their plight was ascribed to booze; and despite the fact that these charities were as fixed as taxes, somehow the townspeople regarded them as transitory and seemed convinced that next year they wouldn't need any help. A fine clean town of wide streets, plenty of trees, numerous churches and comfortable homes; a town where one night watchman sufficed to guard the peace; where everybody knew what his neighbor was doing and consequently paid close heed to his behavior; where the bars promptly shut their front doors at the legal hour and then did a rushing business in the back room; where local sports deferred to the high moral tone of the place by hiring livery teams every Saturday night and driving ten miles to Tottenville for their sprees; where the hottest sport of them all was Doc Thomas, the drug clerk at Jones' store; and where the rivalry during the baseball season grew so acute that an umpire took his life in his hands. And when a road company played a one-night stand at the opera house—well, you ought to have seen the line-up of knowing men of the world at the stage door!

Just an average town of the 90's, where the bulk of the townspeople barely managed to keep one jump ahead of the wolf at the door, yet a man holding a steady job could walk into almost any store in town and say "Charge it." And "Charge it" meant something in those days too. Talk about installment-plan payment! Why, three months was practically spot cash and most of the merchants carried accounts over periods of years, but neither despaired of ultimate collection nor worried about them. It was made to order for the Does.

John liked the solid character of the place and fitted well into its atmosphere; and as Julia was forever thinking of what people would say, there was no danger of their not adjusting themselves

His job was shipping clerk in a furniture factory, and he hoped some day to be head of that department, but progress was discouragingly slow. In fact, the increase he had confidently expected when he married did not materialize for a year.

"Why don't you speak up and make them give it to you?" demanded the wife. "I'm sure you earn it, the way you work."

John's Adam's apple moved up and down nervously. He always spoke with deliberation and had a habit of swallowing as he talked.

"Well, I thought I'd better wait and see. Times are none too good and good jobs're scarce. Maybe——"

"Oh, I wish I was a man! I'd show them!" Julia declared.

How could she know that John was constantly planning to beard the boss in his den? But somewhere between the warm glow of his own home and the cold meager light of the office his courage evaporated. A covert peep inside showed the boss in fierce impatience or immersed in thought over correspondence, with that frozen expression on his face which always disconcerted John. Yes, it was certainly not the time to tackle him—the very worst possible moment. He would let it go until tomorrow, and then, by gosh, he would up and show him!

When at last he screwed up courage to approach the boss he looked so scared and sure of defeat that it was pitiable. And his voice! Instead of the firm, confident tones of the rehearsals, it sounded thin and reedy, and for the life of him he could not help gulping. The boss almost felt sorry for him, but listened with the aloof air he used toward employes. Poor Doe! A fine fellow, honest and hard-working and conscientious, but he'd never get anywhere.

(Continued on Page 52)

It Was a Dreadful Blow to John. He Kept Rumpling His Hair With His Hand, Exclaiming, "Gosh—This is Terrible—Terrible!"

OLD AMERICAN HOUSES

The Framed House—By Elizabeth Shackleton

"YOU'VE bought a wooden house?" says the Pennsylvanian to the new New Englander. It isn't quite proper, to his mind—hardly respectable. Stone and brick have alwayssheltered him and his. But New England glories in its old wooden houses, and in summer the roads are worn to a black polish by the motors that carry a procession of visitors to look at them. Here and there are brick and stone, but the characteristic, the essential feature of the New England landscape is the old framed house.

A House at Farmington, Connecticut, Dating From the Seventeenth Century. At Right—A Pedimented Door in Bristol, Rhode Island, With Modillions and a Round-Headed Fanlight—1750

For twenty-five years there has been a widespread knowledge of old American furniture, but we have let the old house run along with a much more hazy faith that broad-throated chimney, quaint gable and overhanging story were definitely descriptive enough to cover anything from Puritan times to the Civil War.

Covering a Multitude of Styles

"I AM building a modified Colonial house"—I heard it said within a week. It was a complete description. What did it imply? A clustered chimney, a gambrel roof, an ellipse fanlight over the door, exposed beams, unpainted pine panels—not all in one house, it is to be hoped, but the adapter doesn't like to miss a detail and maybe they'll all be there, as well as two kitchen settles on the front steps!

"Colonial" as a word has been so stretched and misused that its true pre-Revolutionary meaning has been muddled with things as late as 1825. It seems as if the good word will have to be rested from use and in its stead seventeenth century, early eighteenth, pre-Revolutionary and that exact phrase, of fine American definition, "of the early republic," brushed up and put into use.

The place to see old houses is in the small, quiet village on its elm-shaded green, on the river roads of the long north and south valleys, and in the harbor towns where the wharves are now empty. Prosperity has been harder than poverty in its destructiveness of the old. In Boston, Providence, New Haven, Hartford the old has vanished before close-built new. How are we going to know how old a house is by looking at it? From turret—the old chimneys are big and staunch enough for such a name—from turret to foundation stones they offer evidence of date.

The House of Seven Gables, Salem, Massachusetts, Showing the Clustered Chimney and the Antique Peak of Puritan Days—1680

There are catch points in old houses, simple things that fix period, standards by which we know whether family tradition is romance or fact. Plans were not drawn before the Revolution; the era of drawing came in with architects and amateurs in the days of the early republic, but there were builders' books that went through edition after edition, whose suggestions can be identified in old houses through all the thirteen colonies. These books and their drawings offer definite evidence as to when, say, modillions came in on cornices up at the eaves, or pilasters around door frames, or pediments over doors and mantels. Old diaries, old contracts, tax lists, wills, have yielded clews, but there is always uncertainty that a house may have burned down, been rebuilt, and the date thus found applies really to an earlier house. Family tradition is often at fault, for the legend of the building of the first house is too often fastened to its successor. The minute a house is old enough to furnish pride in its being old, the owner slips the date of its building as near the founding of the village or the settlement of the county as he dares. It isn't that he wants to put over an untruth. He's just sure his forefathers were on their job of building early. What is a century to a man to whom all old houses look alike?

Nor must we accept statements in old contracts hastily, for names have changed in meaning. Things are not always what they seem. A bedroom was literally room for a bed, partitioned off the kitchen, while chamber was the room over the parlor. A porch was inside, a hall was the largest room, and the lively promise in a contract of 1660 that the walls be filled solid with oats implies wads of straw and clay, like the old wind-checking idea of Cæsar, dead and turned to clay. I have seen these sodlike rolls in walls.

A Criterion

AN OLD architectural photographer in Salem took me around to see Salem twenty years ago. Its clapboards, its roofs, its doors, its fences were pages of print to him. "If you can understand Salem, Massachusetts, and Guilford, Connecticut, you have 'em!" he kept saying; and they are wonderful towns from which to get an understanding of early buildings. His final test, his secret in his observation of a house—and he had the ability to put an accurate date on a woodshed—was, "How do they sit on the ground?" To his eye the houses of the 1600's were low on the ground, a sort of cellarless, low-set, earth-risen-around-them look to their very doorstones. Try this criterion on every house of the 1600's and those of the very early 1700's that you know. The old houses have not settled; they were built that way. Roundheads and bowlders formed their foundations, not quarried stone. The eighteenth century, the houses of the 1700's, emerged; they show a foot of stone foundation and two modest stone steps up to the door. They are still low, but the excavated earth from their shallow cellars was often used to bank up the house site. Try that on every house of the 1700's as you motor by them. It is a guide.

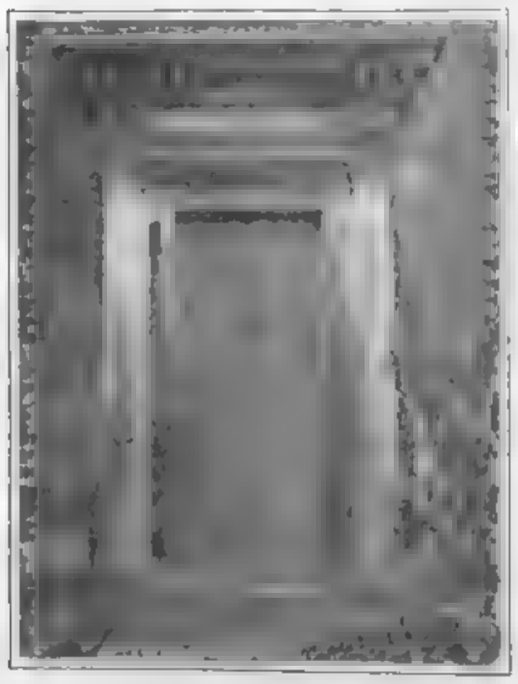
The houses of the early republic and of the 1800's came out of the ground and show cut-stone foundations. The owner wanted to walk up more than two steps to his front door and if he could afford it he liked four of them and a big one-panel door! It was an era of expansion, freedom and pride. The way an old house sits on the ground corresponds to the foot on a chest of drawers or a chair—there is not a quicker way of placing a period.

This matter of foundation explains why the reproduced early house does not always please, why it leaves the onlooker cold. The house may measure inch for inch as does the Standish house at Duxbury—but set on a high foundation so the furnace room will have headroom, and the Puritan air is gone.

The details of handiwork tell their age when we come, literally, to scrape acquaintance with them through layers of paint, paper and plaster in the work of restoration. The framed house—the name has degenerated to frame and its meaning lost—had a whole side cut and mortised and tenoned and pinned, literally framed, on the ground

and pushed up by many men and considerable rum by such exertions as are used to set a telegraph pole today. A "raising" used to be both a feat and a feast, with bushels of doughnuts, whole cheeses and rows of hams—a neighborhood affair. Houses were so built down to 1830 or thereabouts, when tenons and pins gave way to the smaller studding and nails of modern times.

It is "the old deep beam" that is "the mark of the seventeenth century, the sign of Colonial date," says the authority on Rhode Island houses, from a lifetime spent in investigation. There is a fascination in seeing some of these great beams in place, in knowing where the houses are that have them. Low above the head, dark, heavy, dropped into sockets when the house was raised, holding the outer wall in and the house up, their twenty inches square of grim, brown strength crosses the old room from fireplace to outer wall, carrying the weight of the rooms above on its back. Hence its old name, the summerbeam, from the Norman French word for a saddle. Adz marks in its hand-hewn length? Never! Old exposed beams are smooth from end to end, chamfered at the lower edges, sometimes beaded on the chamfer—finished, fine thing. The marks of hewing show in the attic, in the barns, in the cellar, or on beams formerly cased or covered with plaster. You have to become an enthusiast in summerbeams to realize their dignity and distinction—they tell the story of the earliest houses. How many times the reproducer has thought he was doing the proper thing to adz the visible beams on his ceiling as he thought his forefathers did.



The Interlacing and Flat Panels of This Entrance Fix the Date After the Revolution

The colonists left English towns and villages of timber houses. London was still a wooden city when Boston and New Haven were flourishing. The great fire of 1666 changed it, but High Holborn was still a line of wooden houses to our own times, and I have seen many old English clapboard houses in Surrey and Kent. It is only an observing Briton that can be astonished at our wooden houses. But New England preserved the tradition of wood structure when England from necessity, her oaks cut down for her shipping, turned to other material. So scarce was English oak that pieces as small as bucket staves were used as shelves in old cupboards, and before 1700 cane and leather took the place of panels in their chair backs.

Useless Elms

BUT New England was full of trees—against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed. The Puritans fell on their knees and then on the aborigines—between times they felled the trees. They sent home a cargo of clapboards, called by that name, in the Mayflower, as the richest find in the new land.

The first mention of a New England carpenter is when Bradford tells: "They had an ingenious man who was a house carpenter." His skill was shown in cutting a shallop in two and putting in a seven-foot piece. All the first records of settlement tell of the building of cottages—a name we have ceased to use—and of frames carried along to new settlements to speed house erection.

The very gardens were palisaded, one stake end in the ground, one in the air. The log cabin, the horizontally laid timber, corncob style, was not a New England institution. They filled between their frames with wattle and with mud.

When summer heat and winter cold and driving rains—all things strange to them in their old homes—played havoc with the mud, they covered the frames with clapboards or shingles. Bradford tells of a storm in 1635, which took the board off the roofs and left the posts still standing in the ground, and the pines uprooted by the thousands in the forests, from which we learn the first house structure and the material at hand.

The oldest clapboards were tongued and grooved, and where a splice came in the wall's length the joint was beveled. The boards were graded from top to bottom. In Connecticut, oak clapboards can be found, but most are of white pine—a long-lived wood from a tree once common, but now only to be seen raising its dark green head occasionally above such a wooded valley as the Naugatuck. Never a roadside tree, it has not stood its ground as the elm.

The poor lumber and poor firewood value is what has given New England its glory of elms—you have only to hear an old-timer, with an ax on his shoulder, sniff at "ellums" to know why they have survived. The shingle-sided house is not older than the clapboarded, just contemporaneous. Its age can be realized by the great length of the old shingles, by the weather wear registered on the wood, by the protuberance of round-headed, blacksmith-wrought nails left bosslike by the diminished wood.

A Salt-Box House, Showing Long Roof From Peak to Lean-to and the Stacked Chimney to Provide a Flue for the Kitchen—1700

Skull-Knocking Possibilities

FARMINGTON and Guilford are good places to get the feeling of overhang. More houses with this curious jutting—this old change of plane in the outer walls, from story to story—can here be seen near together than anywhere I know. There are two kinds to see. One where the upper floor timbers project and the house wall rises from their ends, giving an opportunity for "pendills," those fascinating knoblike drops that are now a source of delight to the curious, but in their day were under the ban in towns on account of their skull-knocking position. Some are now restorations, many are sawed off—but they are survivals of the early Elizabethan half-timbered house. I never see such a pendill on a house but such a man as the bronze Puritan Saint-Gaudens made, in his great cloak and austerity, seems in danger of bumping his high, tapering hat on it. The commoner type of overhang, and sometimes there are two on a wall, is a much smaller affair of seven inches or so, made by cutting back the corner girts of the house like a bracket, so that the second story drips over the first, the third over the second. This is often seen across the front, sometimes on the gable ends, or both, but no more than local dates fix one as older than the other, and meanwhile other contemporaneous houses did not have overhangs at all. Overhanging stories belong in the 1600's, though some

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The Pedimentlike Treatment of the Gable and the Recessed Side Porch of This Old House Tell That It Is of the Early Republic. Contracts Show Its Date 1823

THE PHANTOM JACK

By Anthony Paul Perella

ILLUSTRATED BY
RAEBURN VAN BUREN

It Was a Tedious Business, But it Gained Him Notoriety; Yes, Sir-ree. The Negroes and White Folks for Miles Around Had a Good Laugh Over That Pup

BLACK JASPER they called him. No white dilution paled his skin; he was just negro, and proud of it. For thirty years he had lived alone in a shack of patchwork buried beneath the willows and cottonwood trees that bordered the Brazos. A huge bank of rubbish reached ugly arms about the flanks of his home. Jasper was the tender of this trash pile. That was his official job, but he was a born fisherman from his bones out. Year after year he had paddled up and down the river, staking out trot-lines, baiting hooks and flipping blue cats into his skiff.

Every morning he fired the incinerator pits and directed the disposal of refuse. At noon his work was done; then to the water with his nets and his lines. Moving slowly over the deep shaded holes, he took the vicious cats off the hooks. Occasionally the line swayed to the pull of a mud turtle, whose bite holds till it thunders, and thunder isn't always handy.

But Jasper wasn't bothered about that. The turtle that could clamp down on his finger wasn't born. Only when it was cold, or a big rise choked the water with silt, did he fail to try his luck. What's the use? Blue cats wouldn't bite and folks don't like mud cats.

Late one afternoon a car drove up to the big gate of the disposal grounds. Successive honks bringing no response, the driver got out. He stopped before the rickety gate to read the sign there:

For JAsper scott nock on tHe donG

He dragged the reluctant barrier open and drove in.

"Oh, Jasper!"

No one answered.

"Jas-per-r-r!"

On the far side of the dumping grounds spirals of smoke arose from numerous trash heaps. The motorist picked his way through the scattered débris and called again. Then he ascended the runway to the incinerator, where the pungent odor of burning garbage almost stifled him. From this elevation the whole disordered place was in view. It seemed to be deserted.

"Where the Sam Hill is that nigger?" he exclaimed.

Returning to the gate he reread the sign:

For JAsper scott nock on tHe donG

He pondered the wabbly characters. A suspended plowshare and a tethered sledge hammer gave him the key, and he struck the improvised gong. Presently an indistinct form emerged through the screen of smoke and clarified into Jasper Scott.

Upon seeing the white man he dropped his paddle, wiped his brow with his sleeve and inquired, "What you got, Mr. Gooch?"

"Dog"

"Yas'r What at?"

"It's in the car." And as Jasper moved to open the door, "It's alive," Jim Gooch added.

"Says 'live? How come?"

"Well, it's almost dead. Got distemper and mange and 'bout everything else. Sort of a backthrow. Tail twisted into a knot too. Look at it."

A scrawny little blue greyhound raised wistful inflamed eyes to the old negro as he peered into the sack.

"I've got some other dogs at home," explained the white man, "and I don't want 'em to catch it. How about killing that pup for me?"

Jasper held the fever-stricken puppy at arm's length, eying it critically. "Don't spect I have t'wait long b'fo' it died 'thout me. Do I, boss?"

"Here's a dollar. Do a quick job. Don't let her suffer. Hear?"

"Yas'r, cap. Yas'r. Thank you. No, s'r, I won't"

When Mr. Gooch had gone, the old darky ascended to the pits and laid the feebly squirming sack down. Then he went to the house for his gun. But as he unbreeched it he paused. His bare toes, protruding from an unraveled shoe, felt something wet and warm. The pup had stuck his head out of the sack and was licking his foot. It looked up, squatted on its haunches and waited with perfect confidence.

"Dog," said Jasper gravely, "you sho done talked yo'self outer somethin'. Unh-uh, pup," he added, as he stooped to pick it up, "you cain't talk t'me thataway an' git no listen! Come on, us goes home. White folks don' know nothin' 'bout th' 'stemper nohow. I wants t'see 'bout can I cure you."

His series of treatments started at once. First he soaked the cobs of three yellow ears of corn in coal oil. After having burned them, he tied them to the pup's neck and rubbed her head with a mixture of axle grease, coal oil and salt. Then, with the gall of a black chicken, he marked an X on the roof of the dog's mouth. Twice each day he massaged her with an ointment of quinine and lard. At night, exactly at twelve o'clock, he smoked her with mule hair. On the third day he began giving his patient a quantity of red tonic which she lapped eagerly. Progress was apparent in a week. The mangy coat began to heal and sprout new hair. It wasn't long until the pup ran about the yard, barking at Jasper's feet or scampering through the fallen leaves.

Jasper's next problem was to untwist and straighten the deformed tail. To this he gave much thought, and finally struck upon an idea. With a forked branch he made a yokelike affair that presented, when adjusted to the neck, an elevated shank reaching to a point several inches above the tail. From a bellyband a strap passed between the front legs and engaged the two prongs of the fork. This held the yoke securely to the neck and breast. A rubber band tied to the tail and fastened to the anchorage above completed the harness.

The process was slow, and Jasper had to keep an eye on the pup to keep her from chewing up the rubber. It was a tedious business, but it gained him notoriety; yes, sir-ree. The negroes and white folks for miles around had a good laugh over that pup.

At Last the Giant Rabbit Seemed to Realize That No Ordinary Hounds Pursued, for He Dropped His Ears on His Back and Settled to Business

Jasper took it good-naturedly. He could afford to, because when the apparatus was removed, the doctored tail held to its normal position. After that he high-toned the scoffers.

The young hound found plenty of opportunity to exercise her limbs by running the cottontail rabbits that abounded in the fields. Almost from infancy she showed remarkable speed and a fine precision. Her hips developed amazingly, her legs grew longer and thinner and the mangy coat turned a beautiful deep blue—so very blue that the oddity of its hue was striking.

"Why don't you niggers laugh now? Huh?" he gloated. "Thought she wasn't no 'count! How come I eats good ol' cottontails? Boy, don't tell me! I knowed she wus too blue t' be no 'count. She may be; but ain't I eatin' rabbit meat?"

"Cottontails! Shucks, nigger, any ol' pot hound c'n ketch them cottontails. Jacks—das whut runs! How come you ain't drug no jacks home? I bet er jack c'n walk off frum dat hound bow-legged."

"I aims t' see 'bout can I drag some home. Just give her li'l' more growin'. That dog ain't nothin' but a baby. Wait. I bound you jacks is my meat 'fo' long."

He was so encouraged at his dog's showing that he began to go far afield. Every Sunday they went to the prairies. Here the dog got her first glimpse of jack rabbits, those huge mule-eared hares whose skinny legs are tense electrified springs. The blue pup quickly mastered the tactics of the tricky jacks, and Jasper carried home many a prize. The fury of the young dog was unconquerable. And in a short while the front door of the old negro's cabin was decorated with long ears. The sight of these trophies hurt the other sporting gents of his race. One in particular, the owner of a fast hound, took it the hardest.

"Say, nigger," he said, "if you think your ol' dog's so fast, how come you don't beat some of them white folks and win yo'se'f some money? Fus thing I knows, you be tellin' me your ol' dog done caught dat sperrit jack what's on th' hay farm!"

"Says sperrit jack? How come your dog ain't nailed him? You been mouthin' round here 'bout how fast your dog is. I ain't seen you draggin' no sperrit jack home."

"Aw, nigger, you talks lak er fool. 'At's er hant! Ain't I done seen dat jack rise outen th' ground an' make er mile in nothin'?"

"Then I craves t' jump dat hanted rabbit, das all. I bound you my Queen'd run it offn th' river!"

In making this declaration Jasper felt that he was safe, because, though the legend of the spirit jack was common talk, he doubted its existence. Many times he had roamed the hay farm and no such apparition had crossed his path.

It was Sunday morning. Queen had downed her second jack and they were resting on the bank of Cottonwood Creek. Three miles beyond lay the hay farm. Jasper hamstrung the morning's catch, flung them over his shoulder and turned toward home. He had gone but a few yards when right in front of them an enormous jack rabbit sprang from the brush, paced off a short distance and stopped. Jasper gaped, his mouth wide open and his eyes bulging. He could hardly believe what he saw. There stood the spirit jack in the flesh! And he was as big as a young burro!

Queen, too, seemed petrified. With her eyes riveted to the monstrous hare, she appeared unable to move. Suddenly the enormous jack raised to his full height, wagged his big ears and thumped the ground with his back feet. Then Jasper found tongue.

"Git 'im!" he barked. "Go git 'im!"

Queen trembled for an instant, then shot like a streak to the contest. The jack whirled, loped along on three legs until the dog was close, darted to the left, and was away for the real race. This unexpected bit of stratagem was big-league stuff and threw Queen for a tumble; but she regained her feet in a flash and started again. The fall seemed to madden her to greater effort. Straight she flew, gaining momentum with each straining bound. For a time she gained. The big jack got down to business and the gap between them soon widened. Queen began to falter. The superior wind of the veteran was too much for the young dog and she gave up the chase.

With tucked tail she approached her bewildered master. Queen certainly took the defeat hard, but Jasper was far from being disappointed. The young hound's performance had been superb. He took the chagrined pup up in his arms and hugged her. Here was his Queen, not more than half grown, you might say, and she had crowded the famous spirit jack, the monarch of the plains!

From that day Jasper lived with but one thought—to down the speed demon. The idea became an obsession, and he started training Queen with care and determination. The tonic was increased to twice the usual dose, and on her meat he sprinkled gunpowder to give her endurance. After each trip to the prairies he rubbed her muscles with wool fat and bandaged her tendons with strips of cloth.

Of course Jasper had to brag of his dog's encounter with the spirit jack, and of course they called him a liar. Furthermore, they challenged him to a race, and one offered to bet five dollars that his dog, Boy, could run Queen ragged. He accused Jasper of buying the jack ears nailed to his door and declared he was scared to go to the prairies and show what his dog had. At first Jasper turned a deaf ear to their propositions. He refused to give them any

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Then a Savage Yell to the Left Distracted the Amazed Onlookers

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 12, 1927

Human Assets and Liabilities

EVEN fiction writers of the better class must keep the creations of their fancy within the bounds of reasonable possibility. Few authors who have made a name for their successful exploitation of the romance of business would dare take for a hero a young machinist, stake him to a shoestring of a few thousand dollars, set him to manufacturing a new device of his own invention, and then allow him, within the span of a generation, to build up a business which he would thrice refuse to sell for a round billion.

Such a novel would bear all the earmarks of sheer trash, of sensational departure from the verities of real life. And yet everyone who reads the Washington dispatches knows that such things really happened right here in America and that the hero is Mr. Ford. All these things, and more off the same bolt, came out in the hearings held to determine for profits-tax purposes the value of a share of stock of the Ford Motor Car Company as of March 1, 1913. Testimony under oath, charts, tabulations and the comments of experts all combined to make one of the most startling stories of industrial achievement the world has ever read.

Mr. Paul Clay, one of the expert witnesses, told how he had arrived at a valuation of the stock almost triple that which was assigned to it by the Treasury Department. He had considered not only past history but financial strength, unfilled orders, dividends, undivided surplus and management. He declared that the Ford management was the most skilled and efficient he had ever observed in the records of any company and that Mr. Ford's performance exceeded anything he had ever encountered. Questioned by the court as to one-man control of corporations, especially as it might affect the interests of minority stockholders, the witness expressed the opinion that one-man control was a good thing: "A one-man company is preferable if that man is a genius." He added that in cases where an individual dominated a corporation it was obvious that the individual must have unusual ability.

After reading this testimony one can scarcely escape the conclusion that the genius and personality of Mr. Ford were material factors which guided Mr. Clay in his appraisal of Ford stock. The same considerations were also taken into account by minority stockholders who sold out after receiving intimations that the company might be deprived of the founder's services and that he might go out and start a new company of his own.

These fragments of financial history, involving as they do sums running up into nine or ten figures, lay striking emphasis on the factor of management in all corporate undertakings. Balance sheets show tangible assets and liabilities to a penny. They even offer rough estimates as to such intangibles as the value of patents and goodwill, but they are silent as to the all-important factor of management. How, indeed, could they be otherwise? Who, for example, could appraise in dollars and cents the cash value of Mr. Ford's business judgment, his ability for shaping sound policies, his technical knowledge and his practical experience? Or having arrived at a correct valuation of these intangibles, who could guarantee, remembering the uncertainty of human life, that these services would remain at the command of the corporation for the ensuing year, or even for the month to come?

Such reflections come as a fresh reminder of the uncertainties of investment. Management of proved ability passes at an instant's notice into untried hands. Time alone will tell whether foresight and training for the emergency which has arrived have endowed the new executive with the strength of his predecessor, or whether it is only a question of months or years before the company will begin to slip.

So important is the personal equation of high executives that financial-rating books may sometime adopt special notations to indicate the capacity of the men at the top. In many cases these men are so well known for their achievements that any newspaper reader might be trusted to give them a fair rating. Judge Gary and Mr. Owen D. Young are two outstanding examples of executives in this class; but there are thousands of lesser leaders, men in high place, whose measure of genius is an unknown quantity to those who put money into the shares of their corporations. Annual reports may serve as rough-and-ready indications of their ability; but at best they tell only part of the story, and they do not always tell it in a version that may be taken at face value.

Every investor who expects satisfactory results over a long term of years must cultivate an aptitude for determining whether he is about to buy into management of such a character that it will prove to be an asset rather than a liability.

A Brief for Collectors

THERE are still matter-of-fact persons who see in collecting nothing more than a foolish way of spending large sums of money. Collectors need no defense. They are too happily engrossed in their favorite avocation to be much concerned about what other people think of them; but as a matter of simple justice they should be accorded more generous praise than they commonly receive for what they have accomplished in educating the country to higher standards of taste and beauty.

Within the past decade America has become a nation of collectors. Every liner that enters New York harbor or the Golden Gate brings treasures for the enrichment of private collections. From Europe come paintings, sculptures, books, illuminated manuscripts, rare ceramics, textiles and tapestries. From the East come the arts of China, Korea and India, potteries a thousand years old, priceless temple hangings, ivories, ancient bronzes, figures of jade and crystal, old patterned velvets and impressive remains of dead civilizations. These and scores of other objects of art and beauty are annually dispersed among thousands of American homes. Few persons have any idea of the extent or of the cumulative effects of all this quiet collecting, or realize what heaped-up wealth of artistic treasure has entered the country during the past few years.

Our own land, too, has been scoured from end to end in the quest for every physical object which has any significant story of its past to tell. Mr. Ford has collected historic country taverns in order that he may preserve them for the delight of generations to come. Every town has its collectors of early American furniture, pewter, silver and glass. The American Wing at the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, has become a Mecca for lovers of Early Americana. Lesser cities, inspired by the enthusiasm of collectors, can boast treasures worth crossing a continent to see. The Gardner collection, in Boston, is known everywhere. Worcester, Massachusetts, has a notable museum; and Salem, once the home of so many old merchants in the China trade, is justly proud of the sights she can show to fresh-water visitors. Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and other places of the Middle West have been peculiarly successful in building up their respective museums; and the cities of the Coast house treasures that fill the rest of the country with envy.

Collecting is a labor of love rather than a thin excuse for frittering away time and money. At its worst, it is harmless; at its best, it is a pleasant highroad to a liberal education. Notable objects of collection fetch such formidable prices that intensive study is imperative—study of books, of authenticated specimens, of doubtful ones offered for sale. Costly blunders only whet the perceptions of the student. With study come new appreciations, new abilities to distinguish between beauty and ugliness of line and contour, of glaze and patina, of drawing, color and craftsmanship. Growing familiarity with the good makes the bad all the easier to detect. In time the senses are so trained as to be able to feel the silent authority of the masterpiece and to reject the false pretensions of the inferior or the spurious. And finally comes that sixth sense which tells the possessor whether a given piece is right or wrong without conscious analysis upon which to base a verdict.

Collectors who have thus become connoisseurs, or veritable experts, perceive a thousand beauties and graces to which they were once blind. It is not to be wondered at if they so frequently wish to share with the world at large the new senses they have thus acquired and help others learn to distinguish between grace and crudity, beauty and ugliness. Such are the men who support our public museums, assist in their upbuilding and eventually bequeath to them collections which are monuments not only to their donors' liberality but to their taste, knowledge and passion for that which is best in the arts and crafts.

The sum total of this study and concern to know beauty and dignity from tawdriness and pretension has already worked an appreciable change in our familiar surroundings. Persons who are not collectors are demanding and getting more pleasing furniture, more tasteful fabrics, wall coverings and objects of daily use. New standards are rising and progressive manufacturers know they must meet them or succumb to more intelligent competition. Thus their designers flock to the museums, and the best art and craft of all nations and ages are impressed into their service. Young men in college view English literature with a new and brighter eye now that the authors of other days have become the off-stage heroes of a thousand thrilling exploits in the sport of book collecting. More than one university rich in literary treasures is rearing a race of book lovers who will be the great buyers of the next generation.

The United States has been singularly blessed by the public spirit of its book collectors. The assemblage in private libraries of manuscripts and printed books seems to be guided more by sentimental and personal considerations than is the collection of paintings and art objects; and it is largely due to sentiment that these aristocratic book families are willed entire to cities or colleges instead of being dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer. Sentiment of a high order is responsible for the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard. The collection of rarities, gathered by the late Harry Elkins Widener, which is displayed there is doing more to inculcate love of letters than most libraries thrice the size. The munificence of Mr. Morgan's gift to the city of New York has not yet been fully appraised, and Mr. Huntington's and Mr. Folger's beneficent plans can be appreciated only by those who are fully conversant with the incredible richness of their collections.

No other nation, during the span of a single generation, has had so much for which to thank the generosity of collectors. What Napoleon did for France when he enriched her with war loot won by force of arms, American business men are doing for their country by endowing her with treasures bought and paid for out of their own pockets.

MARTHA'S BONDS—By Will Payne

OUT of the income of a country-town dentist, John Steele had saved $10,000, invested in 5 per cent corporation bonds. Also, he carried $20,000 of life insurance. Both facts, it will be noted, speak well for his character. After his death, accounts receivable and other odds and ends of assets were sufficient to pay all debts and the funeral expenses. The First National Bank invested the life-insurance money in other 5 per cent bonds.

Therefore Martha Steele, at the age of twenty-eight, found herself a widow with a secure income of $1500 a year, and a son, aged five, whose health was a subject of anxiety. That was in 1922. At this writing she has $240 in the bank, some used household furniture, three one-dollar bills in her purse and certain nebulous possessions which she had learned to speak of as her equities; and nothing else except her clothes and the boy's. That change in the balance sheet happened as follows:

Early in December, 1922, the boy came down with bronchitis, and Martha took him to Florida for the benefit of a warm climate. She could manage it financially. In the whole realm of economics I know of nothing more remarkable than the way country-bred women like Martha can manage things on a narrow income.

Exhilarating Real-Estate Air

NOT that I mean to disparage city-bred women; only, I have never had the opportunity to observe their monetary operations in detail. In a city you don't have as good opportunities of that nature as in a country town, where people's money affairs are talked over as frankly as their clothes.

In the Michigan country town, Martha and son occupied four small but pleasant rooms that formed the L of a frame dwelling on Maple Street, for which she paid fifteen dollars a month rent. Enjoyment of the side yard, with its flower bed and three big trees, cost nothing. Of course, she did the cooking and housework herself. In the summer and fall she had thought provisionally of Florida for the winter, in case the boy developed throat trouble again. Making over an old dress instead of buying a new one, supping twice a week on bread and milk, resisting various temptations to go to the movies and a hundred other little economies built up a surplus that was available when the time came to buy railroad tickets.

Florida rents were rather staggering, yet she found a quite nice room, with a large alcove, at $300 for the season. Warm sunshine quickly put the boy's throat right, which was the main thing. That was the winter of 1922–1923. A good many of the sociable strangers on park benches and in the street cars and the cafeterias were talking about real estate.

Down at Miami, it appeared, they were making millions. Up here real estate was on the rise. Martha heard stories of successful speculations in lots. A very agreeable young man took her and the boy in his bright-blue roadster to see a new subdivision. She enjoyed the ride and his talk. She rather believed the talk too. If one had capital to buy lots with, no doubt one could make money. But, of course, she had no capital for that purpose; only enough to live on.

It lingered in her consciousness back in Michigan that spring and summer and fall. Then the bank collected $950 on the old pickle-factory investment of her husband's that they had thought was a dead loss. She went back to Florida in December, 1923, with her mind pretty well made up to risk $1000. She could afford to, for the pickle-factory money was a windfall. And that December there was a subtle exhilaration in the Florida air which had nothing to do with meteorological conditions. Not somebody, but everybody, was talking real estate. The newspapers had whole-page advertisements of terraces, estates and manors. New buildings were going up everywhere. Her last year's landlady had sold two lots for $250,000 that she gave only $25,000 for six years before. Also, the rent of her last year's room was now $500 for the season. Martha found another room, farther out.

Viewing Temptation Cautiously

BUT she proposed to look around carefully and take her time about investing. She did look around, and found it discouragingly like the millinery shop where all the hats one likes are thirty dollars and up while one has only fifteen dollars to spend for a hat. For some time the lots she looked at were too tall for her purse. Then Henderson showed her Laurel Park. There was no laurel and no park—nothing in fact but a tract of very flat land bearing some slim pines and clumps of palmetto. It seemed quite

(Continued on Page 146)

East is East and West is West

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Exercise One —— In a Suggested Examination for a Driver's License

The Restaurant Proprietor Is Invited to the Home of One of His Tablecloth-Marking Patrons

To a Fellow Victim

I DIDN'T want to fall in love,
I hoped I'd not, it's true;
But since I had to fall in love,
I'm glad that it is you.

You didn't want to fall in love,
As anyone can see;
But since you had to fall in love,
I hope you're glad it's me.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Optimism

WITH the girls wearing fewer and fewer clothes and starving themselves to death, the time may yet be reached when two can live as cheaply as one.

Mottoes for the Guest Room

WELCOME to this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no thoughts of woe and gloom
Disturb thy peaceful heart;
And kindly disregard the din
That lasts till after four—
The autos honking to get in
To the garage next door.

In the angels' keeping
May repose our guest;
Angels guard his sleeping,
Angels watch his rest;
May their sweet consoling
Make his troubles short,
And keep our guest from rolling
Off the davenport.

Love in the household dwells;
By Love our home is blest,
Love shall threaten its spells
Over our well-loved guest—
We hope so anyway.
We hope that Love will foster
When baby comes in to play
Shortly after five.

"But Why Do They Call It a 'Glee Club,' Mamma?"

For a Tall Guest

Under the covers,
Cozy and warm,
Happiness hovers
To keep thee from harm.
Pull down the covers,
Your chest will freeze;
Pull up the covers
And freeze your knees.

—Morris Bishop.

Why Some Artists Starve

THEIR work is so subtle that no one besides themselves can "get" it.

Critics are prejudiced against them.

They are painting for glory and not for money.

They haven't enough of a reputation.

They haven't the time and leisure to study sufficiently.

They have too much self-respect to give the public what it wants.

They haven't enough inside pull.

Their ideas are too advanced.

They are afraid their really good work will be plagiarized.

They can't paint.

—Parke Cummings.

The Sting of the Radio Bug

HOW can a hundred and seventeen million people sit idly by without doing something about this radio-announcing menace? I mean this business of announcing receipt of and reading of telegrams, letters, congratulatory messages and other impertinent matter? You, for instance, are you going to let this country go to the dogs without a protest? What is the matter with everybody? Why can't people see what an insidious thing this is? What is leading to? How it will undermine

(Continued on Page 201)

Doctor (Concluding Examination): "Well, the First Thing, You Must Have All Your Teeth Out"

Patient: "All Right, Doc"

If every woman realized how much her husband likes soup —

she would serve it every day

SOUP IS good for everybody. It is an essential part of the ideal diet—for growing children as well as adults. And wives should realize that there are special reasons why their husbands like soup and why it benefits them so much.

The man in the middle of his day's work, or who comes home tired at the end of it, needs the wholesome tonic of this hot, liquid food. Its appetizing flavor offers just the right invitation to his appetite—he never fails to respond to it.

Soup gives him a warm glow that revives and cheers him. His appetite's at once stimulated; the digestive juices flow more freely; he is in a happy mood to enjoy his food—*and he does enjoy it!* By serving soup, you have put a sparkle and a brightness in his meals that no other food can supply. The effect, from day to day, on his health is bound to be beneficial.

❦ ❦ ❦

Every day! That's the great value of soup. The food experts include soup as a part of *every day's meals* in their ideal menus, arranged to educate housewives how to provide the family with the most attractive and healthful food. And it's so easy and convenient for you to follow their advice about soup. Soups in almost endless variety await you at your store. The Red-and-White Campbell's label is your assurance of the highest quality soups. And they are priced within the means of everybody.

The truth about soup is recognized. Women everywhere are alive to its importance. Its regular, daily use has grown to such an extent that fifty thousand acres of land each season are required to produce the tomatoes that go into Campbell's Tomato Soup. And this is only one of the twenty-one Campbell's kinds!

Only the full-ripe tomatoes are used—plucked at their finest maturity after the sun has sweetened them right on the vines. Every tomato is washed five times in crystal-clear, running water. Strained through colanders of solid nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points, only the luscious "meat" and rich juices are retained in a smooth puree. With this are blended nutritious country butter and delicate seasoning to give added piquancy. The soup is cooked in giant solid nickel tureens, until it reaches just that finished perfection which Campbell's standards always exact.

And then, when it is sent forth with the familiar Campbell's label, we are glad to have it represent us on the dining tables of the nation. For "every single can contains our business reputation."

❦ ❦ ❦

Everybody likes Tomato Soup—it has such an appealing, distinctive flavor. And Campbell's Tomato is so popular that you can get it in every food store in the United States. You will enjoy it, too, as a Cream of Tomato Soup, prepared according to the simple directions printed on the label. You will also use Campbell's Tomato Soup, just as it comes from the can and without the addition of water, as a tomato sauce for a great variety of dishes. A constant ally in the kitchen! 12 cents a can.

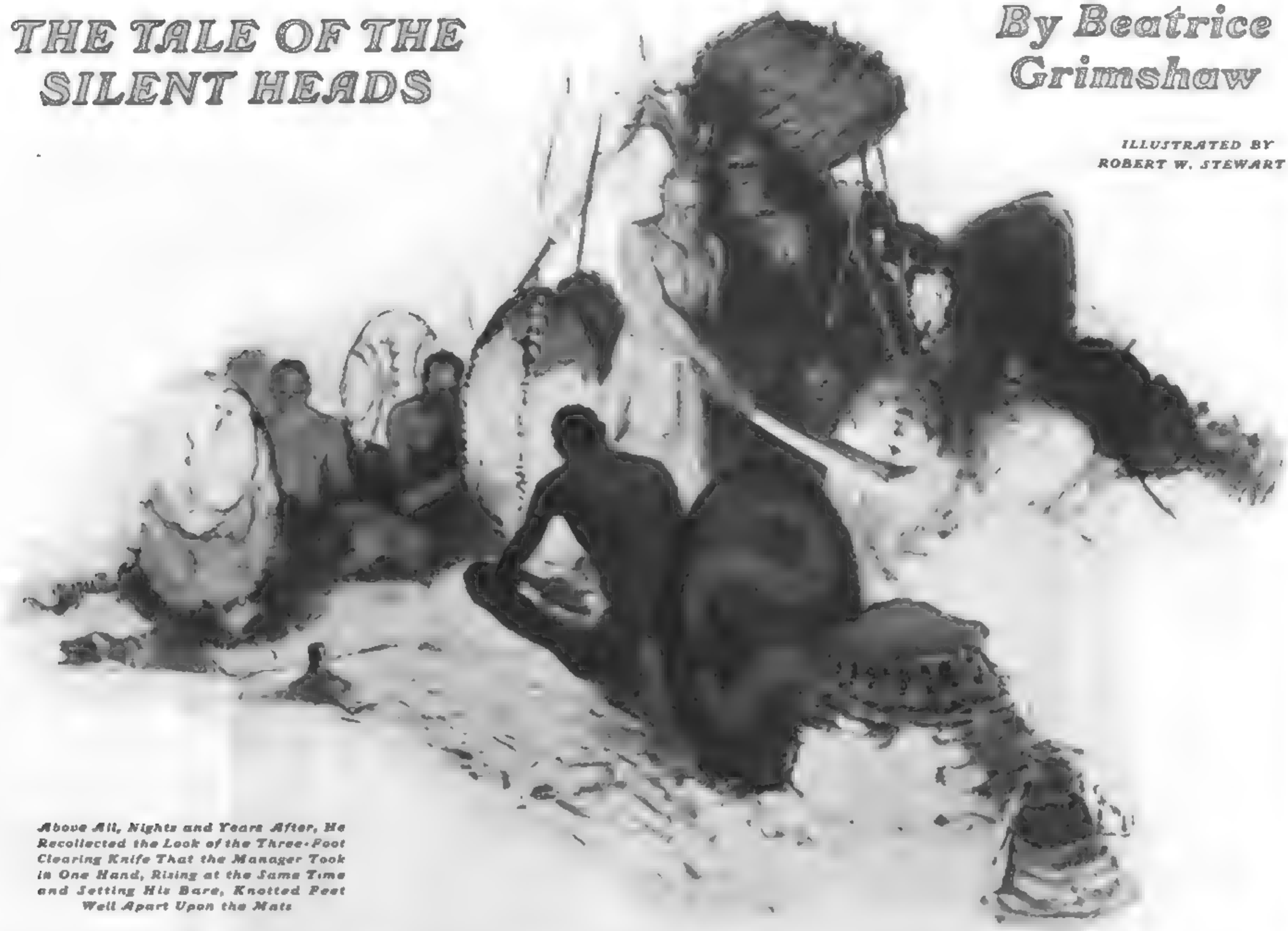
WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Helen of the Hundred Waves

THE TALE OF THE SILENT HEADS

By Beatrice Grimshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART



Above All, Nights and Years After, He Recollected the Look of the Three-Foot Clearing Knife That the Manager Took in One Hand, Rising at the Same Time and Setting His Bare, Knotted Feet Well Apart Upon the Mats

THEY came on the house in the half-dark, sunset sinking rust colored behind a rampart of what seemed to be railway trucks. There were no palms, no polyp-fingered frangipani sprinkling the dusk with scented stars; no dangling lace of papaw, ghostly sweet. Alone, sharp levels and stark outlines cut the cooling air. Never was South Sea island so unlike its storied prototype.

"What do you reckon we have struck?" asked the first of the three figures toiling up from the beach. He was visible, even in that cat light, as a fine figure, tallish, powerful and well set; he walked with the slight, half-conscious swagger of one who still has golden years of the twenties left to spend. The man behind him was very tall, and very thin; his voice, when he spoke, lacked resonance of youth.

"Whatever it is," he said wearily, "it isn't Santa Ana. B'gad, you must have broke the wind of that sextant, the time you got monkeying about with it."

"Somebody had to try and find out our position after the blow," objected the younger man. "I'm not so far out as you think. It's just guessing which of several we've hit. Might be Rakuna; might be Siri-Siri—no, that's a volcano—might be Blenkiron."

"Blenkiron," came in decisively a third voice, from a slight, small figure that seemed busily engaged in holding away wet draperies from its legs. "Rakuna used to buy seed nuts from us; plantation place."

"What's Blenkiron?" asked the young man. They had halted for a moment to peer through the quickly growing dusk, to take stock of the unlighted buildings in front of them, and wonder why no one seemed to be about.

The tall man and the slight woman answered together: "Guano."

"Then we're not exactly in luck?"

"I don't know what you call luck," was the small figure's reply. "Wreck on a pinnacle in a calm sea; one day and one night in the boat; weather a bit splashy, no more; cutter insured for three-quarters value. One would like to know what better ——"

"Of course; of course. But any guano islands I've ever seen have been back-of-Godspeed sort of places. Boat once in six months; native labor living on tin and biscuit, bosses on biscuit and tin; no gardens, no decent food. . . . I remember Malden; I couldn't imagine how anyone was induced to live there, till I heard the salaries they paid. It was pitiful to see how glad the manager and his chemist were when I blew in on a stray labor vessel. They nearly kissed me. Said I could have no idea what a beast of a place it was; godsend to them to have anyone to speak to, worn to death with boredom as they were."

"You'd better manage your next wreck differently," suggested the girl.

Robin Telford, newspaperman on the loose, sometime crew of the little lost cutter Avava, held his peace. Helen Elizabeth, was not only, by a famous feat, hereditary white chief of Man-o'-War Island; she was also a woman who liked the last word. He hadn't wrecked the cutter Avava, lately bought by the party with certain hardly acquired pearls, any more than anyone else had wrecked her; but he knew it was no use saying so, in this first bitter moment of landing as waifs and strays on an unknown island, to ask charity from, possibly, reluctant strangers.

Instead, he changed the conversation by quickening his pace, and calling out: "Here's the back door of the house: let's go in." He had been saving the flashes of his torch, the only one possessed by the party; now he snapped it on, swung open a door, and led the way inside.

"B'gad," said the tall man behind him, "you've struck the wrong place: this is the fellow's museum."

"Well," was Telford's comment, as he held the torch aloft, and looked about, "he must be a traveled sort of beggar, whatever else he is."

For the low small room into which they had unintentionally strayed was crammed with odd curiosities; carved wooden shields, dancing clubs, figures of men like lizards, figures of pigs like men, masks and dresses of fiber that seemed to imitate strange beasts; troughs, bowls of black carved wood; things of shape indescribable and uses not to be guessed. Prominent among these was an object not without beauty; a plank some fifteen feet in length and nine or ten inches wide, worked into patterns that rivaled the intricacies of Celtic carving; painted white, black and red, and furnished along one edge with spikes of wood.

"Looks like a harrow gone mad," observed Charles, lightly regarding the curious thing.

"These other things look like the illustrations to Goblin Market," said literary Rob, through whose head strange lines were running.

Helen Elizabeth surveyed the collection in silence. It was odd, but everyone felt a little guilty, a little Peeping-Tomish. Nothing more was said. The three adventurers backed out again into the wind-thrashed dusk, feeling their way with caution round to the front of the house. Veranda, tall posts supporting the roof, door in the middle, windows each side—the common pattern of an inferior island home. Clearly the shed behind had been an addition—an afterthought.

"There's no one here," observed the halfbrother of Helen Elizabeth. So much, indeed, the shut door, the closed windows, seemed to proclaim. Only in hurricane weather, or during a heavy northwest blow, does the white islander shut up his house.

"There's light inside. Look at the cracks," contributed Rob Telford.

"So there is, b'gad," agreed Charles, hammering cheerfully on the door. "Hallo! Hallo!" he cried. "All hands on deck! Show a leg there!"

Continued on Page 40

A home in the City of Sunbrite

Sunbrite sweetens as it scours

"double action" *gives double results*

Keeping your pots and pans like new is not the long hard job it used to be. For now you have a modern cleansing method—**Sunbrite,** the double action cleanser!

Sunbrite does two things at once. It scours off all stains; it polishes. At the same time it sweetens and freshens—just as sunlight purifies and makes sweet.

How easy this makes your cleaning in kitchen and bathroom! How much it saves in time and effort! In cost, too, for **Sunbrite** is very inexpensive.

Let **Sunbrite** help you—while you scour, sweeten and freshen. Double action means a higher standard of cleanliness—a cleaner kitchen, a cleaner bathroom!

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 38

No movement came from the house, but Rob, listening, could have sworn he heard a curse.

Followed an interval of silence and waiting; then the door opened. A man stood on the threshold, silhouetted against strong lamplight. One could only see that he was smallish, somewhat stooped, and either very bald or very close cropped as to hair.

"What boat's in?" he queried in a slow, dead voice. "I wasn't expecting—oh!" The wet and battered plight of the newcomers had apparently caught his attention. "Accident?" he asked tonelessly, leaning forward so that his head, on its long neck, projected from his ill-fitting shirt collar like the snaky head of a turtle from its shell.

"We've wrecked our cutter," explained Rob Telford. "We were sailing from Fiji to the Carabaos; meant to trade. Couldn't get a navigator, and thought we might do it by compass and dead reckoning. I believe we'd have managed it, too; at least we'd have got somewhere; but she ripped the inside out of herself on a coral pinnacle yesterday morning, and we've been in the dinghy ever since. Can you manage to put us up till your steamer comes along?" It was rather a long speech for a castaway, he felt. On any other island the one word "wrecked," would have flung open all doors, made explanation unnecessary. Rob knew the Pacific world; its open-hearted hospitality at all times, its eager readiness to shoulder the burdens of the shipwrecked, even at its own cost. Wreck—they know what it means in the world of the great seas and little islands; it has touched almost all of them in one way or another; filled graves, lost fortunes, sent brides and bridegrooms on their wedding eves to slimy death; sentenced here a man to years of solitary prison, slain another there, with the red-hot sword of thirst. Wreck is the one disaster that calls alike to every island heart.

Like This, Always, if He Ventured Within a Hundred Yards of the Fence She Had Set Up. Like Her Great Kinswoman—if the Family Tales Were True

And here was this little blighter, as Rob put it to himself, squinting at them from an inhospitable doorstep, and not quite sure what he was going to do.

"We'll pay you for any expense," he felt constrained to add. "We aren't millionaires, but we can raise the price of board among us."

The small man stood, with his hands outstretched from doorpost to doorpost, moving his turtlelike head in its gaping collar. Something to which they had no clew seemed going on within his mind. Shielded by the light behind him, he stared—stared. They could see the sides of his thin throat working. It came upon Rob that he was trying, frantically, to find an excuse for refusal.

"Wish you joy of that," thought the young man. "You can't very well tell us to tramp it home, can you?"

It seemed, however, that he could do that, or something like it. His answer, when it came at last, began unpromisingly: "Dinghy, did you say? Well, now, some dinghies are quite as safe ——"

There he stopped; for the first time swung his head round so that the light fell on it sideways, showing a skull almost indecently naked, a profile like a vulture's. He was looking at something behind the tall figure of Charles.

Rob followed his glance, but could only see that Helen Elizabeth stood there, as she had stood since the beginning of the interview; that she was busy with her spray-soaked hat, shaking it in one hand, while with the other she loosed the damp coils of her red-gold goffered hair, and let them fall. Something impelled him to strain his eyes farther into the transparent dark behind. It is very hard to see a brown, bare native skulking among brown rocks, by the light of a lamp inside a house; but Rob thought he did see such a native; was certain, presently, when the twin white specks of moving eyeballs showed, and the swift gleam of smiling teeth. "Grinned at someone, and nodded," thought Rob. "This is a queer place."

It seemed queerer yet when the man in the doorway suddenly stepped aside and welcomed the whole party with a hospitable bow.

"Come in, come in," he said. "As I was saying, a dinghy's about as safe as an eggshell in these seas; you were lucky to get to shore at all. Oh, come in. Put your things down. Have dinner. I'm delighted. I—I never was so delighted in my life. It's such a pleasure. You shall have all I can give you. I'll put you up with a heart and a half, if you don't mind roughing it; this isn't Christmas Island or Ocean or Malden, you know; no big companies at our back—just one poor devil of a white man bored to death, managing for two or three other poor devils down south. I can manage a couple of rooms, and the rest of us'll camp on the veranda. No trouble at all. Delighted. Only, you'll have time to get uncommonly bored with us here; there's very little coming and going. The steamer calls every six months only; not due now for nearly two. I'm manager; been three years on the job."

"No other whites here, you say?" asked tall, stooping Charles

"Not one. Overseer died a year ago. We've —they've not replaced him. Pretty hard on me. Come on in; come on " He led the way, swinging his lantern; he seemed to be warming up into cordiality. "It's not much of a place," he went on, "but the takings are good, and we can afford a visitor when we get one." He struck a bell. "Udu!"

They had not seen or heard him come, but there he was, before the bell stopped ringing; a dusky, almost naked figure, standing near the door. Hair bushy, enormous; eyes a mere glimmer under brow ridges big as a gorilla's; strange figure, with abnormally wide shoulders and short, muscular legs. Telford had traveled far in the Pacific world, but he could not place this creature.

Competent he undoubtedly was. At a word from the manager he set, swiftly and accurately, about the work of laying table and bringing food, while his master, rummaging in the adjoining bedroom, found dry clothes for the men and an overcoat to serve as dress for Helen.

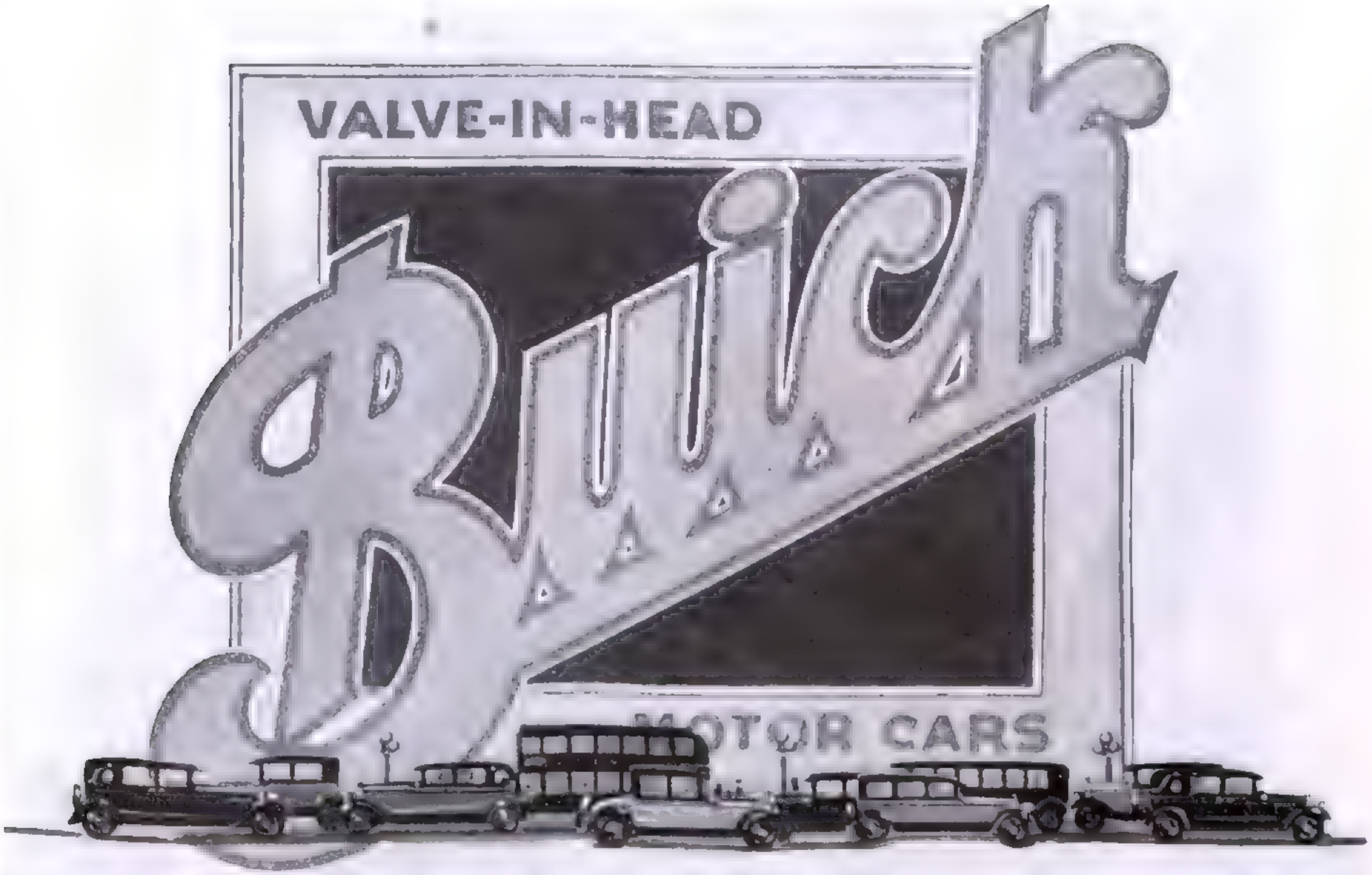
Later, under the cold stare of the acetylene lamp, they sat at table. Odors of dry guano, faintly unpleasant, floated through open doors and windows; iron clanged and blown rubbish crackled, down where the fierce southeaster was ravening among the rail trucks. To other islands night brought sleek ruffle of palms, soughing of mangoes; the poignant scent of orange bloom, the swooning sweetness of papaw and frangipani, promising all delights. Blenkiron, stark and rude, offered homage to no sense. A Puritan of the Puritans, a Praise-God Barebone, might have loved it: assuredly no one else could.

In the morning their host took them out and showed them about the island—the rocky stretches of still untouched guano, the pits, dug down through a stony crust, whence came the fine dry powder that seemed to permeate the whole of Blenkiron with its dust, its feel, its smell; the trucks pulled up empty, filled at the pits, and sent spinning down to the wharf by the aid of winglike sails. The place was inconceivably barren; a few bushes, a few tufts of grass, hideous iron houses of the boys; all round, and never far away, the sailless windy sea. Sun thrashed the island with a million whips of white fire; through it the black boys passed to and fro, shoveling and filling. Over their heads the birds planed and cried; and over birds and boys and sun and sea the southeast wind eternally screamed on.

"Do you find it pretty healthy here?" asked Rob, holding on to his hat. "It seems a bracing sort of place."

"Yes, yes, healthy enough. The boys don't hold out as well as they might. Some of them pine away—pine away.

(Continued on Page 170



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The loyalty of Buick owners to Buick is one of the finest traditions of the motor car industry.

Years of superior performance—a reliability known and spoken of wherever there are motor cars—both have stimulated this growth of faith.

The confidence of Buick owners has been won, as well, by high achievement—by the constant attainment of the new and better thing in motor car design.

Outstanding value is another strong factor in Buick popularity. The savings of great volume production—the dividends declared by leadership—have been devoted unsparingly to the enrichment of Buick quality.

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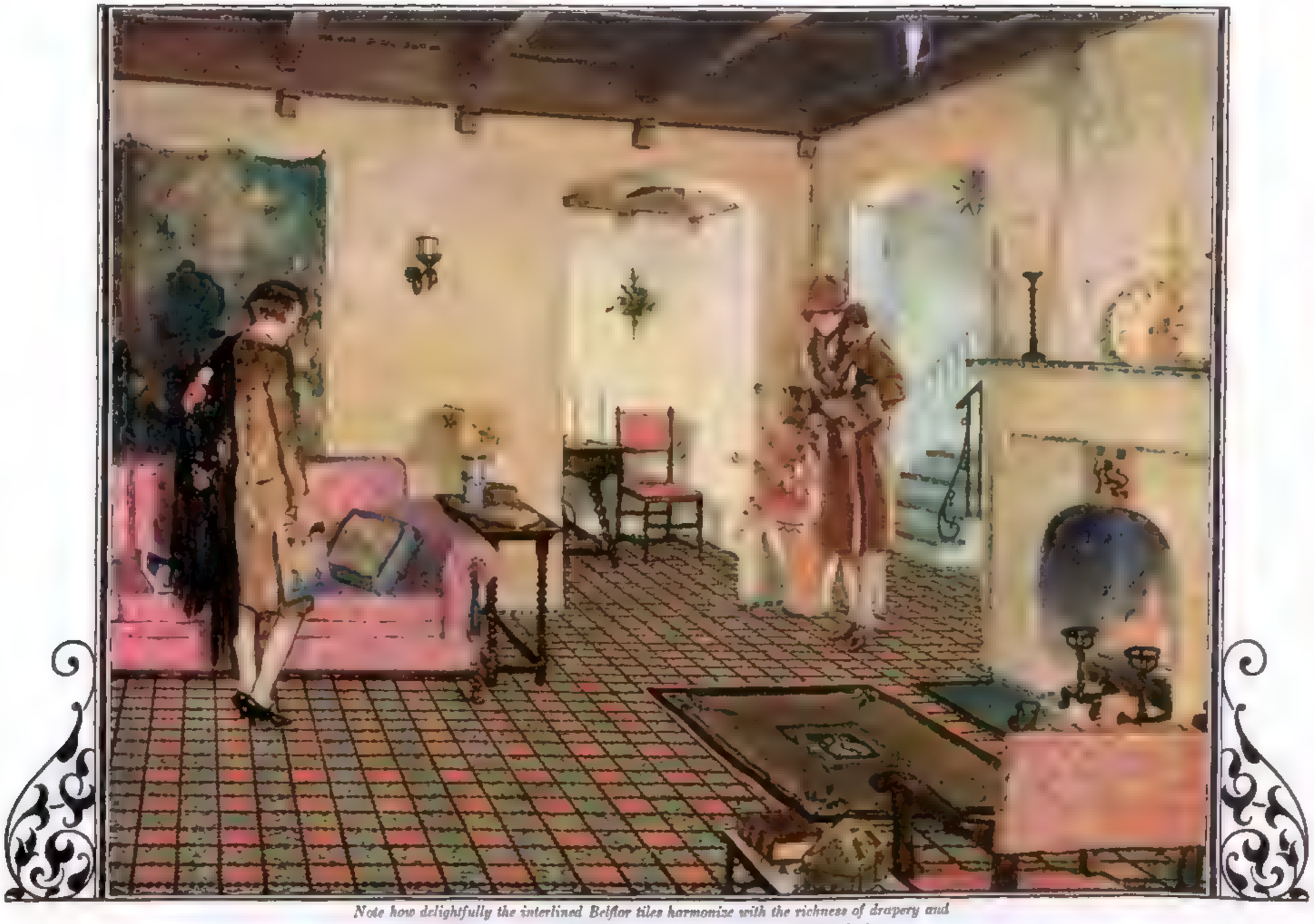
Let the confidence of more than a million understanding owners guide you to Buick —to greater motor car satisfaction.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

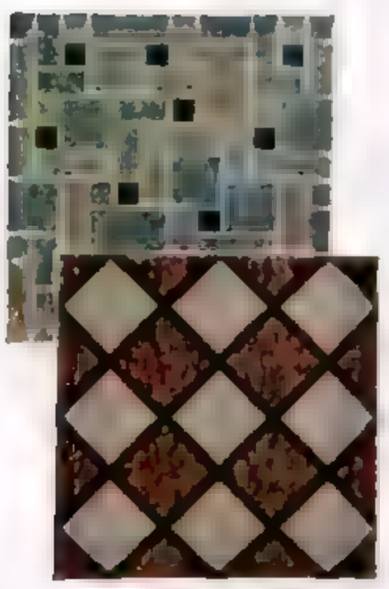
The GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



Note how delightfully the interlined Belflor tiles harmonize with the richness of drapery and upholstery. It truly reflects the Spanish motif in the architectural plan

You can do so much with floors nowadays



*Upper—*Gold Seal Inlaid *Moulded Pattern*
*Lower—*Gold Seal Inlaid *Belflor Pattern*

Luxurious furniture in a picturesque Old World setting. Rich fabrics glowing with color. A room both distinctive and livable Yet how much of its effectiveness would be lost with a commonplace one-tone floor.

With Nairn Gold Seal Inlaids a more complete harmony can be attained in the decorative scheme than with any other type of flooring. They impart an air of expensive smartness to any room. Yet these beautiful inlaid linoleums are moderate in price and last for years and years with never a need for costly refinishing of any kind.

Are you building a new home? Are you living in one whose wooden floors are worn and badly run down? Here is a flooring that will not splinter or wear white. Gold Seal Inlaids are the best of all solutions to the problem of having floors that are *permanently beautiful* and sanitary. The colors go through to the burlap back; occasional waxing keeps them lustrous.

A surprising choice of patterns is available—all kinds of formal and informal tile designs in the delightful, softly mottled *Belflor* colorings; and numbers of others in bright crisp solid colors for sun porch, nursery, kitchen and bath.

Wherever you see inlaid linoleum with the Gold Seal pasted on the face of the goods or the Nairn name stamped on the back, you can buy with complete confidence. They are infallible signs of guaranteed quality.

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Preparation for the Triple Celebration

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

WENSDAY, June 24, 186—i have found out sumthing that was going to be in the parade but aint going to be now. that is Charly Tredwells bull, Rogger Sherman. that is the bull that Charly drives in a buggy with a harniss and a bit and ranes jest like driving a horse. you had augt to see him. he is a auful big bull and Charly is a little bit of a man not mutch bigger than a 12 year old boy and when the buggy is hiched behine that bull it looks about as big as a baby carrige.

well Charly was going to hich the bull into a carryall and then hich anuther carryall behine that one and fill them with girls dressed in white and with reaths in their hair and their slats and wheals wound with brite colered ribbons and a banner on top of them reading like this, a bevvy of buties and but one beest and the peeple cood bet on whitch was the beest, Charlie or the bull.

well Charly was driving him down town today and the bull was trotting off prety good and Charly was sitting up in the buggy blinking throug his big specticles and looking like a big bullpaddock, when he got oposite Jack Foggs oicester saloon he met old Captain George Molton of Kensington driving a yoke of oxen hiched into a hay cart with a big lode of hay and when the bull saw them oxen he stopped so sudden that Charley went fliing over the dashbord and lit head ferst on the bulls back and bounced onto the ground rite on the back of his neck, but Charly is so spry that he gumped up as if he was made of india rubber. the bull had put his head down and stuck his tale up jest as stif as a pump handle and was belloing auful and pawing dirt over his sholder.

well when Charly saw that he gumped back into the buggy and grabed up the ranes and begun to yank them and holler back up Rogger Sherman, back up i say, and lamm him with the whip, but the bull dident pay enny moar attension to Charly than if he was a gadfli and belloed and pawed louder and louder.

old captain George Molton gumped in front of his oxen whitch had got their heads down and was pawing up the dirt jest like throwing it with a shovel and roaring louder than the bull becaus they was 2 of them and only one of him but bigger, and begun to whack them over the heads and then to jab the brad into the bulls nose to keep them apart. but the ferst he gnew the bull maid a rush and if old Captain George hadent gumped about 10 feet the ferst gump he wood have been squashed flat. i never saw a old man gump so far or do it so quick.

well there was a auful fite between that bull and them oxen. they puched and butted and hooked and roared and pawed and men licked them with poles and tride to drag them apart with ropes and Charly stood up in the buggy and hollered to Rogger Sherman to back up and to come out of it and licked and yanked and braced his feat and pulled until his eys neerly droped out and he was humpbacked.

bimeby old Charles Goodwin the pothecary and poit come running out with a bottle of amonia and broke it rite between the bull and the oxen and they sneezed and coffed and backed away shaking their heads and coffing auful. well befoar they stoped fiting the lode of hay had been tipped over and 3 or 4 horses had pulled loose from the rales where they was hiched and had run away. one ox had a horn broke off close to its head and the other had a grate peace of hide pealed off its neck most as big as a roler towil

well there was grate xcitement, and Charly was hollering at old Captain George and old Captain George was verry clam and quiet and sed he wood sew Charly for assault and battry with a bull and Charly told old captain George that he wood sew him for obstrucking a publick highway and Beanys father, whitch is the poliseman you know whitch arrested the italian man and the munky and the handorgan, come up and told Charly to taik his bull and go home and he told him he coodent drive him enny moar in the publick streets and Charly sed i am a american sitizen and as sutch i have the rite to use the publick highway and Beanys father sed if i ketch you on the street driving this bull again i will arest you and persecute you to the xtent of the law in sutch case maid and pervided.

so Charly led his old bull home and he cant drive him in the persession on the 4th of July. you see last year he entered his bull in a race with a trotting bull from Kingston at the county fair and insted of racing they fit and gnocked down ralings and the grandstand with 3 juges in it and neerly broke up the fair.

it is tuff on Charly and the bevvy of buties but then they can walk or go in a oxcart or a tallyhoe coach. but it was a good fite and i am glad i saw it.

it is only 9 days after today to the 4th of July. it is the longest 9 days i have ever gnew or herd of.

Thirsday, June 25, 186—evrybody is getting reddy for the 4th. evry nite Keene and Cele is wirking up in their room and wont let me in. Lilly Head comes over sumtimes and they go over there. peeple are bilding things in their barns and shops and keaping the doors locked and the band

(Continued on Page 161)

Well After a While We Gneeded Our Money and We Went Down to the Bank to Get It

Quality

Half and Half—

A Wonderful Smoking Tobacco

men like the flavor women enjoy the fragrance

15¢

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THE PHANTOM JACK

(Continued from Page 33)

satisfaction whatever, because they had called his dog a pot hound, a common cur, a screw-tailed half-breed, and everything else they could think of.

"I aims t'git that sperrit jack," he finally told them. "I craves them years what's a foot long. I done et cottontails, Ise greased my skillet with jack hams, an' now I craves hant meat! I aims t'see 'bout is that sperrit jack sho 'nuff flesh and bone, or no! I ain't stud'n you niggers! Ise got my hands on my hip. I tell you I craves t'see 'bout how hant meat chews!"

Another Sunday morning, and cold. Jasper's breakfast had progressed to the sopping stage. Queen sat on her haunches, watching him with eager eyes. Turning from the table, he rested a benevolent gaze on her.

"Still hongry?"

Queen's nostrils twitched. Jasper raked the remaining fat from a bacon rind with his teeth, searched it thoughtfully, then dangled it before the dog. She champed it obligingly, dropped it and then froze to attention.

"Does you know hit's Sunday an' we goes t'git er jack t'day, Queenie?"

Queen knew what "jack" meant. She whimpered. To aggravate her further, Jasper turned his attention elsewhere. Queen shifted her position and whined. The old negro looked down over a nappy chin and grinned.

"Jacks, Queen! Big mule-eared jacks, what can sho nuff run. Th' kind you laks!"

A succession of barks drowned his last words. Jasper poked a serious face at the hound and asked: "How 'bout th' sperrit jack t'day, Queenie? Dey tells me hit run off an' lef' you oncet. Yas'r. Dey says it runs off from dogs lak dey was tied to er post. Reckon hit c'n go off an' leave you thataway now?"

The hound's long curved tail ceased its marathon. She was panting.

"S'pos'n hit's er sho nuff sperrit!" he taunted. "But shucks, 'cause it went off an' lef' you oncet ain't no sign dat jack——"

Suddenly the dog overflowed. She reared up and pawed at the bosom of his jumper.

"All right! All right!" he said. "Ketch me dat sperrit jack. I wants t'know efn hit's er sho nuff meat-an'-bone rabbit, or no. I reckon youse purty fast; but I craves t'see you tell me wid 'dem legs of yourn."

While Jasper warmed his hands for the great venture, and buttoned on a tattered overcoat, Queen was whining at the door. Jasper slapped her flank with his cap and remarked: "Come on, le's go. We's hay-farm bound. Ise got t'have hant meat t'day!"

Taking the path that followed the river bank, they turned west.

After half an hour of walking through the bottoms, they came to the five-mile road. Then west again, toward the prairies. Queen knew this ground. Here was the domain of the jacks. Here she could unlimber without restraint. She began to get nervous, but Jasper kept to the road. He passed the familiar plains without so much as a slackening of pace, and Queen began prancing about him like a frisky colt. Again and again she ran to the barbed-wire fence, only to learn by her master's tone that it was wrong.

On and on they went. At last Queen's maneuvering settled to a lazy trot. Then Jasper tied a rope about her neck. He had never done this before. It hurt. Why had he done this? What did it mean? She tucked her tail and gave way to humiliation. Even when they overtook a group of men with dogs, she hardly had spirit enough to notice them. They were white men, and one asked, "Who does that dog belong to?"

"Hit's mine, boss," answered Jasper proudly, doffing his greasy cap. "Them sho is good-looking dogs you all got, cap'n."

The other greyhounds tried to be sociable, but Queen seemed to be in a coma.

"Can she run?"

"Ain't nair jack went off an' lef' her yit—'cep'n one," Jasper replied.

"Want to trade?" inquired an owner.

"Naw, s'r," was the quick response.

The owner laughed and said, "Well, my dog is the coming champion. Right today he's to race the holder of the world's record."

At this Jasper tilted his head and eyed the white man. "You ain't talkin' 'bout Mr. Jim Gooch's Traveler?"

"Yep, I expect to see Lockinlear beat the Traveler today. Now will you trade?"

"Lo'd, cap'n, I speck you wouldn't take ten dollars fer dat dog!" he answered. "I sho would lak t'see him in action."

"Come on, let's trade."

Jasper was bewildered. He dragged his cap to the other side of his head and ——

"White folks, I don't b'lieve you wants to trade, nohow."

One of the others was now inspecting the old negro's dog. Although Queen was unkempt and stood with a stupid look and a drooped head, he readily detected the quality that only thoroughbreds possess.

"That's not a bad-looking animal, nigger. Where did you get her?"

"Mr. Jim Gooch gi'd her t' me."

"Jim Gooch?" put in another. "Why, what was the matter with her?"

"'Tain't nothin' th' matter wid her. She's jus' mad 'cause I wouldn't let 'er chase them jacks back thar. We's on our way to th' hay farm. We aims t' ketch dat sperrit jack what's on th' hay farm."

This brought a laugh. "Spirit jack? What kind of a critter is that?"

"I don' know, white folks. Dey tells me hit's hanted, 'cause ain't nair dog yit ever warmed dat jack up, much less ketch 'im. Queen here got atter him oncet, but she warn't grown then."

"Well, I'll declare!" Mr. Witworth exclaimed. "So you're on your way to down this phantom jack. Think that dog of yours can catch him?"

"Yas'r, white folks. All I asks is for it t'be meat an' bone. Ain't nothin' on four legs c'n run off frum Queen."

"What kind of a looking jack was it?"

"Boss, I'm tellin' you th' troof," the negro confided. "That air jack's as big as er young mule. Great goodness, white folks, hit's th' out-runnin'est fool what ever burned up er prairie!"

"And you expect that hound of yours to catch this thing?"

"Lo'd, cap'n, you ain't seen no runnin'! Queen here c'n eat up th' ground faster'n it shows up!"

Seeing that they enjoyed him, Jasper bent his efforts to gain their good graces. He related the history of his dog's troubles.

"What's this strength tonic you gave her?" they wanted to know.

"Beef blood."

"Beef blood!"

"Yas'r, fresh beef blood. I gits it at th' butcher pen ever' day."

This was strange therapy, but Doctor Heckman, a veterinarian, was not so sure as the others that Jasper was loony. He said, "Uncle, suppose you let that haunted jack go today and come along to the races. Some of the swiftest dogs alive are going to run."

Jasper eagerly accepted. Here was an opportunity to see the famous Traveler in action, and besides, he could get that sperrit jack another time.

"Perhaps you would like to enter your dog," suggested another. "You can't tell. Maybe you'd win the grand stakes."

Of course Jasper took this seriously, and his face opened up like a sunflower as he dragged his cap to the other side of his head. "Kin niggers come in?"

"Of course. It's open to anybody."

Jasper glanced down at his dog. "Queenie, hear what dat white man said?"

The hound yawned and cast a sheepish glance at her master. Then a storm of laughter drove her timidly between Jasper's legs. Amid assurances that they meant it, the group moved on, with Jasper pulling the reluctant Queen along behind.

Arrived at their destination, Jasper approached the activities with hesitancy. The crowd was assembled in a thicket bordering a plain. Numerous dogs were on hand, straining at the leash—dogs the like of which Jasper had never seen—sleek, nimble, graceful creatures whose every movement denoted selective breeding for speed.

Officials were numbering the contestants, classing and recording. Owners were jockeying for position. The approach of Lockinlear drew inquisitive connoisseurs, who measured the British champion with searching scrutiny. Then conversation dropped to a hush as the black-and-white Traveler nosed into the throng. Eager sportsmen cried their odds. Rolls of greenbacks came out and heavy bets were laid.

Back in the rear, and forgotten, Jasper craned his neck at the galaxy of speeders. The sight of so much money fascinated him, and his eyes showed extra white in a setting of extra black. Gradually the old negro's intense interest inched him forward into the front ranks. At her master's heels, the slinking Queen bent her head to the humiliating rope he held in his hands.

A gruff individual confronted him. "Nigger, what do you want?"

Jasper apologized with an ingratiating smile. "Yas'r, boss, I—I lak t'see Mr. Gooch. Yas'r, cap'n, he gi'd me a dog oncet an' I wants t'git in th' race. Yas'r, I ——"

"Get t'hell outer here!"

"Boss, Ise ——"

The plain, marked with crazy patterns of remnant snow, stretched like an endless carpet to a fringe of wood. The close-cropped stubble had rotted to a soft nap; the hay farm was sleeping its winter sleep.

Men and dogs moved up. A cage containing three big Texas jacks was placed several hundred feet in advance of the starting line. Tense serious-faced owners straddled each his dog—five contenders for the champion's crown. The Traveler moved to position, alert, eager, quivering. Around his neck was a diamond-studded collar. His owner removed it and all was ready.

A jack was released. The starter raised a pistol. He waited a breathless moment, while dogs strained, muscles taut, burning to be gone. A shot! They were off!

Suddenly there was a yell. In the distance, as if belched from the earth, a monster jack arose, stamped the ground, lolled his enormous ears and took away like the wind. With one accord the hounds turned from the liberated hare and started after it. Then a savage yell to the left distracted the amazed onlookers. A blue greyhound was traveling like a comet to a point ahead and at right angles to the jack's path, and a black figure sprang into the air and screamed like a maniac: "Queen, tha's th' sperrit jack! Git 'im!"

The crowd was dazed. The jack looked about the size of a coyote. Straight ahead, in easy but enormous bounds, he flew; but the dogs gained, with the Traveler leading the others by a length.

Presently the jack slowed up. The dogs were at his tail. Then, with the agility of lightning, he cut sharply to the left. The champion and those behind him overran the turn by twenty feet, and their efforts to check their momentum cost several a nasty tumble. When they recovered direction the strange hound was flying beside them.

Again the dogs gained, led by the spotted champion. At last the giant rabbit seemed to realize that no ordinary hounds pursued, for he dropped his ears on his back and settled to business. The pace grew furious. The Traveler let out a notch and gained a length. His competitors were clearly outclassed and began to lag—all but Lockinlear and the stranger. The blue greyhound hung tenaciously to the champion's flank and the British hound bent to his limit.

Slowly Queen gained. She nosed ahead of Lockinlear. When this was realized, pandemonium broke loose. The crowd ran about like ants, waving their arms up and down and yelling themselves hoarse. Other dogs, forgotten in the excitement, tore out across the prairie after the racers. Then the hullabaloo abated for a tense moment when Lockinlear moved ahead of the strange dog. Was she tiring? Or had the British champion held something in reserve?

"You, Queen!"

The black man was screaming again. His dog seemed to hear. Some latent force came to her rescue and she passed Lockinlear. But the jack held his lead ten feet ahead.

On and on they sped in a wide circle. They were nearing the wooded border, and there he would be safe. It seemed that the race was over. Then the jack did an astounding thing. He refused the shelter of the brush. He seemed to rely only on his unbeaten speed. Swerving, he kept on. This placed Queen to advantage, even with the Traveler. The challenge seemed to electrify the champion and he strained to the terrific pace that had set a world's record. For a time Queen held grimly, but the Traveler nosed ahead. Then again they were neck and neck, with Lockinlear out of the running.

Behind them the crowd surged forward. Hats were hurled into the air and men bellowed advice at the dogs as though they could hear it. Jim Gooch led them like one possessed, waving his arms frantically and screaming, "Traveler, beat that dog! Beat that dog!"

The strange hound was leading his champion by a length, and still gaining! Lockinlear's owner accepted the defeat of his dog as a mere incident—it was something greater than personal ambition that seethed within him. The sight of the lowly negro's hound outrunning the champion of the world threw him into spasms of exultation. He didn't know the dog's name, nor did he care. He could only fan the air and croak, "Stay there, dog! Sta-a-ay there!"

The hard-pressed jack swerved again. At last he craved the shelter he had refused before. It was too late. The blue hound skimmed to his right like a leaping tarpon. He must stick to the plain, and it was speed on or die.

The Traveler seemed to have shot his bolt. His drooling tongue, bent against his jowl, showed like a gash. His owner was in despair. He beat the ground, threw his clenched fists into the air and yelled, "Beat that dog! Beat that dog!"

On they came, straight toward the crowd now. The frightened jack was in cramped quarters and his predicament led him to resort to the tactics which had heaped up the pack. He darted sharply to the right. At the same instant Queen shot through the air like a warped javelin, twisted to the right and landed open-mouthed at the jack's neck.

When the men came running up, purple and breathless, they found the spent Traveler swaying with exhaustion and staring at the old negro, who sat crouched with his arms about his dog.

Gooch was among the first to reach them. And on seeing Jasper his jaw dropped. Where had he seen that darky before? Then he remembered. Upon a sagging gate he saw again the rickety letters:

"For JAsper scott nock on tHe donG"

"Suffering cats, nigger!" he cried. "Is that the pup I left to be killed?"

"Yas'r, boss, it sho is. 'At's Queen."

Gooch tried to say something, but couldn't make it.

"What's the matter, Jim? Here, take a drink. It'll steady you. You know this dog?"

"Know her? I reckon I do! She's the Traveler's sister!"

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

Scene from "Held by the Law"

How would you feel if you were charged with a murder you did not commit, yet found yourself confronted with amazing circumstantial evidence which you could not controvert and which resulted in your conviction and a sentence to death?

That problem arises in *"Held by the Law,"* written by Bayard Veiller and produced in picture by Universal. It is a picture well worth seeing, and of the gripping, intense kind which Americans always seem to enjoy. Such a drama, when well acted, is always a "box office" success, such as I am sure this one will be.

The cast includes JOHNNY WALKER, MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE and RALPH LEWIS, and from my point of view, the work of these three could not be improved upon. The tragedy occurs at an engagement party and the prospective bride's father is the man charged with the crime. You see who commits the murder, yet you can't see how the innocent man is going to escape the noose.

The picture is a Universal Jewel and was directed by Edward Laemmle whose previous picture, *"The Still Alarm,"* is one of the outstanding successes. I will appreciate it very much if, when you see *"Held by the Law,"* you will write me your opinion of the play and the work of the leading characters.

You good folks who love the zip of college life, should see *"The Collegians,"* with George Lewis and Dorothy Gulliver, which has proven so popular. And if you have the time, please write me what you think.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of George Lewis in "The Collegians"

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

OLD AMERICAN HOUSES

(Continued from Page 31)

were built in the lingering tradition as late as 1730.

Stepping well over the century line in the 1700's, we are in the period of good-sized houses. No farmer or village thinks of building such great houses today; they were not mansions, just farmhouses. The old New England definition of a mansion was a house with a front and back stair. In the building of the 1700's the walls were no longer sheathed in long grooved and tongued boards; the days of panels had come. The batten door gave place to the six-paneled one. Only two outside batten doors of the 1600's remain; the rest have worn out. One is preserved because the tomahawk marks of the Deerfield Massacre are on it. They were decorative features, with their diagonal rows of studded nail heads—the first of a long line of beautiful front doors. Inside doors of batten can often be seen, some of single thirty-inch boards.

Chimneys tell us the age of a house. The clustered, the stacked, the stout, square old ones of stone—or brick if the locality had no stone—set in clay from the ground to the roof, then in lime to its carefully rimmed and bordered top, carried us as a type to 1720. These old central chimneys were the core of the house. Eighty cords of wood were allotted to the manse each winter in old Greenfield Hill, a one-chimney house. It is set in clay sixteen feet on a side in the cellar and must have radiated heat like a kiln. Another old house I know well had a clay-set chimney. The old grandmother went down cellar for peach preserves, kept in a niched shelf in the chimney. She paused for breath on the stairs coming up, when with a roar the whole old clay-set chimney mushroomed out into the cellar!

In the first houses the huge chimney was on the end of the one room of the house, when hall and kitchen were one. When another room was necessary they built another fireplace against the chimney and thus had a two-room house. Between chimney and wall was an entry and the outer door. This was doubled in size when the second fireplace was built and became the familiar old entry, with stairs to the same shaped rooms above, crossing the chimney as they ascended and leaving the floor with a winder and entering the upper landing with another. Building codes bar winders now, but our forefathers had no other way of getting upstairs by their faint candlelight, down to the era of the house with central hall and two chimneys, which marked the prosperity, the new fashion of Queen Anne's time.

In Washington's Diary

It is astonishing how many changes some old houses show. Side by side in a village stand houses that grew, and others in similar shape built all at once. Thus the long rooms across the back of the houses began as lean-tos, built on, but were so acceptable in purpose that they became what Hawthorne describes as "houses with long sloping roofs, commencing a few feet from the ground and ending in a lofty peak." In other words the salt-box house with door in the middle, in front of the chimney, many-paned windows, seven to the front, with great chimney in the center, with the high-peaked roof and the long swoop at the back to the lower-set kitchen windows. The chimney usually shows an attached flue—a projecting boxlike rectangle of stone or brick. It is the clustered chimney, the most picturesque of all. Let us fix 1700 as the heyday of the salt-box house. It was very popular, especially as a thrifty farmhouse. Several times have old occupants of such houses told me they were built that way to save the tax. It counted as less than a full two-story house, because one eave was low. This may not show in the laws, but would be, perhaps, an assessor's theory, just as the question today is "Plumbing in your house?" as a country standard of value.

We have on the highest authority—Washington himself, in his diary—what old Connecticut houses looked like. He knew Greenwich, Fairfield, New Haven, Middletown and Hartford. He knew Wethersfield from his conference with Rochambeau there. His words are:

"Few or no opulent men, and no poor; great similitude in their buildings, the general fashion of which is a Chimney—always Stone or Brick—and a door in the middle with a stair fronting the latter, running up the side of the chimney. Two flush stories with a good show of sash and glass windows, the size generally is thirty to fifty feet in length, twenty to thirty feet in width, exclusive of a back shed, which seems to be added as the family increases."

Raising the Roof

He has described the salt-box house! He is struck by its size for those not "opulent" and by what astonishes us today—the number of windowpanes, that curious look of more glass than wall. His note of "always Stone or Brick" shows that in his journey through the thirteen states—eleven to be literal—he saw chimneys of mud and sticks even as they could be seen today in North Carolina, Virginia and Pennsylvania, if you looked for them.

These high-peaked, long-backed, sweeping-roofed houses must have been in great outnumbering to be described in Washington's tour as President—but few were built after 1730. For the gambrel roof pushed it out of vogue and by 1725 was the roof of the day. The antique peak went out of style. The high roof was broken in line and short jack rafters put at the top to form a flatter, lower gable. Oliver Wendell Holmes was "born in a house with a gambrel roof," and tells us to look at a horse's hind leg for the gambrel joint whose outline named the roof.

Many a long-roofed house was pushed up, rebuilt into the high-roofed gambrel with a full second floor and a good attic. These made-over houses—there are hundreds of them—have changes of ceiling level between back and front and have either a step down into the back chambers or mysterious spaces between kitchen ceiling and chamber floors about which lurk tales of privateers and hiding. This incorporation with newer forms is another way in which the old is lost. It's being done today with concrete and art shingles. It was done with porches and mansards. Added to fire, decay, hard use, city growth and the return of prosperous sons who tear down the old and build the latest, the old greens and highroads are having a hard time to preserve their traditions. Many a well-meant new house stands and almost barks, so aggressively out of place is it.

By 1735 the tight-eaved look of the old gambrel and salt-box house—the narrow, eyebrowless look—was going from houses. The builders of Newport were putting on "mundillion cornishes" and turning the heavier eaves in boxed returns against the walls. The eaves continued to have great attention in intricate workmanship, delighting the eye, for the next one hundred years. The modillions—flat boxlike ornaments—were adjusted to the angle of the end gables; the Hancock House had acanthus leaves carved on each one. Builders also found delight in adjusting panel lines to the slants of stairs by the middle of the eighteenth century.

By 1750 the gambrel roof was an old story and the deck roof came in for large squarish houses, often with a balustrade high upon the roof, called a "captain's walk" if the house were near the sea. This was a time when the clapboard was pushed aside for elaborate houses, and pine boards were carefully cut to indicate the "coarses" of stone or marble, with quoins up the corners and keystones cut over the windows. "Rustication" is what this was called. It marks the period of 1750 to 1776—until the Revolution. Mount Vernon has one face cut that way, and there are many examples in New England.

After we have grown used to identifying gambrel roofs and salt-box houses and overhangs and old gables and balustraded roofs, we come to a curious conclusion: Never a one of them has had its gable to the front. No old house of the 1600's or 1700's ever had its gable to its front. They all stand broadside on. Even if it was a one-room house it had its roof dripping over the front door. It is the most fixed rule in deciding the date of an American house. All old American houses are broadside to the front. No! You can't find one where the main roof is not built that way.

The commonest type of wooden houses, as millions exist today, standing gable to the front, were built after 1800. They had another origin and did not develop from the old framed house.

Another point about these old houses; their front doors were often aimed at a sightly view—a distant glimpse, a sunny garden spot. Within a radius of five miles of my home in Connecticut, I know over sixty old houses that face and have their front door toward a vantage point of beauty or the south. Country houses were not absolutely governed in their setting by the road. Seldom does a barn mar the outlook, although old houses facing a new barn can be found. A sidewalk setting, such as Newport and Kingston and Marblehead have for their old houses, convinces one of how much a wooden house needs a green setting of stately elms or bowery apple trees.

The Era of Prosperity

All the new houses by 1750 had a hall through the middle and a straight stair against the wall. We know what a triumph it was to be rid of that blocking central chimney and be able to walk from room to hall and on without going through the other rooms. This was achieved by the two-chimney house with four fireplaces, backing each other two and two. Paneled walls, corniced rooms, built-in cupboards beside the fireplaces, staircases with their slender turned balusters, three on a tread, mahogany rails, easy treads, low risers, made the stumpy banister and boxy steps and tiny entry of the older houses seem far behind the time.

The first half of the eighteenth century was an era of prosperity, the days of Queen Anne, days of paying colonies, big wigs and fine clothes. The governor of New York left in 1745 with £100,000, "through advantages of his position." Colonel Sparkhawk's room had forty portraits. Pepperell had a crest over every door. Hancock's newel post, first of its make, was a wizardry in wood. People began to see engravings of cities and houses and rooms. We now look at these pictures to see what they had then—what houses, rooms, chairs, tables, mantels, panels, floor covering. The same pictures were looked at when new, to see how the new house was to be built, the new room finished and furnished.

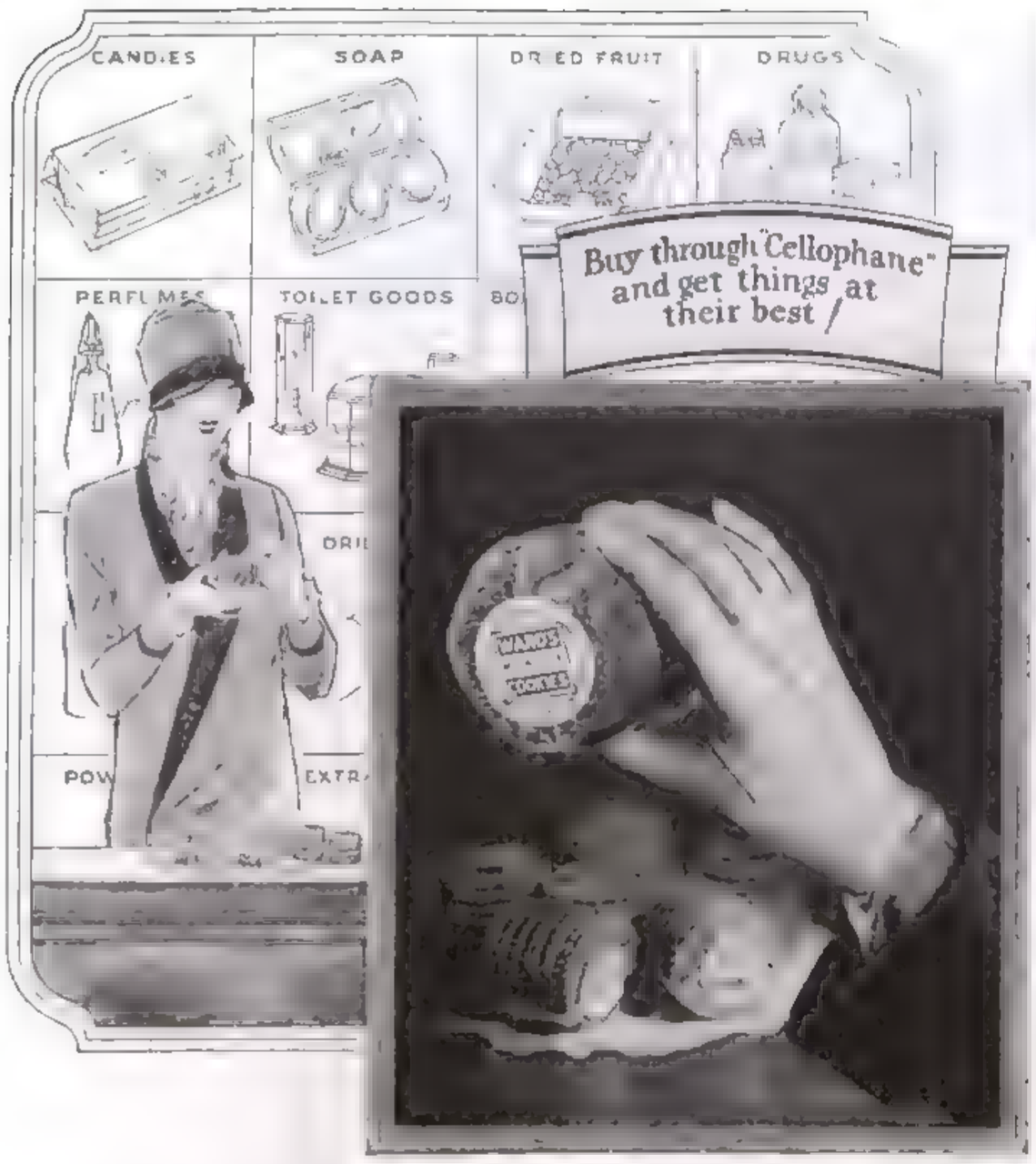
Rooms of this period were often paneled only on the fireplace side, plastered on the others. It couldn't have been that the paneling was safer from fire, because it wasn't, and many a fire was started from behind such panels. Nor was it economy, for other details were generous—such as built-in cupboards and marvelous stair rails—so that it seemed sure the other three sides of the room could have been paneled. I offer this as a suggestion for the reason of it. The fireplace side, free of windows, showed paneling well. It was the side that occupants would sit and look at, for who ever faced away from an open fire? But it was not the side for furniture, for the fire and circle of sitters would occupy it. I think they left the other walls unpaneled,

(Continued on Page 48)

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

"Is this a Body by Fisher?" asks the prospect on the salesroom floor. Practically everyone recognizes the fact that Fisher is the leader in body design, style and construction. So that the product may be more easily identified, the symbol "Body by Fisher" is found forward on the lower right exterior of every Fisher Body



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·VISIBILITY···PROTECTION···BEAUTY·

(Continued from Page 46)

but usually corniced, so that furniture—the tall secretary, the high chest of drawers—could be placed there or changed about, for no one can set furniture off center on a panel.

By 1750 the paneled room began to wane. First the small panel lost ground, and long wide panels from cornice almost to floor were in fine houses. By the Revolution the cornice alone was being put in rooms, and a chair rail called a surbase. Associating it with the reason for change, it is easy to remember. Wall papers, new in idea, were to be had, and who wants panels when he wants papers?

At first Chinese patterns with rich colors on their varnished surfaces, then European and classic designs, then simpler, cheaper ones, doomed the paneled wall. Gradually even the wooden cornice went, yielding to plaster by 1800, to wall-paper borders by 1860.

It is by the coming in of things that the period of house interiors can be placed in one's memory. The houses up to 1740 usually had no shelves on their mantels. The fireplace was surrounded by a frame of moldings and by panels. For what would a shelf be needed? No clock ran without a long pendulum—the grandfather or wag-at-the-wall type. The first short pendulums were always called table clocks. Mantel clocks were unknown until somebody thought of a shelf for the mantel. Then when the shelf was there—about 1740—everybody began to buy clocks and China monsters to put on them. One wonders if a kitchen shelf did not suggest the mantel—a resting place for the housewife's spoon and fork and salt in the days of kettles and crane.

We think of eighteenth-century house building as local in its opportunities, but the geologist gives evidence that Hancock, in Boston, had his stone, scrolled door top from Middletown, Connecticut, and also traces all the carefully cut, shapely, generous doorsteps of ruddy brownstone, scattered far and wide through New England, to that same source. Their old hearthstones were huge enough for pagan altars. The silver-gray, mottled marble fireplace facings were brought from Conshohocken, outside Philadelphia. One has to stop and wonder how they managed it all. As one enthusiast on early days says, "They had the idea of eternity in their souls and when they were right they were magnificent."

Paul Revere's Ride Transplanted

It is the front doorway on a house that is often the first thing to catch the eye and offer a clew as to the date. They were things of beauty in old houses, a point where expenditure and attention were given. See a door with a row of little panes, rectangles or round-shouldered at the upper corners, maybe one a bull's-eye, over a two-leaved door and you have the oldest it is possible to find. It hovers around 1700. Find a door with a broken arch and rosettes on the curving scroll—there is one in Durham, Connecticut, and Longmeadow used to have them—and you have something of 1737 or later, inspired by the Hancock one, carved in stone in Connecticut and repeated in wood on the houses of the day. It is a Christopher Wren idea, baroque in origin.

One is still on Westover, in Virginia. It is the courant line of Louis XV and exists on clock tops and high chests and secretaries of the same period.

The next landmark in old doors in point of time, is the half round fanlight set in wooden bars. It is contemporary with the appearance of the Palladian, or three-part, window in the attic, and belongs to 1750 and onward to the Revolution.

After the Revolution, as definitely defined as our change in government, come side lights on the doors. None before, many after. At first the top was a round-headed fan. By 1790 appears the ellipse fanlight and we have the loveliest of American doorways. A fan of glass, seven feet across, spanning the door and side lights below, lighting the hall by day and the doorsteps by night, it has intricate, gracefully curved sections of glass, fanning out from a spread-eagle at the lower center; while little garlands and loops of lead embellish the whole in light, airy beauty. These are often spoken of as "leaded glass." But the intricate frame is of right-angled zinc in an ellipse of wood, into which the glass is puttied, with contraction and expansion provided for by a sliding overlap. The garlands, the eagle, the rosettes are lead and were originally covered with gold leaf.

No curved walls, no circular stairs, no separate columns were built before the Revolution. No tall pillars, barring the Roger Morris, or Jumel, house—1768—on the heights of northern Manhattan: the pioneer in pillars in America. This is a disturbing fact to the picture makers, who have long been fond of drawing the mansion of Colonial days with stately columns. It calls to mind what terrible trouble the moving-picture folk had to get a village and road for Paul Revere to gallop on! What with trolleys and telephone poles, electric lights, bungalows and gasoline stations they had to choose old Somers, in New York state, instead of Massachusetts.

The Cape Cod House

In agricultural days fine farmhouses were in rich valleys, on good land. Old one-room houses linger still on sand barrens—the occupants never earned money enough to build better. Then came shipping-fortune towns and mansions of the days of their prosperity. They line the New England shore. Portland, Portsmouth, Salem, New Bedford, Kingston, Newport, New London, Southport—what wealth of old houses the names can conjure to mind. Manufacturing prosperity came later and built some good early houses, but all this time one long, bent arm of land projected into the sea, and men kept on building neat, compact, little homes, to be known at a glance, the best small wooden type ever built—a Cape Cod house!

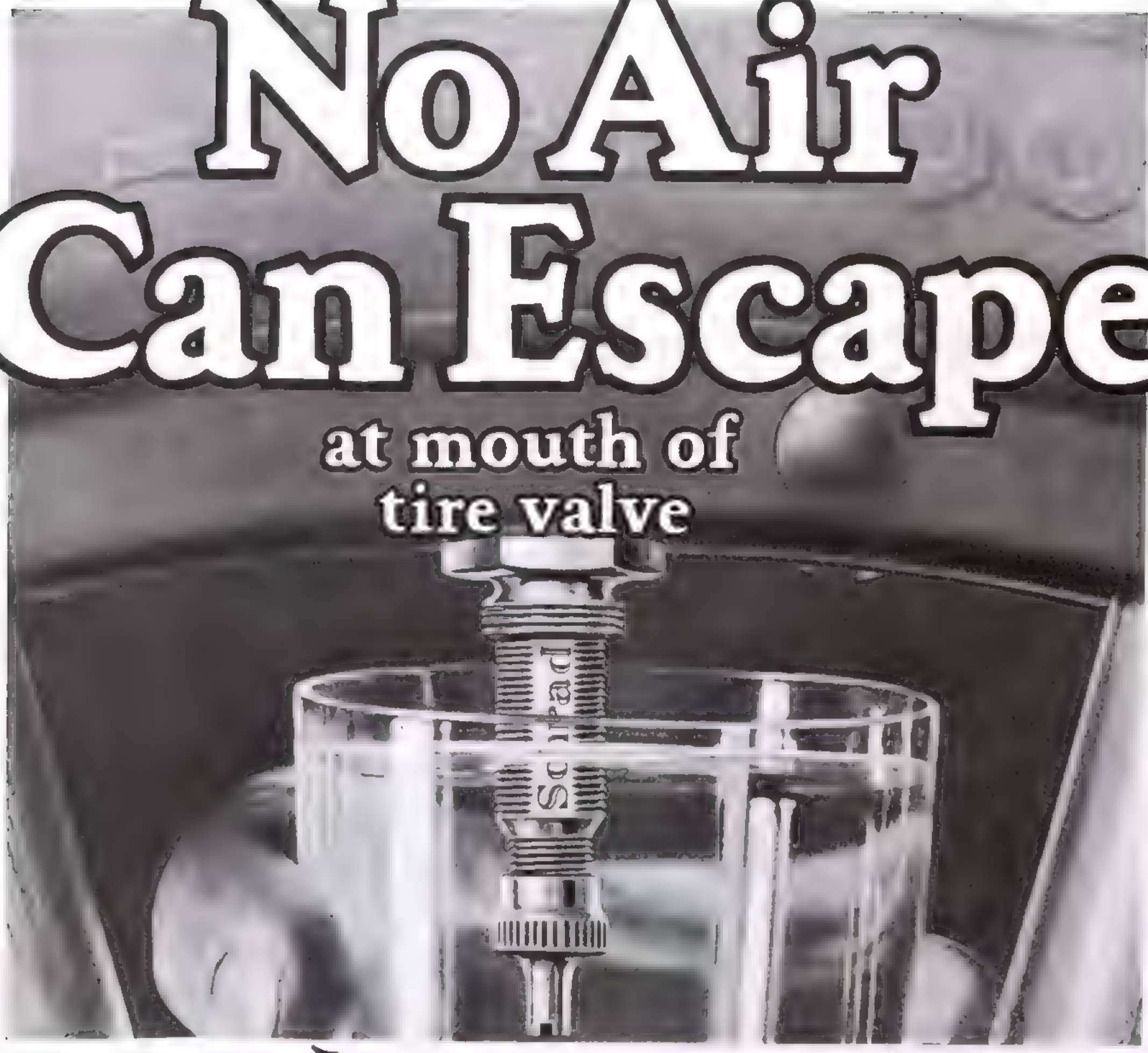
Broadside to a one-story front, the door in the middle, it has a small entry, a square room on each side, space for two rooms behind and a chimney in the middle of the gable roof. The ends show the upstairs chamber windows in each gable with little windows to light the eaves' closets, long as the house. All are dazzlingly white, all shipshape in neatness, all close-eaved, trimmed to the wind. They have astonishingly large floor space in their group of rooms and show ornaments only on eave line or doorway, where delicate dentils or interlaced lines of curves are laid in the pine. Low set on brick foundations, set by scooping a level on the ever-heaving sand, it looks as if the parable of the house built on the sand had slipped from verity, for many of them are nearer two hundred years than one in age. They have ways of their own down there; the doors open out—it saves room!

New England stands in memory as a land of white villages nestled in elms—but not in the retrospection of old-timers. One who can recall Civil War days will reminiscently say some houses were weather-beaten, some were ocherous, some were drab, the academy was yellow. And was not the little school on the hill always red in the days when the ink bottles were set beneath the stove in winter?

One of the most ancient and appreciated old houses, weather-beaten and silvery, is in Dedham—oldest of all, is its claim—now owned by the incorporated descendants of its founder. One day some very wealthy scions came motoring to see it, the venerable, honored, almost three-century-old house. Only one of the family went in; the rest sat in the motor. They would have gloried in such a family nest as the Jeremiah Lee house, with a mahogany stair twelve feet wide, but this, most venerable of all, was too old, too rare, too suggestive of simplicity and toil to claim as a place of origin.

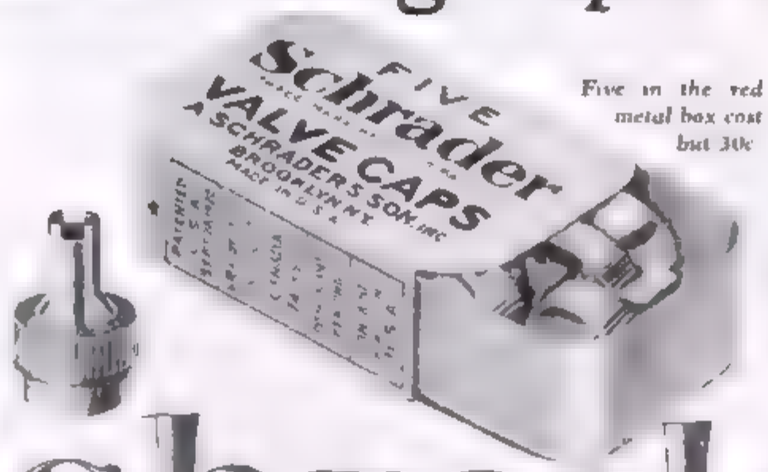
No Air Can Escape

at mouth of tire valve



Improved valve cap guaranteed air-tight up to 250 lbs.

Make sure that a Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap covers and protects every one of your tire valves, including the spare. No air can escape at the mouth of the valve when this improved valve cap is screwed down tight by hand. It is guaranteed air-tight up to 250 lbs.



Five in the red metal box cost but 30c

Should the valve inside become worn out or damaged, the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap prevents escape of air at mouth of the valve until you have an opportunity to replace the inside. Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

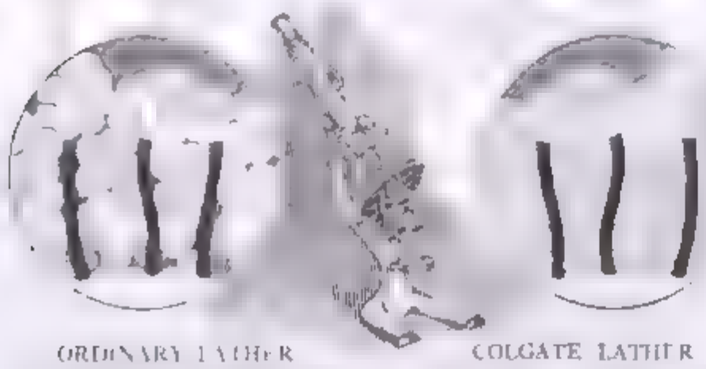
Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

These *tiny* bubbles soften toughest beards

They get deep down to the base of every whisker—soften each hair scientifically right where the cutting is done



ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture [illegible] nified) of ordin[illegible] fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not [illegible] direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right down where the razor does its work.

THERE is no mystery about Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. It is based on this scientific principle: water is the real beard-softener.

Colgate chemists experimented to produce a lather that would hold *more water*. They found that the secret lay in bubbles. They created this "small-bubble" lather that fairly swims with moisture.

If you look at the lather-pictures above, you will see proof. Note the amazing smallness of the Colgate bubbles. That is the reason you get a smoother, quicker shave with this modern cream.

How Colgate lather works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

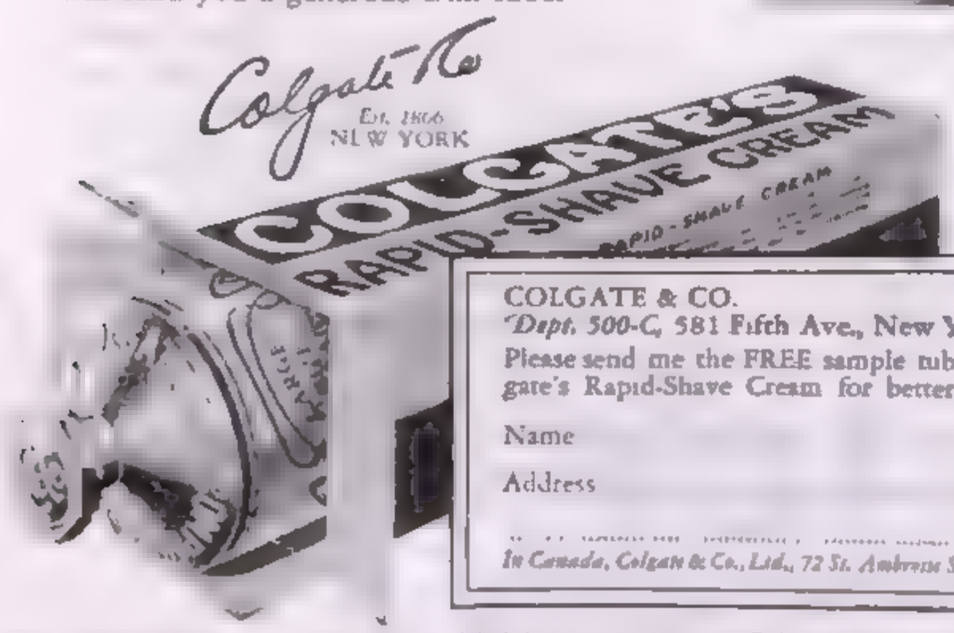
1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair and floats it away.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean, and your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A week's better shaves—Free

Once you try this unique "small-bubble" lather, we believe you will never go back to ordinary shaving methods. Prove this at our expense. Just clip and send the coupon. We will send you a generous trial tube.



COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 500-C, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.

Name

Address

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

Getting On in the World

On Being a Garage Mechanic

I'M JUST an ordinary mechanic, without any sixth sense for locating trouble in an automobile. But for some years I've been getting at least 50 per cent more than the regular rate for repair men, and this is due mainly to certain little systems I have worked out to protect myself against accidents of memory. If you have had much automobile repairing done you probably know this is a chronic complaint in nine shops out of ten. Maybe you think it is caused by stupidity, and I don't mind admitting that I felt that way about it myself after losing three good jobs in succession, until I had figured out the reason.

Stand around a while in the next garage you visit where repair work is under way, and you will see what I mean. Except when a mechanic is working on a major job, he will be called to look at something else in the way of an emergency half a dozen times in thirty minutes. Every once in a while it will happen that several such jobs turn up just after he has started a small but important operation, such as filing the contact points in the distributor. Another man, in the meantime, may have snapped on the cover, put down the hood and moved the car to make room, and when the mechanic gets back he thinks he was finishing instead of starting. The motor starts and runs evenly, and the car is reported ready for service. After a while the owner turns up, pays his bill, and drives off, only to have the car stall a few blocks away.

I knew that this sort of thing happened, but it didn't occur to me to do anything about it, until one day while I was out of work I watched an electrical specialist going over a machine. He told me it belonged to a good customer who had instructed him to make a complete check of starting, lighting and ignition systems. He removed a screw holding in place the generator cover, and then wiped the film of oil and dust away so he could get a good grip. Just then a man drove up in the usual terrific rush to get some water in his battery. Five minutes later the mechanic came back to his job and started to replace the screw, thinking he had finished with the generator.

Right there I made up my mind to put a mark on every bit of work I tackled, and since then nothing has come back on me. For a time I got along nicely with a piece of chalk, marking each job as I completed it. Then I began keeping a card record on each car I handled. Every garageman knows that most motor troubles not due to broken parts are electrical in origin. I found, however, that it was the custom even among good mechanics to go at the hunt for trouble more or less haphazard. A man would start sometimes by examining the distributor, and again by taking out the spark plugs. My plan was to start at the beginning, which is the battery, and to work from there along the line of the current to starting switch, starting motor, distributor, generator, and so on. Though I didn't keep percentage records, it was remarkable how many little things developing in the operation of the car were corrected merely by cleaning and tightening the battery terminals.

Maybe I ought to explain that many motorists who think they are taking the best of care of their machines, looking regularly to the lubrication, pay no attention to the electrical system, except to see that the battery is supplied with water. They become dissatisfied with the operation of the motor and think it is wearing out, for example, when the spark plugs foul too frequently, and often they spend a lot of money having new piston rings installed, when the real reason is poor firing due to a loose contact somewhere. The truth is that steels in most automobiles built in the past half dozen years are so well adapted to what is required of them that when the machine is properly operated the wear is almost imperceptible. Poor firing due to loose contacts will cause excessive piston and bearing wear, because when the gas vapor is not fired some of it condenses, and the gasoline cuts through the film of oil and runs down the cylinder walls to dilute the lubricant. The same little thing will cause excessive wear on transmission and driving gears by causing the car to jerk.

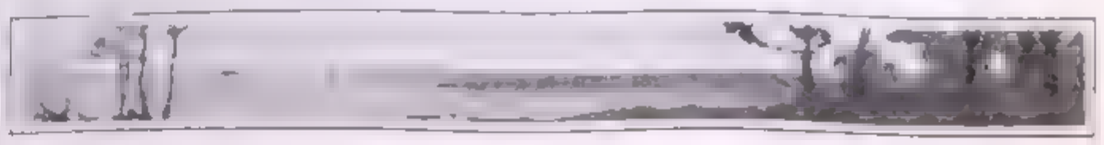
My job now is with the central service station of a dealer who handles a car on which a great selling point is the low annual average maintenance cost. The aim is to make only a nominal profit out of the repair shop, the theory being that if repair charges are kept down the increased sales to satisfied customers will make it worth while. It is my function to check every car in and out. I determine what needs to be done and then make sure it hasn't been skimped or skipped altogether. We've worked up an enormous amount of regular minor adjusting work, the volume of which offsets the low individual charges. And meantime we're getting wonderful mileage records, and the only time we have any towing to do is when one of our owners gets into a collision.

This is not because our repair men are better than others. One of the chief reasons for it is the effort we make to correct driving faults. My job is not only to find out what is wrong but wherever possible to discover why it happened. The idea is held in some shops that if you tell an owner how to make minor adjustments and how to avoid car troubles, you thereby reduce the amount of business. But it hasn't worked out that way in our shop. We do everything possible to eliminate the mystery. Often the most complicated trouble is due to a driving error. On some cars, for example, you can't slip the clutch, while others won't work well unless you do. An owner can hardly know about this unless he is told. My plan is to ride around the block with the owner when he gets his car back, letting him do the driving.

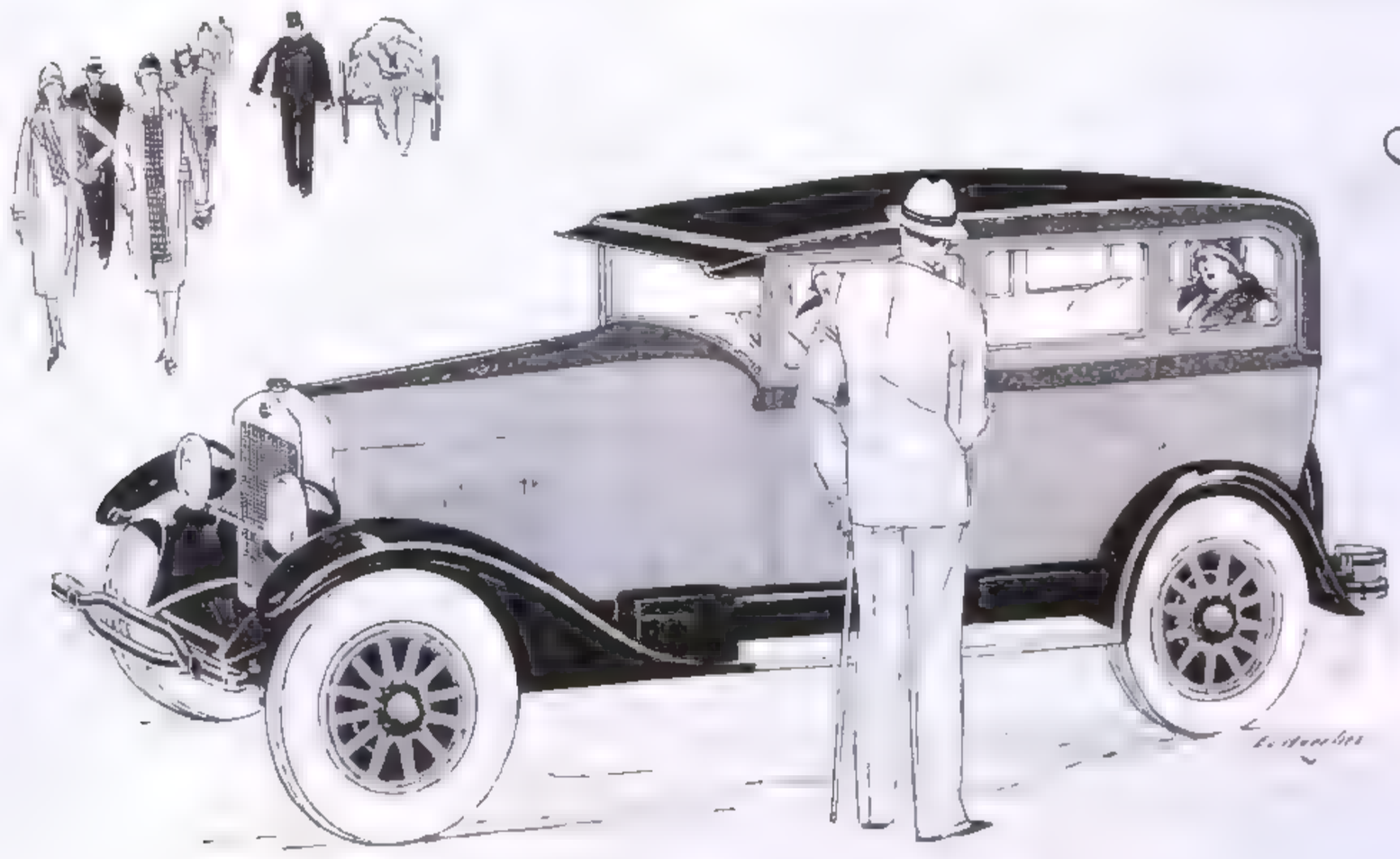
In principle all automobile engines are alike, but all sorts of differences develop in the way the principle is applied. For a long time I got along like most other mechanics in making adjustments. Then I discovered that a great deal of time may be saved and better work produced by working from the instruction book furnished by every manufacturer. Often this will be found at the bottom of the tool chest. The owner has never looked at it. When it is missing a copy generally may be obtained from the nearest distributor of the particular make of car.

Lots of jobs that a man without guidance would normally tackle from beneath the car may be handled from above if he has the maker's charts at hand. Knowing the exact clearances also makes possible accurate workmanship.

It has been my experience that owner confidence is the greatest asset any repair man can have. In our shop we try to cultivate it by always telling the owner why the trouble developed. The consequence is that though we do not solicit work except on our own cars, the shop is always filled with other makes. We do our best to keep these running smoothly and economically, and sooner or later the boss gets most of them as trade-ins when he sells one of our cars. But even where the owner sticks to his own make we keep the customer for servicing.



You can look over its top
– but you can't overlook its roominess



As you see the Erskine Six at the curb or deftly threading its way through the tangled web of traffic, you cannot judge how much roominess its low-swung, compact body affords. But get in the Erskine and you'll discover the most efficient utilization of body space you've ever seen.

And here is where the genius of the master body designer is physically evident. For Dietrich, master designer of costly custom bodies, has here attained a triumph of inches—a victory of dimensions. You'll realize this as you step through one of its wide doors. Though you be six-foot-two and the scales say better than two hundred you will note there is room to spare.

Plenty of head and leg room

Get in the back seat and stretch out—plenty of leg room there. Measure the distance between the top of your hat and the roof of the car—inches to spare! Get in the front compartment—the same roominess and convenience.

Performance defined by new standards

It is to the seasoned motorist that the performance of the Erskine Six is most impressive. To you its ability to develop 60-mile speed quickly means a new order of efficiency in engine design.

—you will recognize nimbleness beyond past experience in its 5 to 25 mile acceleration in 8½ seconds.

—you will see a welcome ease of handling in the Erskine's 18-foot turning radius—in the limited space in which it will park.

—and in its ability to climb hills as steep as 11% in high under full load, you will recognize its inbuilt ruggedness and power.

And last, where the climax belongs, is its exceptional economy. Tests show 25 to 30 miles to the gallon of gas; 1000 miles to the gallon of oil.

Styled for fashionable Europe

The Erskine Six is the "little aristocrat" in every line and contour. European fashionables at the great foreign motor shows in Paris and London paid high tribute to the sophisticated style of the Erskine.

Try out the Erskine Six for yourself. If you fall in love with it the first time you drive it—if you have the insistent feeling that you *must* have one for your own personal uses (no matter how many cars there are at home now)—don't be surprised! Others—at Palm Beach for instance—have felt the same.

ERSKINE SIX CUSTOM SEDAN

$995 *f. o. b. factory*

Custom Coupe, $995 *Business Coupe, $945*
Tourer, $945

Bumpers—front and rear—included, of course

Equipment Erskine Six Custom Sedan: 4-wheel brakes; full size balloon tires; two-beam headlights; bumpers, front and rear; oil filter; rear traffic signal light; cowl ventilator; one-piece windshield; thief-proof concidental lock to ignition and steering; automatic windshield cleaner; rear vision mirror; hydrostatic gasoline gauge on dash; instrument board compartments; dome light; robe rail; broadcloth upholstering with broadlace trim.

ERSKINE SIX

Studebaker's New 2⅓ Litre Car

for Sleep *that* Rests *and* Rebuilds

Please note below the 3-day test offer

Now a new Swiss food-drink that brings quick sleep, and builds you up as you rest

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your morning logy, your energy drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to overcome this—a way to sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening. *That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.*

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy, quickly and naturally. This is why:

First—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work, to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

Not to exceed 30 days' supply to one family

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

© 27 T W Co.

The first night I took Ovaltine I fell asleep quickly and slept better than for months past. Ovaltine is wonderful by soothing and it is also a very pleasant beverage.
A. L. Muhlstaed, Albany, N. Y.

I had not had real restful sleep in over five years. S— taking Ovaltine I sleep better and have more ambition to work. It makes sleep come naturally.
George Knox, Burlington, Vt.

The Wander Company, Dept. 1312
378 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
Name
Street
City *State*
One package to a person.

Send for 3-day test

EELS

(Continued from Page 29)

And so—"Can't do it right now, John. I've just had to fix up Wilson and Rennie, and the unions are raising Cain with us too. You can see for yourself it's impossible. Later, perhaps—you remind me of it later. I'll think it over."

Their first baby arrived before he got a raise in pay, and then it was only ten dollars a month.

"But that helps some," he remarked cheerfully, and Julia agreed. They had scrimped and saved for the event, but even with the additional income they ran into debt. The baby caught everything a baby can catch and their doctor's bills staggered them. However, John stuck to it and gradually worked out, and by the time Junior was able to toddle around he was clear and had a few dollars in the bank.

Then Julia's sister married a former admirer of Julia's and old man Pratt borrowed a hundred dollars from John to help pay for the wedding.

"I suppose we'll have to give it to him," said Julia dismally. "If we don't, poor Clara ——"

"Of course. Your father'll pay me back all right."

But Mr. Pratt displayed a cheery unconcern about the loan that was very baffling. Months went by and he never referred to it, and John hesitated to broach the subject. When at last he hinted about payment his father-in-law told him breezily not to worry—he would fix that up pretty soon.

"Perhaps he doesn't know how much we need it," John ventured.

"Yes, he does. But papa was always like that. Leave it to me."

Julia went after her sire without any circumlocution. At first Mr. Pratt tried to laugh the matter off as a trivial oversight, but when his daughter's cross-examination became acid he stood on his dignity and brusquely declined even to discuss the matter. It was a business arrangement between him and John—something for men to decide—and John never got his money back.

They lived on a modest scale in a street of brick cottages. Julia did her own housework and John took care of the yard. They had gradually made a few friends, but what with the baby and the sacrifices required of them in order to keep within their income, they had few outside amusements. Once or twice a year they took in a show at the opera house when the manager gave John passes he did not want.

Apart from the struggle for existence, their church was the most potent factor in their lives and provided most of their diversion. They went regularly to morning service and the midweek prayer meeting, and were active workers for every sociable or entertainment the various affiliated societies put on. John nursed a secret ambition to sing in the choir, too, but was far too diffident to make it known, and there was nothing else to indicate his qualifications. Nobody ever even hinted that he should join, although there wasn't a member of the congregation who sang louder.

In the Christmas-tree festivities he took a leading part, and both he and Julia were placed on the committees in charge of the annual summer excursion to Port Fisher. What a time they had, too—traveling in a special train, and with a special steamer to take them for a special trip on the lake. Every group carried its own lunch basket, but rowboats and bathing suits were rented. The baby contracted some sort of rash from his, but he had a glorious day in the sand and fearlessly wet his toes in the receding surf. There were the usual thrills from near-drownings and families getting separated, and two canoes turned over and they had to fish the Somers girl and Doc Thomas out of the water.

And then the long journey home, with everybody worn out but satisfied. The men peeled off their coats, the women brazenly loosened the tight collars of their shirt waists. Babies wailed and children romped in the aisles, smearing everybody they passed. Girls who ordinarily were too proper to look sidewise at a boy relaxed and rested against the shoulders of their escorts with an air of being unaware of it. Clouds of insects buzzed around the dim lamps, and when the train came to a stop it grew breathlessly still and hot. But what excitement when they were sidetracked for half an hour in order to give right of way to one of Phil Armour's cattle specials! It sort of made them feel important, in contact with big business. No wonder that the members of the congregation talked of little else for a month afterward.

John bought a tandem bicycle on the installment plan, too, and they took long rides in the country. Julia would not even consider a divided skirt, but she did take up the old one an inch. No, life wasn't monotonous for the Does. They had their share of fun.

John kept a budget and entered every penny they expended, because a hundred cents make a dollar and they had to be careful. Regularly every week he contributed a portion of his pay to church activities and subscribed to the established charitable organizations when they called upon him.

"Don't you think—it seems to me—how can we afford it, John?" Julia protested.

"But it's a duty, mother."

"Yes, I know that. But couldn't we give less? We give far more in proportion to what you make than most people."

But John was firm on this. It was a principle with him; he figured on a certain percentage of his income for such purposes and was ready to make the necessary sacrifices.

It can be easily imagined that the Does enjoyed the respect of the community. Of course John did not make much money, but they were by no means classed among the poor, and they paid their debts and asked no favors. Consequently more prosperous men showed a friendly interest in him and often tarried to talk after church service. Yet these cordial relations brought no material benefits and he was still plugging along on modest pay at the furniture factory when their second child arrived. They christened her Blanche.

"You'll just have to get that increase, or I don't know how we'll manage," his wife declared.

John went to the manager. Curiously enough, he did not argue for a raise on the strength of his work, but after a long and rambling preamble, finally rested his case on the birth of the baby. That gave the manager his opportunity.

"John, I like you," he said, "and I'd like to see you get ahead; but you know as well as I do business is slack and we can't stand any more overhead."

"Yes, I know that, Mr. Preston. But I don't know how I can get along now that the baby ——"

"You certainly don't expect us to raise wages according to the family census, do you?" the manager shot back. "Why, if we did that, those bohunks out there'd be drawing more pay than I do."

John flushed, taken aback. "Well, I suppose—I guess there's no use then ——"

"Not just now, anyhow, John. Later, perhaps."

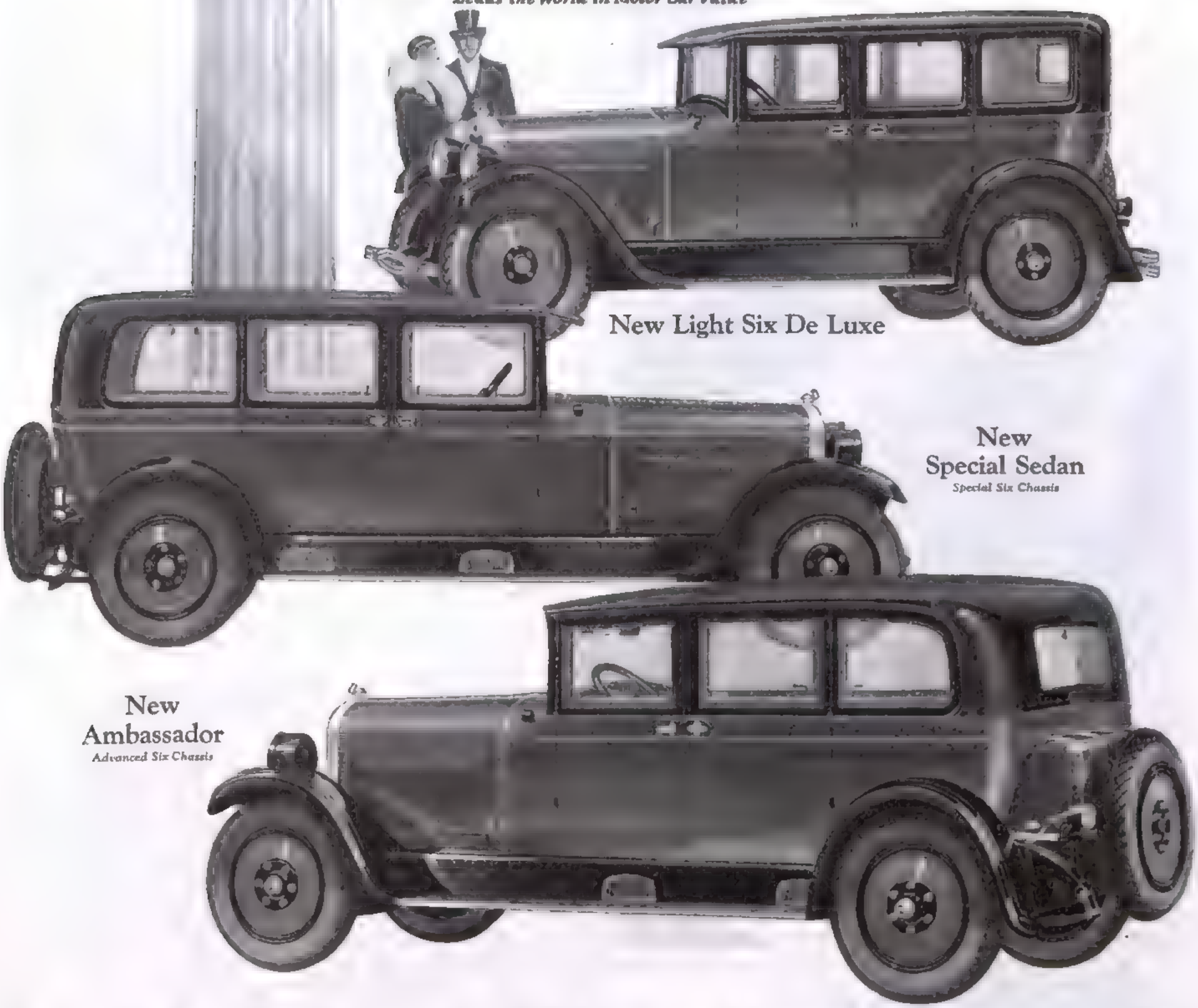
And John departed with that meager comfort. However, he obtained an increase shortly afterward. The manager of the shipping department threw up his job for a better one in a larger city and his employers saw an opportunity to fill his place with a saving of salary. They gave it to John at thirty dollars a month less than the previous incumbent had been drawing.

"He'll do all right," the superintendent told the boss. "He isn't the man Thompson was, and never will be, but he knows

(Continued on Page 54)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value



New Light Six De Luxe

New Special Sedan
Special Six Chassis

New Ambassador
Advanced Six Chassis

23 *Models*—4 Wheelbase Lengths

Prices Range from $865 to $2090

f. o. b. factory

Never before in its history has Nash offered so compellingly attractive an array of motor car values.

Colorfully finished in exquisite blends and harmonies, of supreme gracefulness in line and design, and richly appointed and fitted thruout, this great group of 23 models provides America's most inviting opportunity in the selection of a motor car.

Embraced within this notable array of body styles are three distinct series—the *Light* Six, *Special* Six, and *Advanced* Six, and 4 wheelbase lengths, for the Advanced Six Series includes models of extra long wheelbase.

And of particular interest is the sensational new Nash body design as exemplified by the new *Cavalier* model and new *Special* Sedan on the Special Six chassis, and the new *Ambassador* and the new *Special* Sedan on the Advanced Six chassis, together with the superb new Light Six De Luxe Sedan—the style car of the $1000 field.

Each model of the 23 possesses the superlative performance ability of the great Nash 7-bearing motor—*the world's smoothest type.*

And each model offers as standard equipment, at no extra cost, 4-wheel brakes of special Nash design, and 5 disc wheels.

5 N4

Walk-Over Shoes

Style toes the mark when fit comes to heel

YOU see and notice shoe style in the toe shape. There most shoes stop. Walk-Overs are built with a heel that keeps style toed to the mark. The pear-shaped heel, exclusively Walk-Over, makes this custom fitted shoe grip the heel, and hug at the top without a gap. This is the Burly. Choose it, or many other styles, at the leading prices of $7, $8.50, $10 and $12, according to the grade. Get the toe style you like, with the ease and aristocratic look that has made Walk-Overs the largest selling trade-marked shoes in the world.

Walk-Over Shoes for Women as well as Men are made by

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

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the job and he's honest and works like sixty."

About this time Julia's sister Ruby came to visit them. It was their expectation that she would stay the usual month, but she lingered on.

"She doesn't say a word about going home," Julia exclaimed as the days passed.

"Oh, well, it's fine having her."

"And she is a help to me round the house," agreed Julia. "I don't know what I'd have done without Ruby the last six weeks. The baby simply loves her, and she's so good to Junior."

Long ere this John had dismissed the loan to his father-in-law from his calculations, and when Mr. Pratt wrote from his sick bed to request a temporary accommodation to tide over a few weeks he readily complied. It made quite a dent in his savings—savings built up slowly and painfully, a few dollars at a time—savings that represented doing without things they needed and sacrificing amusements both longed for—but John did not complain. Indeed, Julia appeared to feel the touch far more and lectured her father severely about it.

"That's a fine way to talk to your father, isn't it?" he cried sternly. "And all about a few trumpery dollars I'll pay back just as soon as I get well."

"You've been well three months now, and you haven't even mentioned it."

Mr. Pratt cleared his throat. He looked hurt, but kept his dignity. "John and I," he said, "will fix this up between us. I haven't heard him complain."

"No, of course not—because he's too good."

In order to switch from this unpleasant topic Mr. Pratt demanded to know whether that fellow Clyde Alexander had been hanging round their place much.

"He hasn't been there at all," replied Julia.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it, because I won't have my daughter running round with the likes of him."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's no good," said her father. "He's a bum."

"Is that why Ruby came to us?"

"I don't know," was the reluctant reply. "All I know is that she wouldn't listen to your mother or me at all, and I had to tell her flat out that loafer couldn't come to the house any more."

"Oh, I see."

"You say she hasn't seen him at all lately?"

"Not that I know of."

"That's queer—mighty queer," remarked old Pratt, becoming thoughtful.

The mystery was cleared up shortly after this conversation. Waiting one night until the supper things had been washed up and John was in his bedroom telling bedtime stories to Junior, Ruby haltingly admitted to Julia that she had a confession to make. Her sister stared at her in surprise—a surprise that turned to stupefied amazement as Ruby told the story in a sudden gush of words. She was married—yes, to Clyde Alexander. They had been married in May, after paps had ordered him to stay away from the house, and she was going to have a baby and—and

"Ruby!" cried Julia, her face ashen. She had to sit down to ward off an attack of giddiness.

"Well, you needn't look at me like that!"

"Married!" Julia repeated. "Oh, why did you do it? And why didn't you tell us? Where is he? Where is Clyde now?"

"That's what I don't know. That's just the trouble," wailed her sister, bursting into tears.

"Do you mean to say he's run off? Look at me! For heaven's sake stop bellowing or John will hear you! Oh, what'll we do? To think that my own sister —— How d'you mean, you don't know where he is?"

"Well, he said he'd come around next day and tell papa and mamma and fix everything up; but he never did, and I—I haven't seen him or heard a word from him since. I wish I was dead."

"It's a fine time to be wishing that!" retorted Julia.

Ruby went on sobbing. Julia stood looking at her, aimlessly twisting a dishrag in her hands.

"Well, we'll just have to tell John," she said at last. "Shut up! Of course we will. What else is there we can do? I'm sure I don't know how mamma and papa will take it, but —— Now stop that blubbering! It's done, and crying won't help any. You ought to have thought of that before. You go and wash your eyes with cold water and I'll call him out and tell him."

"Oh, I'll never be able to look him in the face again!" moaned Ruby.

"Rats! There's nothing to be ashamed of if —— You're sure you and Clyde are married, aren't you?"

"Cross my heart! Why, the idea!"

"All right then, we'll just have to tell John all about it and see if he can fix it up and get him back."

It was a dreadful blow to John. That sort of thing was beyond his ken. He kept rumpling his hair with his hand, exclaiming, "Gosh, this is terrible—terrible! Poor Ruby! What she must have gone through! I'll try to find him. No wonder she didn't want to go home. She'll never be able to face those people again. She'll have to stay here, Julia. Make her."

It did not require urging. Not for worlds would Ruby have returned home, to be subjected to the bitter recrimination of her parents and the sly curiosity of former friends; she would have run away and roamed the streets in preference. Julia realized this.

"I suppose you'll have to stay on with us," she remarked, unable to suppress her resentment entirely. "But maybe John will be able to find him and make him come back. I hope to goodness people won't think—can you prove you were married?"

"No. He took the certificate."

"Just what I thought! But we'll put a piece in the home paper right away, anyhow, so people will know. Mercy, what'll they think?"

"I don't care. I wish I was dead."

"That's all very well for you, but what about us?" snapped Julia.

As a matter of fact, people thought very little about the affair. The Pratts were too unimportant for their troubles to interest the public, and beyond some surprised and laughing conjecture among their neighbors, the announcement of Ruby's marriage did not leave a ripple. It was John who bore the brunt of the unfortunate affair, because his acquaintances and fellow workers regarded the marriage story as a blind, and it hurt his standing.

But time heals everything, and after Ruby's baby was born and the father still failed to appear, the young mother gained a certain sympathy.

"I'm not going to be a burden to you and John," she informed her sister. Julia naturally took this with a grain of salt. How could she help proving a burden? "I'm going to take in sewing. That's one thing I know how to do," Ruby announced.

She worked hard and charged ridiculously low prices, so that she soon had more than she could handle and was obliged to employ an assistant. It wasn't long before Ruby's business took up most of the house, yet very little profit remained at the end of the year. Julia thereupon suggested that she raise her prices, but both Ruby and John feared it would mean loss of customers.

"I've paid for my keep and saved a little," said Ruby, "and perhaps next year we'll make more."

"She's a dandy," John remarked later. "I never saw a woman pitch in the way she does. Honestly, I don't know what we would do without her."

Julia assented, but with mental reservations. There was no denying that Ruby was a help round the house and kept up her end of the expenses, but it was hard having an outsider always with them, no matter how fond they were of her. And

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"SMOKE, GREASE, no fresh air to breathe. As a chef, these are the conditions I have had to work under all my life. I got so constipated that I had to take pills continually. After some time, however, the pills did not work right. In the meantime I had hired a baker to do some pastry work for me and one day he said, 'You look sick, you need a rest and fresh air.' I told him I knew that as well as he did but had to work to take care of my family. Then he suggested Fleischmann's Yeast and I took him up on that. I ate it every day for about three months, sometimes in milk and sometimes in water. It surely brought my health back to me. I feel like a new man, have plenty of appetite and have regained my normal weight. I wish that all those who work inside would eat Yeast."

STEVE ANTICH, Denver, Colo.

"For Years *I was always tired*" —

"I WAS IRRITABLE, DESPONDENT. *Constipation clogged my system with the wastes from my own body; day after day I was literally, slowly poisoning myself. This had gone on for so long that I had begun almost to think my condition was normal.*

"I had heard of Fleischmann's Yeast again and again; I had listened to my friends tell what it had done for them. But, until a physician suggested it, I had never thought of trying it myself.

"The doctor told me that intestinal poisons were daily being absorbed into my body. First of all, he said, elimination must be made certain and regular.

"How simple and easy it was! Just three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day. I am alert, full of unconquerable energy. Constipation is gone—forever. My old optimism is on tap again."

THOUSANDS of letters like this are received by the Fleischmann Company every year. One person in every three American families is a user of this remarkable food today.

The millions of tiny active Yeast plants in every cake speed up elimination, keep the entire digestive tract clean. They aid digestion, clear the skin. They actually neutralize the poisons of constipation. Unlike weakening, habit-forming cathartics, Fleischmann's Yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles—"trains" them to do their proper work again.

Millions have found relief from their ailments in this sure, natural way. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today! Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place

Write for the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address Health Research Dept. D-32, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City

FOR A LONG TIME Miss Alice Cowart was too tired and discouraged to get much pleasure out of life—even the marvelous swimming in Hawaii was spoiled for her. "I was despondent," she writes. "My complexion was poor. I did not enjoy my meals." She did not know what was the matter, nor how to remedy the trouble. But a friend of hers who had been eating Fleischmann's Yeast suggested that she try it also. She did and was more than repaid. She says, "For the last six weeks I have averaged two cakes a day. Now I never feel tired out. I go surfing and swimming almost daily. And my complexion is better than ever before."

ALICE COWART, Honolulu, Hawaii

New York City's Only Woman Judge

BY THE

Hon. JEAN H. NORRIS, LL.B., LL.M., formerly Assistant City Magistrate, three years President, National Women Lawyers' Assn.; Member of the American Bar Assn.

"MY JUDICIAL DUTIES in the New York City Courts call for the expenditure of a great deal of nervous energy. The criminal courts in which I preside are open 365 days in the year. One must keep fit. Insomnia caused by indigestion has frequently prevented me from getting an adequate amount of sleep and threatened the impairment of the abundant energy with which I have been blessed. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast skeptically enough in the beginning but thankfully at the expiration of only two weeks, as the improvement in my digestion resulted in more restful sleep than I had had for years."

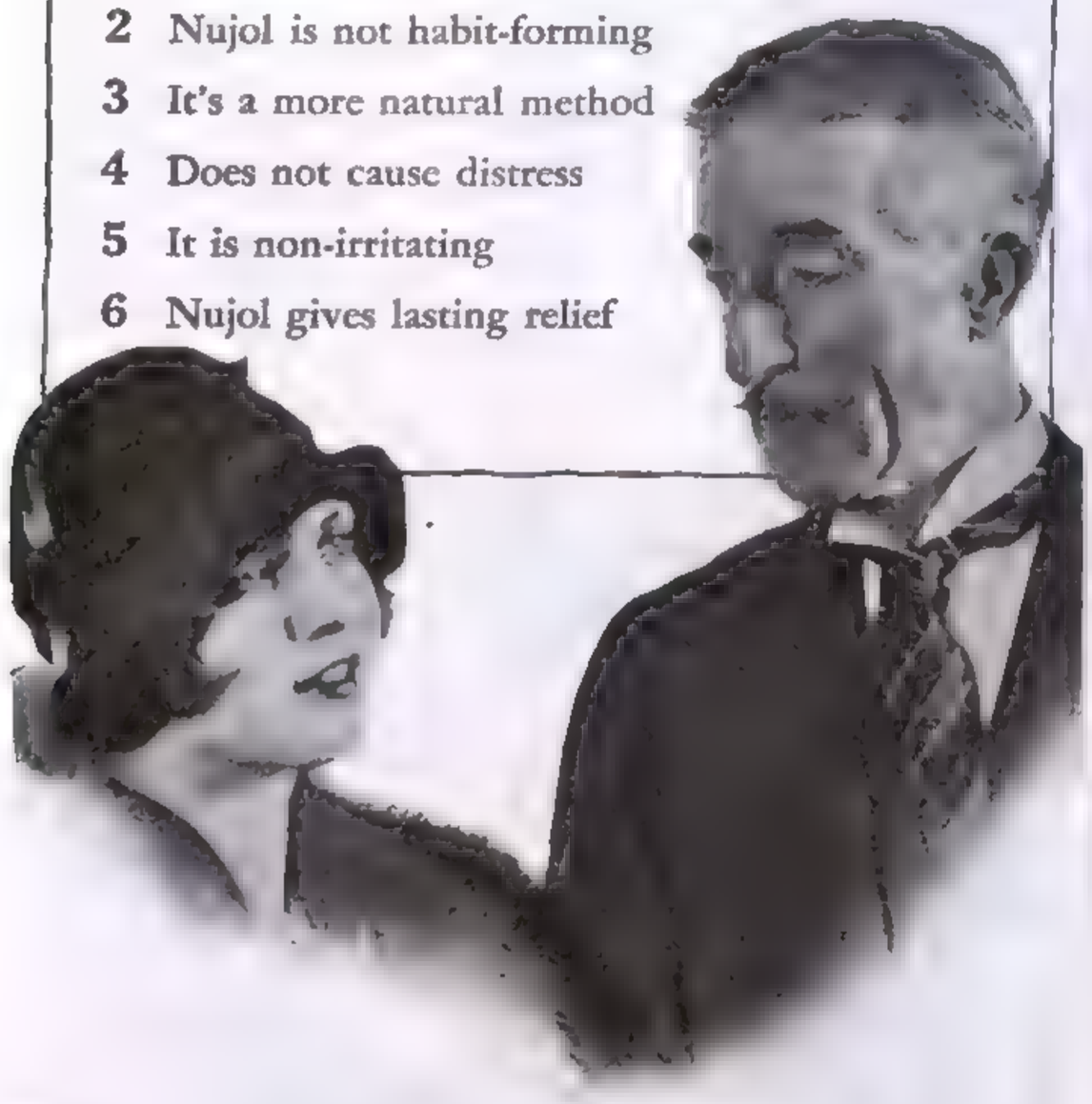
JEAN H. NORRIS

The New Easy Way to keep well

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal. Eat it plain, in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today.

Why physicians advise Nujol

1 A lubricant is better than a laxative
2 Nujol is not habit-forming
3 It's a more natural method
4 Does not cause distress
5 It is non-irritating
6 Nujol gives lasting relief



BY an overwhelming verdict, doctors all over the United States have endorsed the use of the Nujol type of treatment for constipation, in preference to dangerous drug-containing laxatives.

Among thousands interviewed, seven doctors out of ten condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics as injurious, habit-forming, irritating, and inflaming to the intestinal tract, weakening its natural functions.

Eight doctors out of ten advised the Nujol type of treatment. Why? For the six convincing reasons mentioned above. The source of this warning is authoritative. Won't you act on it *at once?*

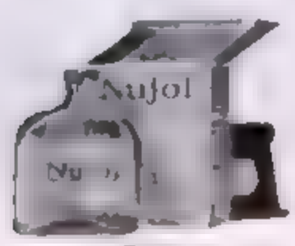
Nujol acts entirely differently from irritating laxatives and cathartics. For it contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens and lubricates the waste matter in the intestines so that elimination is regular, natural and thorough.

Nujol appeals to the medical men because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

Get Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol

FOR CONSTIPATION



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Accept This TRIAL Offer

NUJOL LABORATORIES, Room 827G, 26 Broadway, New York City
(In Canada, Address Nujol, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.)

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For book only, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from Page 54)

even a sister was an outsider after one was married and had children. No use talking, relatives ought never to live together after they grew up. Ruby was a brick, but—well, a home wasn't quite the same with somebody else in it. And it looked as if they might have her on their hands all their lives. Suppose she got sick. And what would they do with the baby as she grew up? Ruby had christened her Hope, poor little thing! They had barely enough room for their own needs.

Fortunately for the bulk of humanity, the needs of the day make too many demands for much worry about the morrow. The Does never had time to grow despondent. Whenever John and Julia paused to look ahead, an immediate emergency cut in to take their minds off it. Everything would come out all right—it always had. They never lost hope. Always back in their minds lurked a vague expectation of some crowning success which would make things easy for them. How it would come about they had not the slightest notion, but "Wait till our ship comes in" never lost its radiance as a beacon.

What castles in the air had they built together during the first warm exchanges of hopes and confidences! It had all seemed so easy then, the path straight and clear and short. Yet John was actually making very slow progress. The years were slipping by and he was still working for the furniture company; the couple had practically resigned themselves now to the idea that he always would work for them. If they still harbored any dreams of growing rich and launching into a new life, they did not talk of them because sometimes Julia was inclined to grow bitter.

He certainly had hard luck. The era of the bicycle appeared to have passed and the automobile was coming in. A rumor spread that a big company planned to start a factory in town—yes, there had been a man looking over a site, out beyond the brickyard, near the railroad. It started quite a flurry in real estate, and John was forehanded. Having heard of the project well ahead of the general public, he took his savings and bought two acres for six hundred dollars, right where the factory would probably need a spur. But somehow or other the undertaking petered out. They never built a factory and John held on to his vacant plot two years before closing with the brickyard for a hundred and fifty dollars for it.

"Just looks like I never could get ahead," he said patiently.

Yet others were prospering. Archie Anderson blew into town one day to see them, driving his own automobile, with Clara and their son in the back seat. His conversation was all of money, and in thousands. The big four-flusher. Always did shoot off his mouth! John didn't believe a word about all the money he had made. And that brat of a boy too! The reunion provoked strained relations between John and Julia for several days.

"I wonder how he ever came to marry Clara," exclaimed Julia.

"You mean how she came to marry him. She's a whole lot too good for Archie."

"What a mean thing to say! You always did hate Archie."

"Rats! I did nothing of the sort. But he's a cheap skate—anybody can see that."

"He's nothing of the kind. Look at all the money he's made! Papa says he's such a fine business man."

"Yeh, your father! Ha-ha!"

"You're just jealous."

"What would I be jealous about?"

"Because he's done so well and ——"

"And I haven't, hey? I haven't!" John retorted, his voice rising. "Is that it? I'm a failure, I suppose. You're always throwing Archie up to me. Yes, you are too. You're always saying what a fine business man he is and how much money he makes and —— Well, if you're so crazy about him, why didn't you marry him?"

"I could have—any time I wanted to," she cried.

John stared at her with his eyes wild and his face going red and white. Then he gulped and walked off.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Ruby told Julia. "Why, that Archie Anderson can't be mentioned in the same breath with John!"

"I guess I know that—you don't have to tell me."

"If every wife judged a husband by the money he made where would most of us be?"

"Who said anything about judging a husband by the money he makes? All I said was—and he simply snapped my head off—all I said was ——"

"Suppose husbands took to comparing their wives only with the beautiful ones," Ruby continued in a catty tone.

"What on earth are you driving at anyhow? You're just sore because you haven't got any husband at all."

"Maybe I am. That's why you're so lucky. If you had any sense you'd be mighty thankful for John and Junior and that angel Blanche, Julia."

"Huh!" sniffed Julia. "It all depends on the way you look at it, I reckon."

However, she was careful not to mention Archie again, and she ceased even to hint at their near-poverty. This restraint did not prevent her speculating about things, however. One night, after they had been discussing how they were ever going to pay for the removal of Blanche's adenoids and having Junior's teeth straightened, Julia looked up from her sewing and remarked, "I wonder what we're put into the world for anyway!"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, what is it all for? It can't be just to go on and on, cooking and sewing and sweeping and taking care of the children——"

"People have got to work, haven't they?"

"I know that. But surely there's some object in it all. If I thought ——"

"If we do our duty in this world we will get our reward in the next," John answered simply. His wife glanced at him sharply and started to say something, but thought better of it. "And there are the children," he reminded her.

Her face softened. "Yes, of course."

"Surely they're worth every sacrifice we can make for them."

"But, John, what I meant was—surely there must be something more than just raising children and providing for their future—and that's all we do. Yes, it is. You just think a minute, and you'll admit it. We're slaves to them. We work day and night for them and do without, and if they want something ——"

"Surely you aren't begrudging what we can give the children!" John cut in.

"Of course not. There you go, twisting what I meant. But when we do give them so much of ourselves, when we do give them our whole lives—what for? Huh? What for? I suppose they'll do the same by their children, and on and on indefinitely. Now what I'm getting at is, do we just have to keep on and on raising children to raise more children, or is there some plan, some scheme ——"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed John, breaking into a tolerant smile. "So you've been bothering your head about things like that, have you? What's the use? It won't get you anywhere. We're here and we've got to make the best of it."

"Yes, but are we making the best of it?"

"Oh, let's not talk about it. I'm sleepy. Come on to bed."

Junior would sometimes look up from his book to listen to these discussions. When they perceived he was interested, they would send him to bed or abruptly break off their talk. He was difficult enough to manage without having strange ideas put into his head.

In fact, it was a constant puzzle to the Does whence Junior derived his temperament. Certainly not from John, nor from Julia either, for that matter. He had grown

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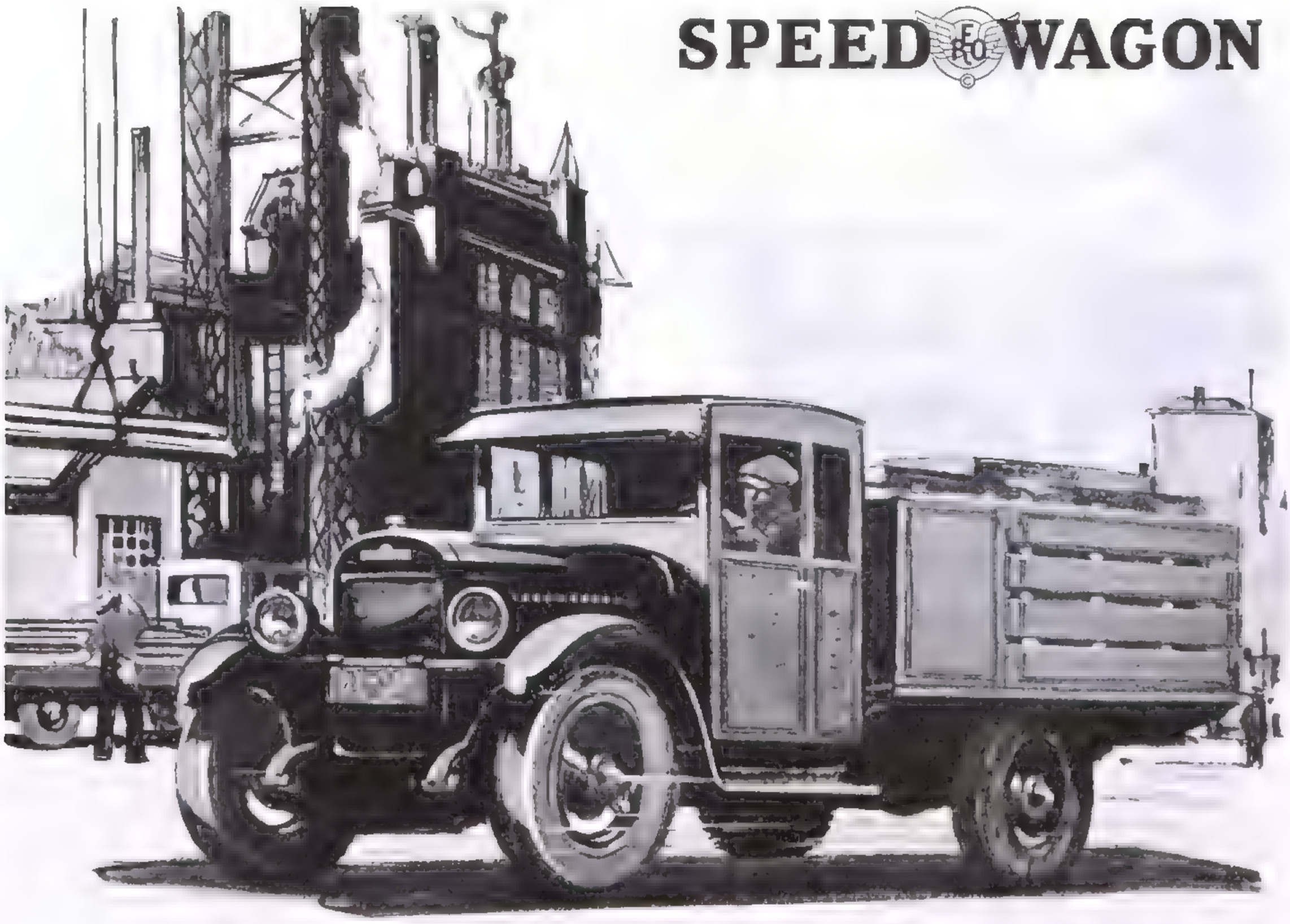
SPEED WAGON



There's No "Stretch" to Speed Wagon Prices

When you buy a Speed Wagon, you buy it at a price that is standard—close to manufacturing cost. Reo factory prices are universally known—they cannot be stretched to make a seemingly bigger allowance on your old truck.

Reo has refused to accept a sliding scale policy of trade-in allowance and purchase price, a false appearance of more generous deals. The only fair way, we believe, is one price to everyone. For after all, you are buying transportation; you want a fair allowance that represents a good bargain on your part, instead of seeming like one.

Years ago, Reo began the practice of setting a standard price on Speed Wagons. The buyer has confidence when figuring with a Speed Wagon dealer because he gets the same square deal that is offered to everyone. Your dealer is REO in your city.

CHASSIS PRICES
at Lansing

4-Cylinder	6-Cylinder
$1090	$1240

Heavy Duty
$1985

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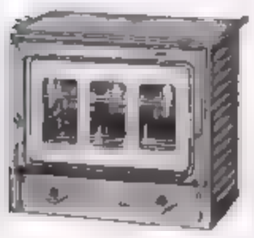
REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY · *Lansing, Michigan*

"It's just right!"—says the Kerogas housewife

Thousands of Kerogas housewives have learned that cooking on an oil stove equipped with Kerogas Burners means food that is "Just Right."



The Kerogas Oven

for Baking and Roasting is a fitting companion for the Kerogas Burner. As reliable as any range oven ever made, and as durable. Cakes bake uniform results because its temperature can be regulated perfectly.

The reason? With a Kerogas Burner a double flame is always under perfect control. Intense, moderate, low, simmering—each degree of heat is mastered by a simple turn of the control wheel.

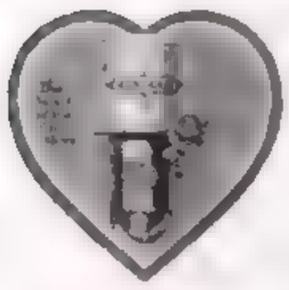
Economy? With one part kerosene the Kerogas Burner mixes 400 parts air. Kerosene is the cheapest of fuels and air costs nothing whatever. What a tremendous fuel saving is represented by these remarkable burners!

PATENTED

KEROGAS

TRADE BURNER MARK

Insist on an oil stove which has Kerogas Burners. A large variety of makes from which to choose. You may select either the Patented Kerogas Burner, using kerosene, or the Pressure Kerogas Burner, using gasoline. Visit your local dealer today—or write us.



The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This "Giant" is capable of the most intense heat—when you need it quickly—but is easily regulated for ordinary use.

Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas Burners are also available.

Manufactured by

A. J. LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO.

1238 First Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges—Also the Celebrated L&H Electrics Ranges and Appliances

DEALERS' NOTE: The best jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners.

(Continued from Page 56)

into a thin, rangy, awkward boy with a tendency to react from uproarious good spirits to the depths of gloom; and frequently his manner would be resentful for hours.

"You must be more careful what you say to him," admonished his mother.

"Why, I don't scold him half as much as you do."

"No, but he doesn't mind what I say so much. It's more your tone than anything else. It seems to hurt Junior. He goes off and mopes."

"Lots of boys are that way at his age. I was myself. He'll get over it."

He was slow to do so, however. He ran away once, leaving a note to say he was tired of being picked on and people didn't seem to realize a fellow had feelings just as much as they had; but he came back before ten o'clock the same night in a passion of regret for the grief he knew he must have caused his mother and father. That was when he was fifteen and attending high school. At sixteen he took to running with a bunch of boys whom his parents considered a bad influence, but their lectures made no difference.

"Aw, pshaw, mamma! Gee, gosh!"

"You know as well as I do I'm telling the truth."

"Aw, mamma, no! Gee, gosh! A fellow just can't do anything in this house."

His father's grave warnings had no more effect. Perhaps John was too solemn and funereal; perhaps he sounded too much like church to his son.

"Well, I'm sure I've done all I can," exclaimed Julia.

"So have I. I declare I don't know what's got into that boy. He certainly doesn't get it from ——"

"From what? From your side of the family, I suppose you were going to say. No, I bet he doesn't. They haven't got enough gumption in them to ——"

"That's enough of that." John could be as dignified as a head waiter when he chose.

Only his Grandfather Pratt stuck up for Junior. Old Pratt seemed proud of the boy's escapades and opined he would turn out a fine man, because he himself had been just like that at the same age.

"He's taken to playing pool now, and stays out until all hours of the night," Julia told them, with a tragic face.

"Well, I know where he gets that," declared Grandmother Pratt acidly.

At seventeen Junior started to smoke openly instead of in the woodshed, and announced he didn't intend to waste his time fooling round a lot of old schools; no, and he didn't intend to stick all his life in that dump of a town either.

"Junior," said his mother severely, "you mustn't talk like that! Suppose somebody hears you. What would people say?"

The query was like a spark to powder. "What will people say?" echoed her son, his voice starting deep bass and then cracking into a shrill treble. "That's all you ever think about. Yes, it is. You're always telling me not to do this and not to do that for fear of what people'll say. What do I care what they say? What do I care about anything?"

"That'll do, son," said his father.

"Yes, and you, too, dad! You're always afraid of what people'll think. You're scared of getting old before you save enough money, and yet you're scared to go and ask the boss to pay you more. You ——"

"Junior!" cried his mother.

"I don't care—I will, too, talk!" he shrilled. "Everybody in this town's afraid. And so they try to make everybody act just like they do, and nobody does what he wants—you know as well as I do, dad. I will not shut up, mamma! The rest of you can go through life on your hands and knees, but I'm not a-going to. There're other places—you bet there are—thousands of them. And ——"

"Junior!" boomed his father, "leave the table at once and go to your room. I'll talk to you later."

Here was a fine problem!

"He's too big to whip," remarked Julia in a questioning tone.

"Of course," replied John nervously.

"He ought to go away to college or something. But we can't afford to send him, can we?"

"I'm afraid not."

It ended by John securing his son a job in the furniture factory's office. At first Junior flatly declined to accept any employment in his home town, but later he reconsidered this ultimatum because the immediate prospect of having five dollars of his own money every week proved too tempting. He turned out to be as good as the average office boy, but no better.

"He's got lots of sense, if he'd only use it," the boss told John.

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Well, he's flighty. He—he doesn't like to take orders. And he'd forget his head if it wasn't stuck on his shoulders."

Secretly he wondered how Doe ever came to have such a boy—Doe, who was so steady and reliable and humdrum. And did John know what people were saying about his boy—the stories about his drinking and cutting up? Preston hadn't the heart to tell him.

Yes, his parents knew something of his escapades. They realized that Junior was probably a little wild, because of the late hours he kept and the way he sometimes looked in the morning. And twice he came home in a condition that necessitated his father's help at the door and going to bed. John determined to take drastic steps to cure Junior of these habits, but when it came to action he could not find it in his heart. The best he could achieve was an earnest lecture, and his son listened to this with a resentful expression very close to a sneer. Julia was forever finding excuses for her boy. He hadn't been really drunk—just a little off. He was such a good boy, really—it was those awful creatures he went with who led Junior on. Still, she would certainly talk to him seriously when he felt better. But with Junior better, he could twist his mother around his little finger, and the reprimand ended in tender pleadings and much too ready promises of reform.

"Sometimes I wonder if it's worth while bringing them into the world," she broke out one night as they were sitting up for Junior to come home.

"Blanche doesn't give us any worry," John pointed out.

No, indeed, she did not. Blanche was their pride and comfort, the bond that held them through many a strain over Junior. When her brother got into debt and was threatened with loss of his job unless he paid up, it was Blanche who pleaded with her father and persuaded him to come to the rescue. It practically ruined the Doe nest egg again. Yet her mother did not feel half the love for Blanche her heart held for the erring one, and John never warmed up to his daughter the way he did when Junior entered the house.

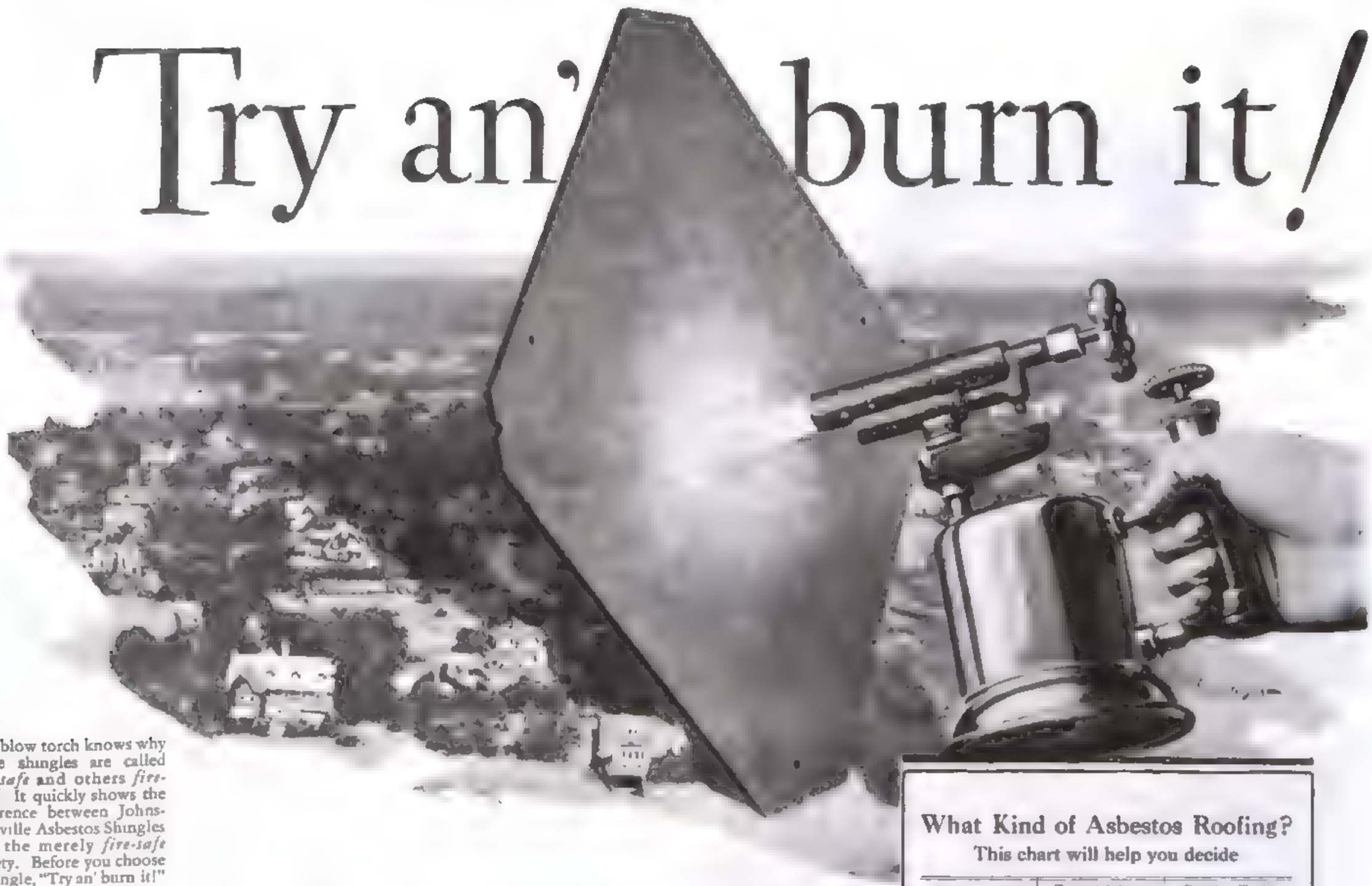
In the midst of these troubles a greater came to dwarf them. Ruby went blind. For many months she had been complaining of headaches and her eyesight—she could see black spots as big as balloons, she said. They tried to get her to consult a doctor, but she refused. She hadn't any money to waste on doctors and oculists—she knew what they'd say, anyhow—she'd be all right soon. So she bought a pair of spectacles from a peddler at the door, and for a while they seemed to be just what she needed. Then her vision began to blur. She did not stop work; she did not even tell her sister or her assistant, but tried to do more than ever. But there came a time when it could no longer be hidden, when the work was so badly done that it could not go out; and then one day Ruby could not see at all. She rubbed her eyes and blinked and tried again, while an odd, frightened look crept over her face.

"Why," she said to her assistant, "it's getting dark!"

"No, it isn't, Ruby. It's broad daylight. What's the matter?"

(Continued on Page 60)

Try an' burn it!



The blow torch knows why some shingles are called *fire-safe* and others *fire-proof* It quickly shows the difference between Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles and the merely *fire-safe* variety. Before you choose a shingle, "Try an' burn it!"

The most inexpensive of all fire-proof shingles

IF you want the utmost in shingle value, an inexpensive shingle that makes no concessions to any roof in beauty, absolute permanence, and fire-proof qualities, then choose Johns-Manville No. 70 Rigid Asbestos Shingles.

Their purchase price is remarkably low—only a little more than that of temporary, combustible roofing materials.

Yet no costly material on the millionaire's roof is more fire-proof or more permanent than these enduring slabs of asbestos and Portland cement.

The unusual hexagonal shape is the secret both of their low cost and their interesting beauty on your roof. It provides weather-tightness with the minimum waste of material in overlapping. Hence we can make them of permanent material to sell at a price almost as low as that of flimsy, ordinary shingles.

Lay them right over the old roof. Easy, quick, inexpensive yet beautiful, fireproof and everlasting.

Such a roof should never need costly repairs or replacement, the first cost is the only cost. The natural beauty of its mottled autumn coloring is literally everlasting.

Remember these shingles are not flexible or surfaced for protection. Each shingle is in itself a rigid slab of permanence.

What Kind of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced asbestos ready roofing or hexagonal asbestos shingles	Flexstone roofing No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles—appropriate colors
Dwellings $5,000–$7,000	Hexagonal asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles—appropriate colors
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles or colorblende—appropriate colors
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles—rectangular	Rough texture colorblende five tone brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—monitor and sawtooth roofs*	Asbestos ready roofing or asbestos built up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready or Asbestos Built up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Asbestos built up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard or excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.

Re-roof *for the* **last time**

When re-roofing an old house, you can lay either hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles right over the old roof. This saves tearing off the old shingles which remain in place to insulate your home against heat and cold.

Asbestos

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RIGID ASBESTOS SHINGLES

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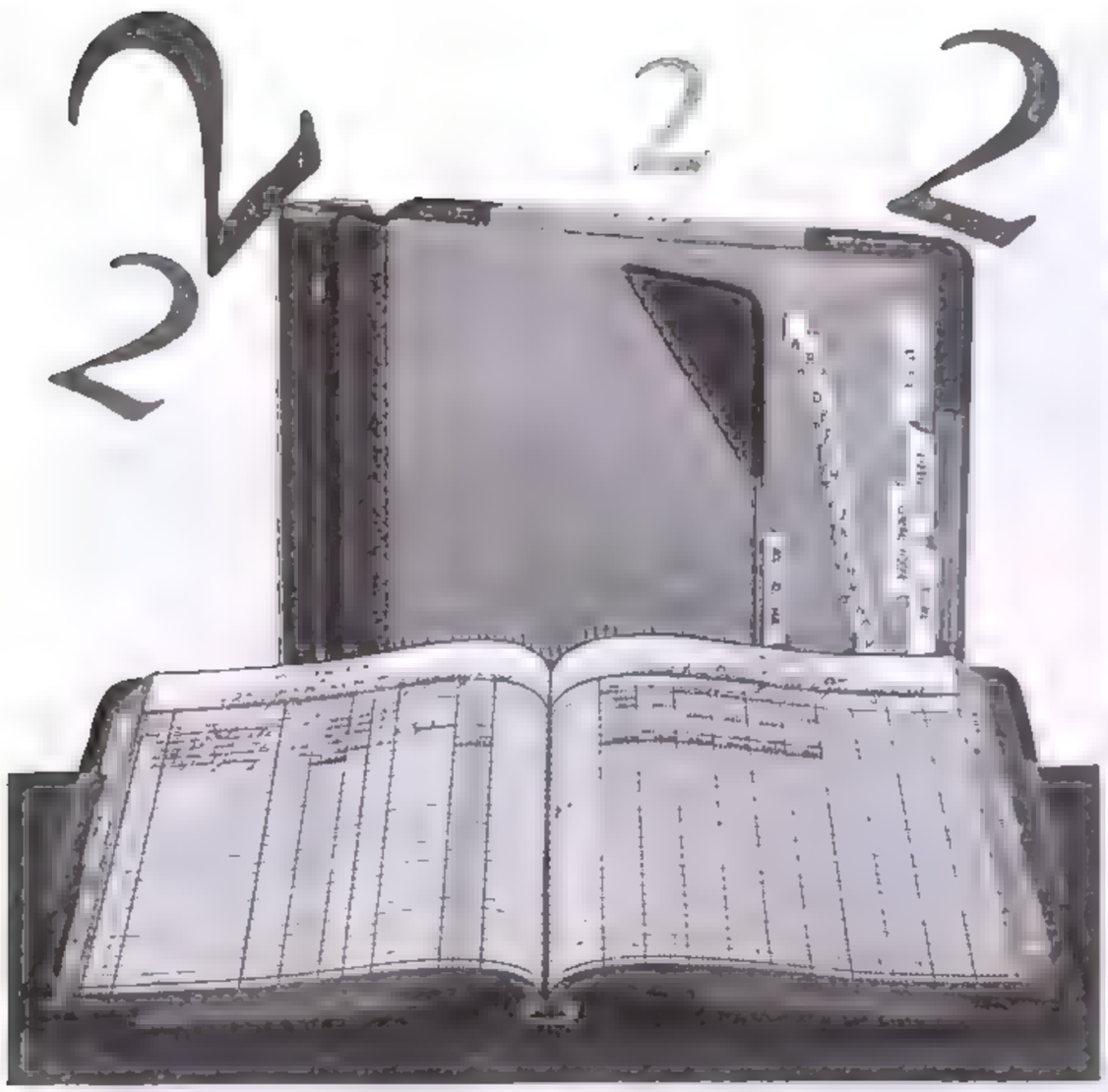

Quick-acting expansion mechanism operated by a finger's touch. No key to lose

These 2 books *instead of* SIX

If your business is still in the few-account stage, you don't need to encumber it with a big bookkeeping system

FOR the still-small business, the Aladdin Easy Bookkeeping System pictured above will do everything that a full-sized system would do—and will do it more easily, at lower cost, using less space.

The system consists of two loose leaf binders. The first takes care of Cash Receipts and Disbursements, Accounts Payable, Journal Entries and Analysis. The second covers Accounts Receivable and General Ledger.

The suggested chart of accounts which accompanies the system arranges your assets, liabilities, revenues, and expenses in logical sequence in your ledger—and makes it easy for you to have better control of your business activities.

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National

Loose Leaf *and* Bound Books

Control Business Activities

NATIONAL

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(Continued from Page 58)

In a frenzy of fear, they sent for a doctor. "It's too late, I'm afraid," he announced.

"You—she isn't—she isn't ——" Julia could not pronounce the word.

"She'll never see again."

Poor, poor Ruby! In a passion of pity, they tried to make her lot as easy as possible. That was at first. Afterward, though they never ceased to be kind to her, it became plain that she was a trial. How could it be otherwise? And she would be with them as long as she lived.

"Well," she said to Julia one evening, her sightless face aglow, "in one way I can die happy—yes."

"How?"

"Hope is provided for. And it doesn't matter about me."

Julia knew Ruby wasn't going to die for a long, long while and it occurred to her that quite a few other considerations entered into the problem. How about her and John, for example? But she kept silent. And it was true that Hope did seem safely launched. She had grown into a lovely slip of a girl and held a good job as stenographer for the manager of the street-railway company. Also, she had a beau and would doubtless get married soon.

Two more years and the war broke. It seemed very distant and vague to John and Julia until Junior began clamoring to go, and at first they laughed at it as a boyish impulse; then they became panic-stricken. The more they argued, the firmer grew his insistence, and he would doubtless have run away and enlisted with the British or French had he not suddenly fallen in love. The girl was the daughter of the baker from whom they bought their bread—a flip, sophisticated girl, but John and Julia were glad of anything to hold him. Besides, she was probably no worse than most of the others, for a new, hurrying age had come. Why, girls and boys who came from nice homes didn't hesitate to dance the fox trot and the hesitation! The old sense of decency and order was gone forever.

The baker's daughter led Junior an exciting chase for a couple of years, in which time the boy seemed to be settling into his stride. He paid more attention to his work, won a promotion and an increase, started putting money in the bank. Also, he spent many hours planning the future, for he still held to a determination to leave home and strike out into the broad world.

And then one night he was shaken out of his dreams. Maude had told him she was going to choir practice and not to call for her, but to stay in and work on his night course. She would walk home with Agnes Davison. Junior assented, but about half-past nine his longing to see her became overpowering. He could not concentrate on the columns of figures, had to add the same ones again and again. At last he put his work away, took his hat and started toward the church.

The choir was just leaving when Junior reached the door. Maude? Why, she hadn't come to practice, said Agnes—phoned she was sick. Much concerned and a little uneasy, John muttered some excuse and hurried off.

What did it mean? And why had Agnes looked at him that way? She had giggled like a fool. John walked homeward at a great pace, then suddenly switched direction and headed toward Maude's house. Just as he arrived and was debating whether to ring the bell, an automobile drew up and a figure rose from the front seat. What happened he could not see, because a sickening fear kept him helpless and rooted where he stood, but he heard a laugh, then Maude jumped out of the car and ran indoors and the driver started his machine. As he passed under the light at the corner Junior recognized him as a commercial traveler he had seen round town frequently—a man years older than Maude.

Next day he did not appear at the factory and nobody could find him. His father phoned home and Julia went to his room to investigate. Most of his things were gone.

They did not learn what had happened until their son was about to sail for France. Then a letter arrived—a rambling, incoherent letter which attempted to gloss over the real cause of his flight. Would they ever forgive him? Perhaps some day he would be able to make it up to them.

Then for a long time they heard nothing. Events moved swiftly and the United States entered the war. Their next letter was a jubilant one; he had secured transfer to the American Expeditionary Force and was going to receive a commission. And, oh, yes, had they got his other letters? And why hadn't they written to him?

Written to him? They had written reams. Many nights Julia had sat at the table, crying over the smeared sheets until long after John was asleep. And to think he had never received them!

The winter of 1917–18 dragged slowly by. John and Julia hardly dared look at the newspaper, and every letter that came raised a flutter of fear. Twice when telegrams were delivered at the house for John, Julia could not open them for many minutes but had to sit down. And one day the blow fell: "We regret to inform ——" John killed!

Julia did not utter a sound. Slowly she folded up the slip of paper and started to grope her way back to the living room, one hand against the wall. Then she collapsed. The blind sister heard her drop and screamed for help. A neighbor ran in, revived Julia and got her husband on the telephone. He reached home, white and out of breath and shaking. One look at his wife and the floodgates opened. They sobbed in each other's arms, whispering words of comfort which held no meaning to either, using terms of endearment of the long ago. But desolation had entered that house.

"It's hard—mighty hard on you, old man," murmured the manager as he and John sat in the office about a fortnight later. And he stared blankly at the rug under his feet, thinking of many things.

"What do you hear from your own boy?"

A spasm contracted Preston's face. "No news is good news," he answered. And then suddenly—"God, if only peace'd come! It would kill his mother."

A bond of sympathy had been established between the two since the departure of their sons to war. The boss often called John into his sanctum to ask what news, and there they would sit, saying little, and that little confined to trivial things, yet seeming to derive a sort of sustaining comfort from being together. The furniture business was hard hit, but Preston gave John a raise and elevated him to new responsibility, a job without clearly defined duties or authority, but generally regarded by the employes as assistant to the boss.

"Life's a queer thing—so hard on some, so easy on others," John remarked.

"Uh-uh! Hard on everybody, if you ask me—taken from first to last."

"Well, look at Archie Anderson, making money hand over fist. I declare it beats me, Mr. Preston. There's a fellow who never did a real day's work in his life, but he makes more in a week than I do in a year. How d'you account for it?"

The manager shook his head. Why try to analyze the factors that make one man a success and leave another a failure. One had something the other didn't, that was all. Besides, he was afraid of hurting John's feelings.

"Archie Anderson, hey?" he said dryly. "There's one thing you don't want to forget—maybe Archie hasn't played the hand out yet."

"But he's a rich man."

The boss laughed. "I was playing golf the other day with Sol Dreyfuss, and somebody said something about a guy being a millionaire. 'How do you know he's a millionaire?' says Sol. 'Is he dead?'"

They relapsed into silence, each thinking of his boy.

"By the way," said Preston, "I hear your daughter is going to be married soon."

(Continued on Page 62)

THE SHOES MEN WILL WEAR THIS SPRING

BROAD TOE lasts for the young bloods-clean cut custom models for the conservative men-we have designed a great variety of each. Here we show two original creations-style leaders, both of them.

Men who know the *value* of selected leathers-the importance of smart style and the comfort that comes from experienced shoe making-will wear the models now offered by Selz merchants.

Their *value* is in the combination of all these things-it can not be measured by the price, for the prices of Selz Spring models set the national standard-a sound and safe investment for every man.

Millions of men wear them

THE SELZ ORGANIZATION
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Selz VELURE-finish INNER TREAD

All Selz shoes are equipped with an INNER-TREAD, soft and sympathetic to the bottoms of your feet. Causes a firm fit-prevents cracking.

Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heels used

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A STYLE AND A PRICE FOR EVERY MAN $6 to $10
A FEW HAND-SEWED MODELS AT $12.50

The DUOTONE

A Paris idea-a smart combination of dull calfskin with patent leather inserts over instep. One piece pattern, Ascot last

Ask for style
B140

The BLIMP

The Selz designing staff has created in this model a new interpretation of the university style, popular in the new tan or black

Ask for style
B131

Healthy hair is strong, abundant

Thin, lifeless hair will soon go

DULL, lifeless hair—gradually getting thinner and thinner—is starving at the roots. Or the scalp, lacking vitality to fight infection, has fallen prey to dandruff.

In either case baldness threatens. Yet the hair can be restored to health with a few moments' daily care:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with firm fingers move the scalp vigorously in every direction, to work the tonic down to the very hair roots. Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

Hair responds astonishingly to this care! After only a few days' treatment you will be amazed at your hair's improved appearance. Dandruff soon leaves you. Invigorated circulation in all the tiny veins of the scalp feeds the hair to new strength and growth.

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store *today*. (Signature of Ed. Pinaud on each bottle.) Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York — sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

ED. PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

(Continued from Page 60)

"Yes; next month. They wanted to put it off, but my wife and I didn't want our—we thought it better to go ahead."

"That's right too. No use spoiling lives for what can't be helped. Who is he?"

"Doctor Perry's son."

"Oh, young Tom? He's a good boy -a darned good boy."

"Yes, I think they're both lucky," said Blanche's father.

Julia did not wholly agree with this view. "Sometimes I wish," she broke out one night—"sometimes I wish but she seems crazy about him, doesn't she?"

"You wish what?" asked John.

"That Blanche had chosen somebody else—somebody like Charlie Janes, for instance."

"Why, mother, what a thing to say! Tom's a fine young fellow—exactly the kind of man I would have picked for Blanche."

"Yes, I guess he is." She resumed her sewing, but presently remarked, without looking up, "It's almost a joke, he's so like you in many ways. Just exactly what you were at his age, John."

"Yes," John agreed, with a pleased smile, "I think he is like me in some respects."

Julia lifted her head, a frightened look in her eyes. But she held her peace.

The wedding came off as scheduled. It was a very quiet affair, there being nobody present except the bride's family and grandparents, and Doctor and Mrs. Perry and a married daughter.

John and Julia watched the train that bore the young couple westward until it was out of sight. Indeed, Julia kept on waving long after the two figures on the rear platform were lost to sight—kept on waving until John took her by the arm and said tenderly, "We'd better go home, mother."

Home? What was there to go home to? She broke down utterly in the taxi, weeping against John's shoulder. And he—a curious sense of helplessness and futility oppressed him. It was as if life were ended. What was there to keep on working for?

But the daily routine must be gone through with, even if worlds fall. Their home life went on with little change, except for the dreary blank left by Blanche's departure. John started in to save again, to make up for what the trousseau expenses had set him back, and Julia had so much to do around the house and in taking care of Ruby that her time was fully occupied. They read to each other in the evenings now and frequently took in a picture show.

"I've just been reading the queerest thing," Julia remarked one night after supper. "All about eels."

"Well, what about them?"

"Why, it seems," she said, "that the young eels start off from way down somewhere near Bermuda when they're just teeny transparent things no longer than your finger, and they swim for two or three thousand miles until they reach fresh water. Then the females go up the rivers and streams, and often crawl overland to get where they want to go."

"Where'd you get all this dope?"

"Out of a book. It says they stay in fresh water until they grow to—sometimes for ten or twenty years—and then back they go to the salt water and swim all the way back to Bermuda—all those thousands of miles."

"What for?" asked John.

"So they can spawn in the deep water where they were born."

"Then what happens to 'em? Sounds silly to me."

"Well, the old ones die soon after the young ones are born, and the little eels start off to swim to fresh water, just the same as their parents did."

"Huh! That's queer."

"Somehow it seems so senseless and cruel to me," Julia continued. "What do they do it for?"

"How should I know?" said John, yawning. "Maybe they like it. They're only eels—so we should worry."

ON PRECEDENT

(Continued from Page 9)

Then I'll come back, and you get your hat on and come over to Rangerville, and we'll get married. I got a ring upstairs. Please!"

The preacher's widow rubbed her white nose with the end of a pencil and looked at Lupus strangely with her blue eyes.

"Please—aw, please!"

"All right, Lupus. Thanks a lot. Yes," said Mary, "that'll be very nice. I suppose mamma won't like it much."

"You're twenty-six or seven, Mary. You ain't got to mind her."

"I'm twenty-nine," Mary remarked, "and I haven't any intention of minding her. . . . Get out of here; I want to cry."

"What for?"

"Oh, none of your business," said Mary. "Get out!"

"Gimme a kiss," Lupus suggested.

"I hate neologisms! Get out of here! . . . Oh, you fiend!" She dropped back on his hands, locked behind her, and shoved his face away.

"What's neologisms, Mary?"

"Things like 'gimme.' . . . Will you get out of here?"

Lupus walked down the hallway and stopped to kick a chair. Then he went into the living room and meandered over to look at a photograph of his battery on parade, with himself pretty close to the camera and very grand on a good horse. Then he tramped down the floor and into the dining room. After tilting ice out of an early melon he said to Carolus, "Well, it's a nice day, ain't it?" And just then he observed that Carolus was not there. The square paneled room was empty around him.

"Hey, Pete, has the kid had breakfast?"

The big young mulatto came in from the kitchen and said, "No, sir, Mr. Lupus, Mr. Carolus ain't come back from fetchin' up Mr. Van Eck's tray. No, sir."

"That's funny," Lupus thought, and went on eating iced melon.

He had no great belief in the virtue of Carolus. Pop probably hadn't either, but he liked to tease. For instance, when they took down the old rain pipe from below the kid's window this spring there'd been some frayed cigarette ends caught in the wire mesh of the drain. And it was after Christmas that Stan Ferguson's skinny mother forwarded a bill for the repair of her son's upper left eyetooth without comment. No, Carolus was all right. But he was a very silent and uncommunicative agent in the house, and frighteningly respectful. Possibly Mary made more out of him than his own folks could. They both were—Lupus thought the word—civilized. The kid read all kinds of books. It was luck that Mary liked the kid. The kid, coming in through the kitchen, settled in his chair, and so Lupus said, "Well, it's a nice day, ain't it?"

"Yeh," said Carolus.

He had changed his red jersey for a commonplace blue shirt. Lupus wondered if pop's remarks on jerseys had hurt the kid's feelings. The blue shirt made his skin redder and darker. His eyes continued to be black milk pails. He ate a melon slowly and examined Lupus over the old sugar bowl on whose urn was inscribed, Lupus Van Eck, Couveris, 1832.

"Mary," Lupus said, "was telling me this name Couveris is some kind of French word gone wrong. There was some French in this town once. I remember some people named De Plessy. But Jack De Plessy moved out when you was a baby."

"Yeh," said Carolus.

O'Brien came banging in through the kitchen and leaned in the doorway to say, "Hi, Lupus, I'll drive the kid to high school. I gotta git a package of laundry they doin' for me downtown. I'll drive him downtown."

Lupus thought of saying, "My name's Mr. Van Eck, damn you!" But he said, "Oh, all right, O'Brien. Only come straight back. I want the car."

"Sure," said the hairy big lout, and bounced out again.

Carolus put aside his melon and began to eat oatmeal.

After eating a good deal he asked, "What would you say is the best horse on the place, dad?"

"M-m-m I'd say Bullard, kid."

"I should think so," Carolus murmured, and turned around in his chair.

A gap in the orchard let you see the big meadow, tilting gently, where the horses were taking sunshine on their sides and discussing things. Bullard pranced along the green, waving his cream tail. It snapped to and fro like a dull handkerchief swinging, and a black colt trotting after this grown-up seemed to be fascinated by the tail.

"That's a horse," said Lupus.

"I'll say he is," Carolus murmured, and ate some more oatmeal. After ten minutes he put down his coffee cup and asked, "Wh-what did you get expelled from high school for, daddy?"

"Havin' a fight with Mary's mamma. I come into her class, and she said I smelled of tobacco. I did too. But I didn't like how she said it. So I called her a liar. She never liked me anyways. Once she said I ought to be thrashed for goin' up to Saratoga with some ponies pop was sellin' off. . . . Well, she sent me to the principal, and I had a muss with him and so he expelled me. I guess he's better tempered than he used to be. He don't seem to expel you kids as much as he did us."

"He suspended a fella last winter for smokin' in the gym," said Carolus.

"He'd of expelled him for that when I was your age," Lupus pondered, lighting a cigarette. "But kids smoke more'n they used to. A kid would have to do somethin' extra to get expelled now."

"Yeh," said Carolus, and drank coffee.

Lupus was often puzzled by the way in which you could know people for years, and then you found yourself wondering what they were thinking about and not being able to guess. He put in twenty minutes, after Carolus was gone, wondering about the kid, and went into the kitchen to get some matches.

"Mr. Carolus," said Pete, polishing a gridiron, "is kinda gloomy this mawnin'. He ain't whistled any."

"I noticed so, Pete. . Hey, your clock's fast—ten minutes."

"Then Mr. Van Eck had him his breakfast ten minutes early, Mr. Lupus, 'cause he tooked up Mr. Van Eck's tray right at seven by this here clock. . . . Mr. Lupus, if I was a gentleman like you are, sir, an' any such piece of trash as O'Brien came callin' me by my Christian name anywhere, I'd bawl him so hard he'd see green snakes on the floor. I been aimin' to say this moh'n a year, Mr. Lupus, an' I say it because you been my friend. Yes, sir. I been aimin' to say this an' I've wrung up my nerve to say it, 'cause it's time a friend said it on you, Mr. Lupus. You let out an army voice on one of 'em boys once, an' nobody's gonna call you just Lupus no moh. You let all 'ese persons presoom on you, Mr. Lupus, an' it ain't right, an' Mr. Carolus grieves 'bout it. I seen him chewin' his mouf when some of 'ese persons give you they lip. A hired person is a hired person. I been aimin' to say this, Mr. Lupus, an' I don t mean nothin' by it."

Lupus lighted a cigarette and smoke strangely blew into his eyes so that they

(Continued on Page 64)

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

No. 2

How "Stop" and "Go" affect your engine

The dented fenders you see on every highway prove one thing at least: *Traffic congestion today is serious.*

As you shift your gears through crowded streets—what happens?

Any automobile engineer will tell you this:

Quick acceleration puts a heavy burden on your engine. Very often there is more strain in one quick start than in a whole mile of normal driving. The need of a lubricating margin of safety to meet today's frequent starts and stops is obvious. And there the problem only begins.

When the traffic officer signals, "Go," you notice puffs of oil smoke from the exhausts. That is accumulated oil burning up. While the engine was idling, the oil which reached the combustion chambers could burn in only a smothered way. Under this condition, ordinary or incorrect oil may mean greatly increased carbon deposits.

* * *

Today's congested traffic is only one of many new conditions which call for a greater margin of safety in lubricating your engine.

So when somebody suggests that any good oil will do—*somebody is mistaken!*

MAKE THE CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.
Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").
If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927 Summer	1927 Winter	1926 Summer	1926 Winter	1925 Summer	1925 Winter	1924 Summer	1924 Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A						
" other mods	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" other mods	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan 6					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight 4			B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
" " 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		

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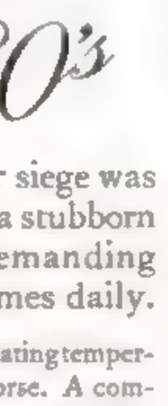

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(Continued from Page 62)

watered. He said, "I know you don't mean nothin', Pete. . . . Thanks."

He walked down the limestone steps into the grass and slowly traversed the lawn set with jasmine and lilacs. His eyes kept watering. The red brick stables turned purple and blue four times. Once he stopped and ran his naked brown wrist over his eyes. But that made him notice that he had on nothing but an undershirt above the waist, and this mortified him, because you shouldn't propose to a lady in such a costume; and he hurried back into the house to put on a shirt and a coat, a corduroy jacket his father liked to see him wear. The sachem was purring to Mary still in his bedroom, and the drowsy voice went on: "—— price of the mare mentioned in yours of recent date ——" as Lupus paused outside the door. But he did not go in. He tramped back down to the stables and looked at the new foal in the box stall beside its mother.

"Pretty fair, ain't he, Lupus?" said a stableboy, not so old as Carolus.

The graveled yard was full of the men, and Lupus wondered what the voice of Top Sergeant Lupus Van Eck would do to them. Perhaps it wouldn't mean much without olive cloth and an emblem on one's sleeve. It had been an awful roar. It held the men stiff on caissons and horses when the regiment went splashing over that creek and French earth rose in spray as shells came digging down close by, and the colonel had said afterward it was the hell of a voice.

"Here," he drawled to a lad grooming a young mare, "you ain't half doing that, Lacy."

"Ain't I, Lupus?"

"Naw," said Lupus. "Get down her legs again an' go over it."

But the kid just set to work again and that was all right. He was a good boy. Lupus walked away and came around the last red stable into the world of kine. And there were two sons of guns with the barnyard littered around them rolling dice on the bottom of a pail.

"Say," said Lupus, "you fellers have got work to do."

"Nothin' much," a red-headed youth said. "O'Brien ain't told us wh——"

The voice of Top Sergeant Van Eck broke out, saying, "I don't care what O'Brien ain't told you, Monehan! Clean up this yard—and hop! Hear me?" And this thunder upset the pail, while Lupus Van Eck wondered where the yell came from.

"Yes, sir," said Monehan, and then the pail was moving on its side slowly in a circle, and there was nobody near it. A man came out of the tool shed and looked at Lupus with his mouth open. Lupus blushed and stalked away through the sunlight to lean on a fence and ponder his temper back into place.

Maybe the secret of bossing people was just pretending that you were very savage. You acted like that for a minute, and somehow it became half real, like a boys' fight that starts in kidding and ends with sobs and bloody noses.

It was all a kind of fake. Pop just dragged one end of his cane to and fro on the ground, and the men hurried from him. Anger was really half pretense.

"The way to boss people," he told Mary, "is kind of to make out you're going to get mad as sin in about one minute."

"I know. Mother used to work that on me when I was young and tender. It doesn't work so well now."

"Well, it don't work good on int'llectual people," said Lupus, "or people who've got sand, or —— Say, did you take that certif'cate or did I?"

"I've got it," said the red-haired woman. They were drinking soda at Rangerville's best drug store; getting married had made Lupus thirsty. "And this is really a very nice wedding. Much better than the other. Mother supervised that."

Mrs. Kitchener loomed before Lupus in black silk. His mind erected her accurately on the brown marble counter. He was in for it, but he must not show it.

"I was thinkin' of this last year when I had pop hire you to do bookkeepin' for him, Mary."

"What a coincidence!" said Mary. "Let's go home. It's ten o'clock."

They drove down the valley without talking. Once a locomotive whistled behind a hill, and once a rabbit started to cross the road and then civilly let them go by.

"'At's a good bunny. It'd of been bad luck to have him run over in front of us."

"You're quite wonderful," Mary said; "and I'll write the rabbit a note of thanks. He might have worried you."

Lupus saw nothing very wonderful in his remark, but the woman was given to saying odd things. When she got out at the limestone steps of the red porch, Pete came from the kitchen to say, "Mis' Clements, yoh mamma wants you should call her at the high school so soon as possible."

"Thanks, Pete. But I'm Mrs. Van Eck now."

Pete made an extraordinary bow, hitching back one foot, and said, "Ma'am, I certainly do congratulate you. Many ladies will be grievin' hard when they see the paper in the mornin'."

"You have a genius for making compliments, Pete."

She went into the house. Lupus drove down into the stable yard, and his neck began to sweat when he saw Mr. Van Eck turning slowly on his wooden peg, watching a kitten trying to bite its tail. The sachem had put on one of his pairs of gray trousers and, for some reason, a necktie. This black drapery hanging down his shirt made him dreadfully imposing.

"Where you been, son?"

"Rangerville, pop. I drove Mary over. We—we had a soda."

Mr. Van Eck spat at a chicken feather lightly stirring on the gravel and purred, "Before or after, son?"

"Huh, sir?"

"Before or after you was married, boy?"

"Well," said Lupus, "after."

The sachem rested an elbow on the side of the car and murmured, "That's a hell of a weddin' breakfast, kid. God bless you! I'm glad I ain't seen you do it either time, because you certainly must look a fool. Do we have to have her old woman out to meals?"

"I spose we do, pop. But she don't like us, so I guess she won't come often. Worst could happen is she might try and reform us."

"Let her try once," said the sachem. "I ain't ever been rude to a lady except your mamma, but I could take a shot at it. . . . And you're awful happy?"

"Ain't I!"

"Well, so'm I," Mr. Van Eck drawled, poking the kitten's white stomach with his cane; "so'm I, son, so'm I. I dunno if you're as happy as I am, Lupus."

"I bet I am, pop."

"I bet," said the sachem, "that you ain't. Everything comes to him that waits. I ——"

A trolley car slid yellow and red along the tracks past the white gates.

"What are you so happy about, pop?"

"I thought he might be on that car. You've got a birthday present comin', sonny. I don't want to spoil it for you. You'll git it pretty soon if you wait right here."

Having thus spoken the sachem dug his son in the stomach with his cane and retired down the long stable yard. The kitten went pattering after a bright ring of brass around the end of the wooden leg. Lupus sat watching the blue shirt grow less in the sunlight and thought how appallingly like Carolus the sachem was from the rear. And it was appalling, too, to be a link in this chain of Van Ecks. Down the ages—he saw the phrase as a visible printing on the air—ran the Van Ecks, a progression of dark straight creatures who walked silently and bred fine horses. Pieter, who cleared the land and Lupus who built the red house and Abram who got shot in the hand at Gettysburg and Carolus who lost a leg at San Juan Hill and Lupus who was a top sergeant in France and Carolus who was civilized—one son to each generation. It was suddenly imposing to be a Van Eck. As for your Kentucky horses—nonsense! You could go up to Saratoga and see the names on lists and photographs in the old hotels. . . . A man had something to live up to, being a Van Eck. He looked with a kind of new scorn at O'Brien, walking down the yard to him, eating an apple.

"Hey, Lupus, a dame stopped in and asked for you while you was drivin' your red-headed friend to Range——"

All of a sudden the voice of Sergeant Van Eck broke in the air thunderously saying, "You're fired, O'Brien!"

"Huh?"

"You're fired," said Sergeant Van Eck, "for bein' fresh to a lady and bein' no good anyhow. Go and get a check from Mr. Van Eck and get off the place."

O'Brien turned the bitten apple in his hand and said presently, "Hey, when did you start runnin' this place, Lupus?"

"Right now. I'm Mr. Van Eck."

"It'll take your father to fire me, Van Eck. I been here two years."

"It's one year and three hundred sixty-four days too long too. Get goin'. Go tell pop I've fired you."

He was alone in the car. Two men peered from the mess of harness being polished by the carriage house, thirty yards away. Lupus lighted a cigarette and truculently examined them until their tanned faces sank, and they went on polishing harness. . . . He had told pop he didn't think much of O'Brien last year, and maybe the sachem had been waiting for him to do something about it. He had this feeling lately that pop was waiting for him to do some particular thing. Perhaps this was it. Lupus got out of the car and stretched his legs. He somehow was surprised that he wasn't astride a tall horse, and walked down to the gates to get over the sensation. . . . "I'm Mr. Van Eck," he thought. "A married man with a grown-up kid ain't just Lupus." And he watched the next trolley car coming downhill from town. Pop owned stock in the trolley company, too, and a block of buildings in Couveris. The Van Ecks amounted to something. The brakeman lifted a hand to his cap when Lupus nodded to him, and the car halted. An unseemly person got down from the rear end and strolled toward him, whistling as the car rolled away to Rangerville. It was by the whistle that Lupus knew this to be his son Carolus.

"Letter for you, dad," said Carolus.

His cloth shoes had turned blue. He handed a letter to his father, and Lupus let it fall while he watched his son walk up the gravel. Then he picked up the envelope and opened it.

"As I telephoned to Mr. Van Eck just now," the writing snarled, "I have been obliged to expel Carolus from high school permanently. It will take a vote of the board of education to reinstate him in his class or to permit him to graduate. When the second recitation period commenced he came into Mrs. Kitchener's classroom smoking a cigarette. His shoes were full of ink. When Mrs. Kitchener ordered him to leave the room he answered her insolently, and she was obliged to order the janitor to bring him to me. I do not care to quote his language to myself and can merely presume that he is intoxicated. He has inflicted some severe bruises on Mr. Olsen, the janitor, and you will be liable for the damage to the floor of Classroom Number 3. If ——"

Lupus stuffed the letter into a pocket and went striding up the yard. His son was standing in a cluster of hired boys with another cigarette in his mouth, and the hirelings wilted right and left from Lupus with funny motions of their hands and feet.

"You drunk, kid?"

"No," said Carolus.

"You go in the stable. Take off your shirt and your undershirt."

"I ain't any on," said Carolus.

(Continued on Page 67)

Why men leave home...*half fed*

ALL over the country, countless front doors bang each morning behind half-fed men, emerging to tackle the day's work. They don't know they're half-fed. They've had their breakfast. Of course they've had their breakfast. They may have hurried a bit, but they've had their usual breakfast.

They don't stop to think—and their wives don't stop to think—that this "usual breakfast" is an inadequate, poorly-balanced, starvation-diet kind of meal. A sufficient amount of *food*, perhaps, but not nearly enough *nourishment* . . . The kind of breakfast the medical profession shakes its head at. The kind of breakfast notably successful business men have sworn off, for efficiency's sake.

But a small breakfast can be a safe breakfast

Stick to your small breakfast if you must—if your appetite and your morning schedule so dictate. But by all means stop to think—or get your wife to stop to think—that a small breakfast must be a particularly nourishing one. As a result of such thinking, Grape-Nuts has taken its place on millions of American breakfast tables. Eaten with milk or cream, a single serving of these delicious golden kernels supplies a generous amount of unusually well-balanced nourishment.

Grape-Nuts is made of wheat and malted barley. It gives to the body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. The special baking process by which Grape-Nuts is prepared makes it one of the easiest foods in the world to digest, and gives it its characteristic flavor. A wonderfully tempting flavor—nut-like, with a delicate suggestion of malt sugar.

And then, there's the *crispness* of Grape-Nuts. Not a crispness like that of any other food—but a delicious crunchiness that *makes you chew*, and makes you enjoy chewing. Perhaps there's no change more sadly needed in modern diet than the addition of some must-be-chewed foods, every day, to the soft dishes we habitually eat. Lack of exercise, in the opinion of dental authorities, is playing havoc with our teeth and gums.

For the exercise your teeth require—for the balanced nourishment your body needs—and for real enjoyment—put Grape-Nuts on your breakfast table, too! Your grocer sells it—but perhaps you would like to accept the following offer:

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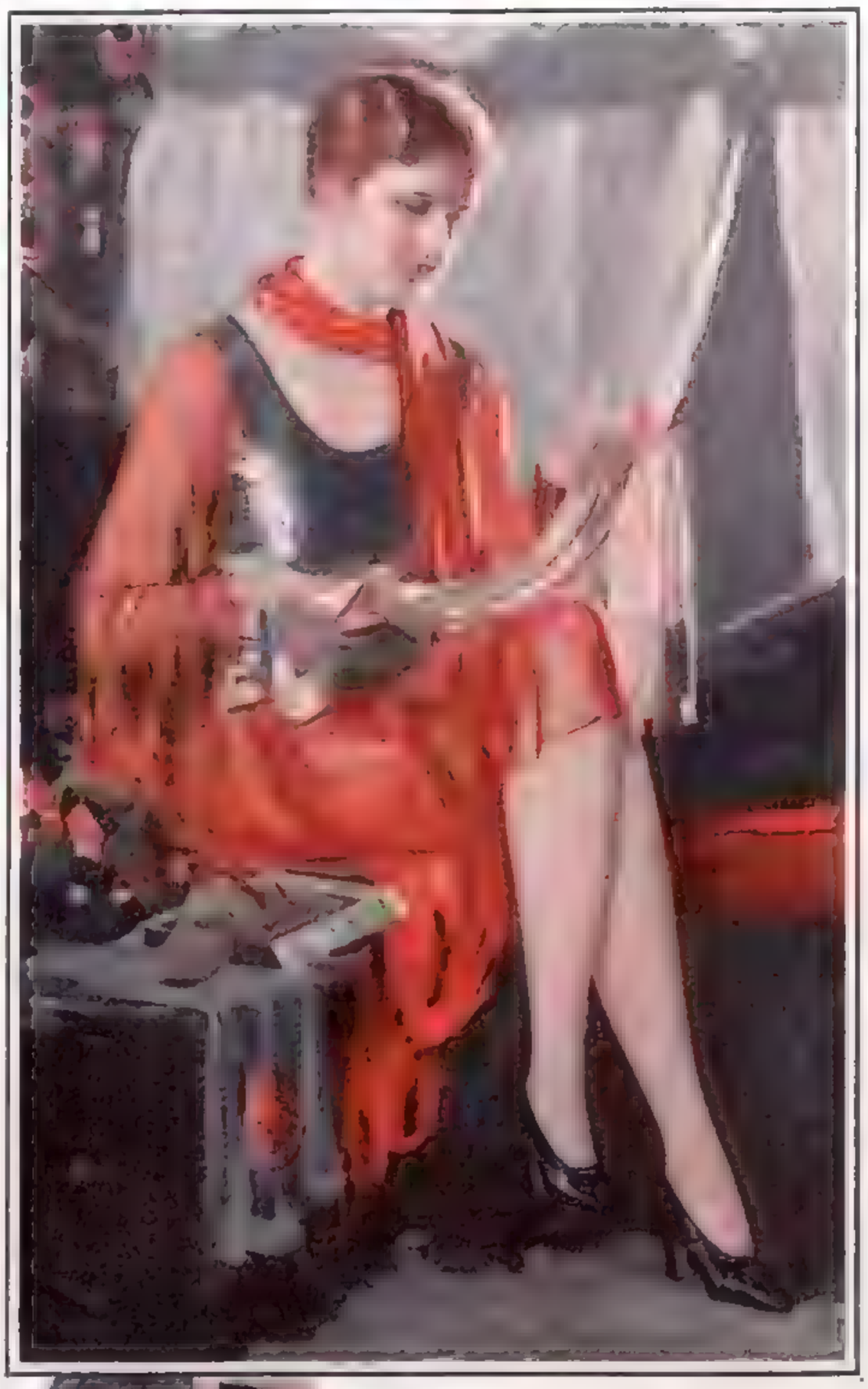

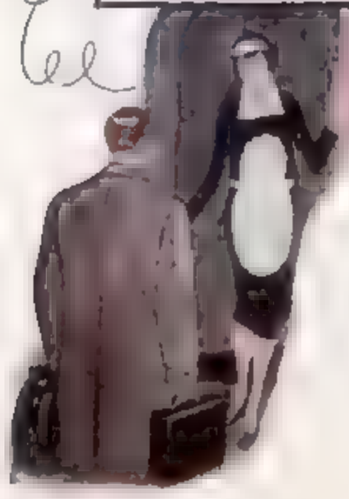

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... and you can always be sure the silk is FRESH when you buy your hosiery *direct from our mills* ....

There are a few things which Nature has left no opportunity to improve . . . One of them is pure, FRESH silk! That is why experts will tell you that the sooner silk can be converted into hosiery, once it has been taken from the cocoons—and the more carefully its original purity can be safeguarded during manufacturing—the better the wear and more lasting the beauty are sure to be.

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The very FRESHNESS of the silk causes Realsilk Gold Button Brand Hosiery to retain a vibrant NEW look even after it has been worn and reworn, washed and rewashed many, many times. It keeps its deep, rich, *natural* sheen—and the colors, no matter how delicate, remain permanently clear and true . . . of particular importance now that dainty pastel shades are so much the accepted vogue.

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(Continued from Page 64)

"Get in the stable!" Sergeant Van Eck thundered.

Carolus touched a patch of dry blood beside an end of his mouth. "Goin' to thrash me?"

"Get in the stable!"

Carolus looked at his father with immeasurable eyes, then he went into the red stable under the date 1821 cut on a white stone above the door. Inside the stable he began to whistle once more, and the sound undid a nerve in his father's head.

"What're you-all lookin' at? Get to work!"

He swung through the door into the weak light and the smell of horses. Behind him a hired man squealed, "Eddie, go an' get the old gentleman quick!" And feet ran on the gravel.

"Any explanation, kid?"

Carolus draped his blue shirt on a rake tilted against a box stall and said, "Naw," after a moment. The sunshine came reduced by dusty glass into this gloom and made the kid's body darker to the waist, a kind of glowing amber. He walked over to the ladder that mounted flat against a wall to the hayloft and twisted his heavy arms about a rung, then faced the wall. That was all. There was a knot hole in the whitewashed wood behind the ladder, level with his eyes. Lupus had often looked at it.

"You've gone and made a holy show of the Van Ecks, kid."

"Yeh," said Carolus.

Light banged into the stable. The sachem had opened the door from the lawn, and his peg clattered on the sill.

"Lupus, you ain't goin' to cut that kid's back open! You look here! He ——"

"Say, pop," said Sergeant Van Eck, "this is my business!"

Mr. Van Eck looked at his son and then spat at a chair on the floor. He said in his usual voice, "So it is, sonny. But mind you hold your belt with the buckle in your hand, boy!"

"I'll mind that, pop."

Carolus said in a loud, high voice to the knot hole, "Say, tell the old m-man to take his peg leg outa here, will you?" And there was a silence. A lazy spar of brilliant straw came floating down from the loft and settled on the boy's black head.

"H'm," said the sachem, and walked out on the grass.

Lupus said, "You wanted it, kid, and you're goin' to get it," and drew his belt from the loops. Then everything shivered inside him, because the kid's muscles rose under the red skin, and he stood rigid. But he sent the belt three times across the hard waist, and the leather snapped on wood of the ladder beyond. On the fourth stroke the straw jerked from the black head.

"You can rest a minute, son," said Lupus Van Eck.

He tripped on the sill and lurched out on the grass. His father was immovable under a pear tree, looking at a white chicken.

"All right?"

"All right, pop. Say, wh-what started this?"

"Son," said the sachem, "the kitchen clock's ten minutes fast."

"Wh-what about it?"

The sachem spat and said in his swiftest purr, "Boy, he brought in my tray when the hall clock was goin' seven, like always, see?"

"No," said Lupus, "I don't see."

"You're dumb, sonny. He fetched my breakfast in when the hall clock was goin' seven. But he brung it out of the kitchen ten minutes before."

Two hired men walked past ostentatiously bearing spades into the orchard. The white chicken wandered off and found a worm in the grass. Four more chickens came running to look at the worm.

Lupus counted a number of little events while he trailed the belt to and fro in the grass at his feet. Then he said, "Oh! He heard you tellin' me he was yella. He hadn't ought to've listened."

"I never heard," said the sachem, "of anybody not listenin'. You're a fool if you spoil this, Lupus Van Eck. . . . I hear you fired O'Brien."

"I did," said Lupus.

"That's fine. Go and thrash the kid some more. Swing back easy an' hit at his shoulders. It'll make a lot of noise, and he'll think he's bein' killed."

"You're an awful smart man, pop. . . . I hate this."

"Son, no gentleman ever liked thrashin' his kid. It's for common people."

The sachem walked up the grass. Lupus took a long breath and then had to nip his tongue in his teeth so as not to laugh. He went back into the red stable and spoke to his son's black head.

"Had enough, boy?"

"No, sir," said Carolus to the knot hole.

Lupus gripped the buckle in his palm and let the leather fall three times on the width of his son's shoulders. On a fourth stroke the left foot came up from the floor, but it sank again. The foot stayed on the planks, and Lupus pulled his belt back through the loops.

"That'll do. You're a fool, but you ain't yella. Now you march up to the house and tell pop you're sorry, kid. You ain't yella, and you'll do it."

Carolus loosed his arms from the rung and said, "Gee, you're s-strong, dad!" in a shy, awed tone.

"Runs in the family. Put your shirt on an' go apologize to pop."

"Yes, sir," said Carolus, but he stood shifting his feet, and then said thickly, "H-he made me sore this mornin'. He ——"

"He's an old heathen and he dunno how his tongue hurts, kid. But he loves the ground you walk on. Don't you ever tell him you heard him teasin' me this mornin' or he won't be able to sleep nights. You've just been actin' like a Van Eck, that's all. Get your shirt on."

But Carolus stood shifting his feet and looking at Lupus Van Eck miserably.

"Y-you ain't sore at me, f-father?"

"Kid," said Sergeant Van Eck, "if you cry now I'll wallop you in the jaw so hard you'll see green snakes! I won't never be sore at you unless you do sumpin mean. Get your shirt on, fella, and go see pop."

"Yes, sir," said Carolus. He rubbed his fist on his nose and blinked three times, then he began to whistle and picked his shirt from the rake. After getting the wrecked blue linen down his sides he said, "Hey, I gave the janitor a time, dad!"

"I bet you did, kid. Come on."

Mr. Van Eck was sitting at his desk in the living room writing a check. He turned his brown face and looked at Carolus impassively.

"I'm awful sorry, sir."

"That's all right, boy," said the sachem. "And now what the hell did you mean by all this?"

"I dunno, sir."

"H'm," said the sachem. "Go rub some yeller soap on your back and take a bath. Then you go git a saddle on Bullard and let's see if you can lift him over the orchard gate."

"I have, anyhow, sir," said Carolus.

"Let me see you do it once," Mr. Van Eck purred, "and you can have him for keeps. And now you're done bein' educated, Lupus, an' I expect you to be useful around the place. You're a grown-up feller. Go and git washed."

"Yes, sir," said Carolus. "Th-thanks a lot."

"Don't mention it," the sachem purred.

Carolus walked out of the room and began to whistle on the stairs. His grandfather lay back in the chair and contemplated Lupus, who grinned.

"Son," Mr. Van Eck remarked, "I'm damn sick of signin' checks. Here's five thousand dollars. You make Mary go on keepin' the books until she starts nursin' her kids. She can break somebody else in then."

The floor heaved every way under his boots. Lupus looked at the green check in his father's fingers and said, "Aw, pop!"

"You're a grown-up feller now, and you needn't go doin' nothin' idjyotic."

"Well," said Lupus, "I won't, sir. Thanks a lot."

"That's all right. Now what would be good to take that ink off the kid's feet with?"

"Lemon juice, pop."

The sachem called, "Pete! Hey, squeeze me some lemons and fetch 'em up to the bathroom."

"Yes, sir," said Pete. "And one the boys wants to know what you want did wiv 'at pear tree they cut down yest'day."

"Tell 'em Mr. Van Eck'll attend to it," said Mr. Van Eck, and strolled into the hallway.

Pete looked at Lupus with his mouth open.

"Tell 'em to burn it," Lupus said, around a lump in his throat.

"Yes, sir. An' will I set her chair beside you, Mr. Lup—Mr. Van Eck, or will she sit across from yoh poppa?"

"Across from pop, Pete."

"Yes, sir," said Pete, and vanished into the kitchen.

Lupus sat down on the horsehair stool close to his father's desk and felt his throat carefully. Something awful and magnificent had come upon him. Hot and cold balls rolled inside his stomach. He wanted to cry, not having cried since Sue died. But this did not seem the right thing to do. So he lighted a cigarette and blew smoke through his nostrils. Mary appeared through the blue fluctuation so suddenly that he jumped.

"Gee, I forgot about you!"

"I felt that you had! Did you thrash Carolus?"

"Yes'm," said Lupus; "and not a yell out of him."

"You're a horrible brute," she said, sitting down on his left knee. "Mamma will be here any minute now."

"I'll attend to her," Lupus said. "Gimme a kiss."

"Not sure you deserve it, barbarian."

"Gimme a kiss," said Lupus. "I don't deserve nothin'. . . . You don't weigh much. Better drink a lot of milk. Gimme another."

After a while Mary stopped fooling with his nose and said, "There's the trolley."

"I ain't scared of her, Mary."

"I am," said the red-haired woman.

"Then go help pop clean up Carolus. You're a grown-up girl, sis, and don't be scared to act like one."

"There's something very remarkable about you all of a sudden, Lupus. I'm afraid you're bluffing."

"Watch and see," said Lupus, shedding her from his knees. "And quit wearin' so much black. Pop hates it, and you've quit bein' a widda."

His neck was cold with fright. He hung his thumbs in the pockets of his corduroy jacket and walked down the steps of the porch, to see Mrs. Kitchener darkly approaching in a plum-colored silk gown, with sun flaring from her spectacles.

"Lupus Van Eck!"

The voice of Sergeant Van Eck said levelly, "Now, Mrs. Kitchener, we're grown-up folks. You needn't go doin' nothin' idiotic. Mary and me are married. I've been plannin' this for more'n a year. The milk's spilt, and there's no use making a fuss about it. I'm thirty-seven years old and got a kid eighteen. I'm responsible. We're the oldest family in the county and about the best off for money. I got five thousand dollars in the bank, and you know where pop stands. If you've got anything to say, say it to me and don't go bawlin' Mary out."

This formidable woman looked at him and said weakly, "Why, Lupus, I ——" And then she said, "I don't mean to be disagreeable, but I'm s-so surprised!"

"Yes'm," said Lupus; "so'm I. Lots of things happen that you don't expect, don't they? Best thing you can do is put up a bluff that you like it and you'll get used to it after a while. Come on into the house."

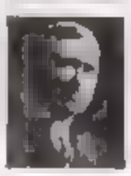
He walked up the grass behind her with his thumbs in his pockets, whistling.

Week of March 14th

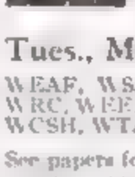
Can you always tell whether a double is business or informatory? Do you know when to pre-empt the bid? When to take your own trick twice? The hand below features these important points. Play it your way now; then again with the experts by radio.

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, dealer, South—
Spades 9, 7
Hearts 6, 4, 3, 2
Diamonds . . . . . J, 9, 8, 5, 2
Clubs 10, 8

T. L. Daniel, Minneapolis, West—
Spades 4, 3, 2
Hearts . . . . . A, Q, 10, 8, 5
Diamonds 10
Clubs 9, 7, 5, 3



Milton C. Work, New York, North
Spades 9
Hearts . . . . . K, J, 9, 7
Diamonds . . . . . A, Q, 7, 6, 4
Clubs . . . . . A, Q, J



J. W. Evans, Houston, Texas, East—
Spades . . . . . A, K, J, 10, 8, 6, 5
Hearts . . . . . none
Diamonds . . . . . K, 3
Clubs . . . . . K, 6, 4, 3

Tues., March 15, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WWJ, WRC, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WTAR, WCSH, WTAG, WTAM, WGY.

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co.	New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla
WFLA	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WJAX	City of Jacksonville	Jacksonville, Fla.
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KFRC	Hale Bros. & The Chronicle	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KRSA	Rhodes Dept. Store	Seattle
KHQ	Louis Wasmer, Inc.	Spokane
CHXC	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can
CKNC	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.	Toronto
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal
CKY		Winnipeg
CFQC		Saskatoon
CFCN		Calgary
CJCA	Edmonton Journal	Edmonton
CKFD	Vancouver Daily Province	Vancouver
CFGC	London Free Press	London, Ont
CFCC	Radio Assn. of Prescott	Prescott, Ont
CJCS	Northern Electric Co.	Halifax

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GEORGE H. JAY AND THE BOURKE OIL BEAN

(Continued from Page 15

accumulated right now out there on my plantation—so to call it—with more to follow. And that's a small fortune in itself."

"Properly handled," observed Mr. Jay.

Hungerford Bourke stood up, his extremely limited supply of natural patience completely gone. "Well, handle it then, can't you?" he roared. "What d'you think I've come here for if I didn't want a smart agent to handle my interests, hey? How can I handle 'em—me, a invalid with one ear, and just crazy for a taste of civilization like I am?"

George H. rose, too, smiling. "That'll be all right, Bourke. I'll go into it. Meantime you're coming out to have lunch with me and to tell me something about your adventures since you left London."

The big Hungerford softened. "Sure-sure I am. And I can do with a little taste or two of civilization, Jay, believe me," he said, patting tenderly where his left ear wasn't.

"Just let me have a few more of those beans and I'll send them to an analytical chemist I sometimes employ. I want a full examination and report on that oil at once. For I like it—it looks good to me—better than it smells, in fact."

He hastily dictated a brief note to the chemist, and having charged Gus Golding to see that the note and the beans were delivered swiftly, he took the adventurous Hungerford Bourke to such civilization as was instantly available—about six courses of it, with three different wines.

It was a good luncheon, and a long one; for Mr. Jay, a warrior whose battleground was cities, nevertheless was always liable to be charmed and fascinated by the deeds and misdeeds of those wandering adventurers who, like the roughly genial Bourke, were ever setting out to more or less unmentionable places in search of most mentionable things.

George could never quite understand their methods, though he could sympathize with their aims. Hungerford Bourke, for example, merely aimed at the same target as Mr. Jay—namely, remuneration, reward, return—in fact, money. But Bourke clearly hugged the preposterous belief that in order to procure money, or those nebulous concessions which he clearly regarded as the equivalent of money, it was inexorably necessary to adventure forth into very unwholesome and far-off corners of the world, to be sucked dry of one's lifeblood by vampires, to be all stung up by mosquitoes, scorpions and tarantulas, to be bitten by rare and dangerous lizards and a large assortment of highly virulent serpents, to be chased and chewed by carnivorous monstrosities in distant jungles, to associate intimately with savages, Hottentots and tropical toughs of that type, to be the blood brother of cannibal kings and to return to civilization only when one had lost one's health or one's ear or some other portion of oneself, and even then only provided one had discovered something worth millions if it could be properly exploited.

That appeared, to the Squire of Finch Court, to be Mr. Hungerford Bourke's simple-souled notion of making a little money, whereas gentle George's idea was, on the whole, to sit in his office and wait for someone to bring him some money. They discussed this curious diversity of method, each quite obviously envying the other.

George H. Jay was a good host and Hungerford Bourke was a good guest. It was nearly four o'clock before, having arranged to dine together that evening and thereafter take, as it were, a bird's-eye view at the West End, they parted, Hungerford heading for a Turkish bath, George to the more prosaic destination, Finch Court.

Something perfectly lovely was sitting patiently in Mr. Jay's office when he returned, though when his eye first fell on her he started and recoiled a little. For the lady was none other than the Honorable Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, who, having engaged with him in a recent transaction for their mutual benefit, had rather deftly grabbed the benefit, leaving to George the task of making it mutual—which he couldn't.

But his keen and glassy eye softened as he stared at her, for she was really an exceptional example of ladyhood grown past the flapper stage. Nobody would have considered her a flapper, but everybody who was anybody—if anybody is—infallibly would have known her to be a perfectly dressed and perfectly poised example of a smart woman with a kind heart. Almost exactly George Henry Jay's style.

From the doorway George glared at her, with a glare that softened in spite of what he sometimes described as his better nature, meaning his business nature.

"Oh, yes, I know that you are cross, and feel hurt and bitter with me, dear Mr. Jay," cooed Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, "because I made a trifle more of this foolish money out of the Wyke Waste transaction. But you deserved it, don't you know."

George walked in and sat down at his desk. "I don't see that at all," he said, very stiffly.

"Don't you? Then I will explain it, Mr. Jay," she said sweetly, and did so practically instantaneously.

It seemed that a vital cog in the machinery of the Wyke Waste property deal had been the formula for a temporarily marvelous fertilizer. For this formula George had paid to an analytical chemist sometimes employed by him the sum of one hundred pounds. It had been necessary to transfer a half interest in the formula to Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, then his partner; and George, in his innocent way, had charged her the truly exorbitant sum of two hundred and fifty pounds for the said half interest. She had paid the money without protest.

But, it appeared, even as she now explained, that she had discovered the amount Mr. Jay had paid the chemist; and, consequently, feeling hurt, irritated and challenged by this mercenary and unpartnerlike act of Mr. Jay, she had promptly made the Wyke Waste transaction an every-man-for-himself-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost transaction. And as events shaped themselves, it was Mrs. J.-J. who had successfully been for herself, while gentle George had been taken by the devil, he being hindmost. Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, in short, had made more thousands of pounds out of the deal than the excessively disgruntled Squire of Finch Court had made hundreds.

"So, you see, Mr. Jay, it served you quite right now, did it not?" asked the lady. "Yes, indeed, it did," she added, answering her own question, no doubt to save valuable time. "In any case, Mr. Jay, I wish very much to be friends with you. No, please don't look alarmed! You were very sharp with me and you found it unprofitable. Well, I forgive you, and I wish to prove it. If you wish to accept it, Mr. Jay, I have called on you today to offer you a share in another business transaction. Only a small matter, but little fish are sweet. And if you will play fair with me, I will return the compliment. Come, now, what do you say?"

Her smile spread George Henry thinly over the floor at her feet. "Well, maybe there was something in the nature of a misunderstanding about that Wyke Waste business, Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun," he confessed. "I can't admit all you say: but considering that what I don't admit you evidently admit for me, we'll call it past and done with."

"Past and done with!" echoed the lady. "With all my heart, Mr. Jay."

(Continued on Page 70)

A Miracle for a Quarter

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(Continued from Page 68)

"Past and done with, with all your heart," heartily concurred George.

"And yours, Mr. Jay?" insisted the lady.

"Oh, yes, with mine, obviously—ha-ha!" said George.

Thus having usefully buried many keen-edged hatchets, gentle George and the honorable lady proceeded to discuss the matter upon which she had called to see him. It was nothing intricate or difficult. An old friend of Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, Lord Chalkston, confiding certain of his troubles to her on the previous evening, had asked her if she chanced to know of a good business man who could place his two younger sons—already celebrated in the more light-hearted and light-footed of London's nocturnal circles as the Twilight Twins—in some business, preferably abroad, ever so far abroad, where they could be sure of getting nothing but plenty of hard work and desperately tense discipline for a time.

"Please understand, Mr. Jay, that these charming boys have not an ounce of vice in them."

"Nunno, nunno, certainly not," agreed George, who knew Lord Chalkston, by sight and hearsay, as one of the biggest shareholders and directors of the British Empire Soaps and Fats Co., Ltd.—paid-up capital twenty million pounds. "No vice, of course; but, as we usually express it in Finch Court, too many high spirits—ha-ha—hey?"

Mrs. J.-J. nodded. "That is it exactly. They are nice boys—particularly Claude—but too impulsive, too gay-spirited and thoughtless—particularly Clarence."

"Quite, quite," said George thoughtfully. "Just what is their weakness—the one which their father thinks calls for a change of climate for them?"

Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun reflected. "Total idleness, gross extravagance and a habit of rendering themselves liable to breach-of-promise suits are the chief failings of Clarence and Claude Chalkston," she said in her airy way. "Lord Chalkston is naturally anxious about the boys and has asked my aid. It seemed to me that you, Mr. Jay, are well qualified to act with me in the matter, and I am sure it's quite unnecessary to tell you that the gratitude of Lord Chalkston is worth working for."

"I sincerely wish I could get Lord Chalkston feeling grateful to me," agreed George most flatly, and thought for a few moments. In his mind he had already found a niche for the Twilight Twins—he had figured exactly where he proposed to put them for their own sakes. Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun could not have come at a more opportune moment, though he had no intention of telling her so.

The one-eared Hungerford Bourke was exactly the man to handle the Twilight Twins; and he owned a concession, plus a very valuable accumulation of highly oily beans, in a corner of the globe to which even a brief trip could most certainly be guaranteed somewhat to steady the high spirits of practically anyone sane.

But all that was a mere bagatelle. It was not that small matter which caused the glassy eyes of gentle George to protrude a little farther out than usual as he sat thinking hard. Beyond the affair of the twins, he could see or sense something bigger—something very big—yea, even maybe that elusive five-figure flutter which he had so long and so vainly pursued.

He spoke again. "But why doesn't Lord Chalkston send these lads of his to one of the British Empire Soap Company's stations abroad? They own collecting depots, trading stations, and so on, all over the world," he said.

"Exactly," smiled Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun. "But they need discipline, and Lord Chalkston thinks they are much more likely to get it from strangers than from employes of the big company of which he is one of the controllers."

"And rightly so," agreed the Squire of Finch Court heartily. He learned that the lady was dining with the lads at the Astoritz that evening, and arranged to introduce her—and them—to a friend who could be of untold value in the matter of obliging Lord Chalkston. She accepted.

They then went carefully into the matter of a division of such profits as might accrue from the affair. It would not be much, the lady explained frankly, for Lord Chalkston was not a man prone to overpay folk. He did not believe it was good for folk to be overpaid. It spoiled them and led to great expectations, followed by great disappointments, which were subsequently followed by bitter chagrin, keen unhappiness, humiliation, mortification, domestic troubles, and so, by uneasy stages, to madness and despair. Lord Chalkston, explained Mrs. J.-J. in her airy way, was kind but firm, and she suspected that he had a theory that it was better not to pay people at all rather than injure and ruin them by overpayment. She was a gay little cynic, Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun.

Still, she had found that Lord Chalkston had never neglected to recognize a service rendered to him by her, and she felt that a fifty-guinea fee—possibly even a hundred—might be picked up if Mr. Jay handled cleverly the matter of placing the boys in the right hands. Not a fortune, but not to be disdained as the result of an hour's work. Gentle Mr. Jay agreed; and after some discussion, they settled—with a small written document—to divide whatever the Chalkston affair produced at the rate of fifty-fifty. George agreed with enthusiasm as he ushered her out. Not that he was feeling particularly enthusiastic about a mere fifty-guinea fee. She could have all of that, for all he cared. The gentle Jay himself was after far bigger and much more worthwhile things—five figures, maybe.

The old anteater thought for a while, then took writing materials and prepared a small document with the air of one who loved small documents. This he put in his pocket and went out, notifying his clerk, Gus Golding, that he could be found at the Turkish baths if required.

When, two hours and a half later, George and Hungerford Bourke left the baths, Mr. Jay en route to his flat and Mr. Bourke to his hotel to change for dinner, George's little document had been completed in a fashion satisfactory to both parties, and Mr. Jay had a vastly enhanced opinion of a Turkish bath establishment as a place where business might be enacted in a broad-minded and generous spirit. For, in consideration of Mr. Jay guaranteeing to take from Mr. Bourke's oil-stained hands and jungle-worn spirit the heavy task of selling in the best market for the best price his valuable if evil-smelling accumulation of beans, together with the Sim Yan concession to cultivate and collect more of the same, the roughly genial Hungerford had agreed, for his part, to divide the proceeds at the generous rate of 60–40—the 60 per cent to be for Mr. Bourke, the 40 for gentle Mr. Jay.

It was an admirable stroke of business for George H., and freely—having made sure of it—he admitted it. "You are big, Bourke—yes, a big man, doing things in a big, broad way. And it will pay you big profits—big broad ones. The 40 per cent gives me a good heart to work on. An agent needs a good heart these days. There are plenty of agents in this town who would take hold of the thing for you for considerably less. But what would they return you for it? Considerably less, Bourke. Yes. Watch me, friend, and be patient. Go about, enjoy yourself, soak in civilization, bask in luxury, make some lady friends—wonderful softening effect on jungle-worn spirits the ladies have, devil a doubt of that, Bourke. They sweeten one—if one sweetens them. You've done your work: it's your turn to play while I work. Nobody'll grudge it to you, and a little pleasure, a little play, a little rest and relaxation can do no man any harm. Meantime I shall be putting in some spade work."

Hungerford Bourke grinned spaciously. "It's what I've been looking forward to for months," he bellowed, paused suddenly and indicated the place where his left ear wasn't. "Will this make any difference to my—well, popularity, Jay, d'ye think?"

George laughed. "Not at all—providing you can hear in that place. If a lady wants some little old thing or other and she coos a kind of hint about it, can you hear it?"

"Hear it? Man, I can hear a stopped watch ticking five furlongs off. You got to hear well in the jungle, flaps or no flaps."

"Well, that's all right. No lady with any delicacy of feeling is going to cold-shoulder you because you're short one flap. There's men short of more serious things than an ear flap or two in this city, Bourke. Nunno, go your way and enjoy yourself while I make some money for us—ha-ha!"

II

WHEN, that evening, George and Mr. Bourke reached the end of a really royal dinner at the Astoritz, George, glancing benignly about him, perceived the honorable lady smiling to him from a distant table, where she was dining with two fair-haired, rather handsome but somewhat languid-looking boys, identically alike. He lost no time in pointing the little party out to his companion.

"Those are the boys I have been speaking of, Bourke," said George, who had explained part of his plans to the big Hungerford.

"Um—that so?" replied Hungerford, following Mr. Jay's glance.

"Nice lads—no harm—not an ounce. Just want a little change of air—and discipline."

"Oh, the boys will be all right. Who's the lady, Jay? That's the point! She's a wonder!" Mr. Bourke was absorbing Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun like a thirsty desert absorbing spilled water. "Y'know, Jay, it's a curious thing, but I used to dream about a lady almost exactly like that, out in the jungle. Dunno whether you believe in dreams. I don't, as a rule, but she was very vivid to me back in that South American jungle. Queer that, hey, Jay? Introduce me, will you? I wouldn't feel so lonely in this town if I had a friend like her."

George smiled. He had seen the lonely Hungerford take a fancy to a lady before. Still, Bourke would have to meet her sooner or later, so he broadened his beam a little. "All right," he said. "But there's no hurry. Let her eat her dinner. She's human, you know. She'll like you just as well after her dinner—maybe better."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," mumbled Hungerford, slightly tilting the more fully furnished side of his head toward the charming Mrs. J.-J. as she glanced up. "It's tough, it's very tough, on a man to be deprived of feminine society for so long as we explorers have got to be," said Mr. Bourke, half apologetically, as though he, too, remembered the fiasco of his last love affair.

The Squire of Finch Court nodded indulgently. "Surely, surely," he said. "But I thought South America was full of beautiful Spanish-style ladies."

"Huh!" went Mr. Bourke. "The only ladies I set eyes on for four months were ladies of a tribe of tree-climbing Indians—a branch of the Sim Yan tribe that infests the forests away up the Amazon along with the other monkeys. Ladies! Guess again, Jay. Spanish? No, sir! Rubbish! Style? Well, if shinning up a tree in a manner that would make a chimpanzee blush and giggle is stylish, they were stylish enough. Hey, Jay, some of you don't know what a burden these aborigine ladies can make life seem to an honest, God-fearin' explorer. They'd hook their toes in the crotch of a bough thirty-five feet above ground and grin round the trunk at you like languishing wildcats—and, at that, you had to watch out for poisoned arrows from the he Indians they used as husbands. No, Jay," concluded Mr. Bourke rather indignantly, "men like me don't go out into the Never-Never and extend the empire without suffering a certain amount of—of—well, suffering."

He drank his liqueur almost contemptuously. "Me, I'm nobody's fool, Jay," he continued. "But you can understand that after four months among the Sim Yans a lady like that lady looks like a fairy."

George Henry, seeing how serious things were with his client, agreed very readily, and lost very little time indeed in conducting Hungerford to the honorable fairy's table, where, by honeyed invitation, they remained.

Although it was speedily made plain to George that the charming Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun's interest in Mr. Hungerford Bourke was kindled well-nigh as quickly as Hungerford's in her; and although, moreover, the Squire was well aware that she was by no means a slothly worker when she was in a working humor—nevertheless it always remained something of a mystery to him why and how he shortly afterward found himself in the company of Clarence and Claude Chalkston, collecting his hat and coat.

Nobody had asked him or the twins to leave—nobody had even hinted at it. Yet they had left—of their own accord—probably feeling kind of unwanted. Odd, that.

A little mazed and absent-minded, George wandered about the West End with the entirely vapid and intellectless but very polite and well-mannered twins for the next hour, feeling a hundred and seventy-two years old and a good thirty miles behind the times. Neither the places of amusement, of refreshment, of relaxation, to which they steered him—a friend of their father's, as Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun had informed them—nor the little friends of various ages and both sexes whom they met, intrigued or interested George.

They burbled and prattled and played; they danced a little here, a little more there; they told little stories that were like old, old ghosts come back to haunt Mr. Jay for his sins; they used a queer slang that puzzled him but obviously wasn't worth while understanding; and they drank like little fishes—little goldfishes. Somehow they sort of frightened gentle George—made him feel stuffy and very fat and as if his clothes didn't fit him well. He felt that he wanted to go home.

So he went—heartily in agreement with their wealthy papa that what they needed was a prompt introduction to old Professor D. Sharpe Discipline and a long spell of intimate association with him.

Because he was totally devoid of any illusions whatsoever about the sheer weakness of big Hungerford Bourke in the presence of beauty, or the sheer strength of the Honorable Mrs. J.-J. in the presence of business, gentle—though somewhat anxious—George took great pains to arrive at the luxurious City offices of the British Empire Soaps and Fats Company not more than five minutes after Lord Chalkston had reached there next morning.

As the genial old Finch Court anteater had told himself en route to business—rather earlier than usual this morning—he sensed something in the air which warned him to work fast and accurately in the matter of the Bourke oil bean if he wanted anything like a fair-and-square agent's share of the benefits which the bean was obviously destined oilily to shower upon humanity in general—beginning, he hoped, with George Henry Jay, associate of the Institute of British Agents and member of the Agents' Guild.

"In the ordinary way, as long as Bourke haunts around with ordinary folk, there would be no such hurry," he had confided in his cigar—grand little confidants, these, that never repeat what they hear—"but now that silky she assagai has transfixed him clean through the place where his soul would be if he had one, it's up to old George to get something of a gait on. It's true I got my 60–40 contract, but contracts are terribly tender things—when it's raining assagais. I like Bourke, but he's too human to be entirely reliable."

Evidently the fair Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun had made the way easy for him, for George H. was received with real cordiality by the normally rather grim Lord

(Continued on Page 74)

1888
1927
A Barrett Specification Bonded Roof covers the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Building, Cleveland, O. Architects and Engineers: Knox and Elliot, Cleveland. Contractors: Geo. A. Fuller Company, New York City; Roofers: Lee H. Gould, Cleveland.

Hickox Building, 9th Street and Euclid Ave., Cleveland. The roof of Barrett Pitch and Felt laid in 1888, by Hugh Huntington & Son, Cleveland, has not cost a cent for repairs in 39 years

BUILDING PRACTICE HAS CHANGED

SINCE THE "ELEGANT 80's"— BUT NOT IN THE MATTER OF ROOFING

" * * * When you look into the matter you find that roofs of coal-tar pitch and felt, with a wearing surface of slag or gravel, were considered sound building practice way back in the 80's.

Today you find these veterans on old office buildings, warehouses and factories all over the country—still staunch and weathertight after their 40 or more years of service. Moreover, in a majority of cases, you will find that they have cost little or nothing for repairs."

* * *

The superiority of pitch and felt built-up roofs has been established—proved by the years. Today we find a majority of our finest modern structures roofed with The Barrett Specification Roof—a pitch and felt roof which is accepted as the last word in permanent roof protection.

When a building is covered with a Barrett Specification Roof the owner receives a Surety Bond. This bond absolutely guarantees him against expense for repairs or maintenance for a full 20 years. It is, of course, obvious that no bonding company would grant thousands of such bonds if it were not certain that the roofs would last well beyond the period of the guarantee. Finally—

Barrett Specification Roofs take the base rate of fire insurance.

If the idea of trouble-free roofs interests you, dictate a brief note to The Built-Up Roof Department of The Barrett Company, 40 Rector St., New York City.

Depend on
The Barrett Approved Roofer

Throughout the United States and Canada a limited number of roofing contractors have been approved by Barrett to lay The Barrett Specification Bonded Roof. These men have earned a reputation for doing efficient work—a name for absolute dependability.

Good workmanship is a big part of *any* good roof. Be sure of good workmanship. Take your roof problems to the Barrett Approved Roofer.

Barrett SPECIFICATION ROOFS

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector Street New York City

In Canada
The Barrett Company, Limited, 5551 St. Hubert St., Montreal Quebec, Canada

CADILLAC

Rarely beautiful, radically different in its beauty, the LaSalle was bound to create a sensation throughout America. Thousands who have viewed this creation of Cadillac are carrying to their own circles, descriptions so glowing and enthusiastic as to arouse, on all sides, eager desire to see and to drive this blood-brother to America's leading fine car.

You, too, will find—as promised in its announcement—"that nothing even remotely resembling the LaSalle exists today." It establishes an entirely new and captivating style. Its lines, its contours, its extremely low center of gravity reveals heretofore undeveloped possibilities.

In that complete road mastery which results from surpassingly brilliant performance, the LaSalle is as closely akin to Cadillac as in its remarkable certainty of dependable and distinguished service.

This companion-car to Cadillac is built, primarily, for that fine appreciation of quality which attaches to Cadillac ownership—to supply that demand for a car equally fine and of equal social status, but filling a slightly varying field of usefulness. It has been nearly four years in the building—for it is built by men who know how to work only to the highest standards of Cadillac craftsmanshipand who have wrought the LaSalle, in the only way they know—that is, in strictest accord with Cadillac's great traditions.

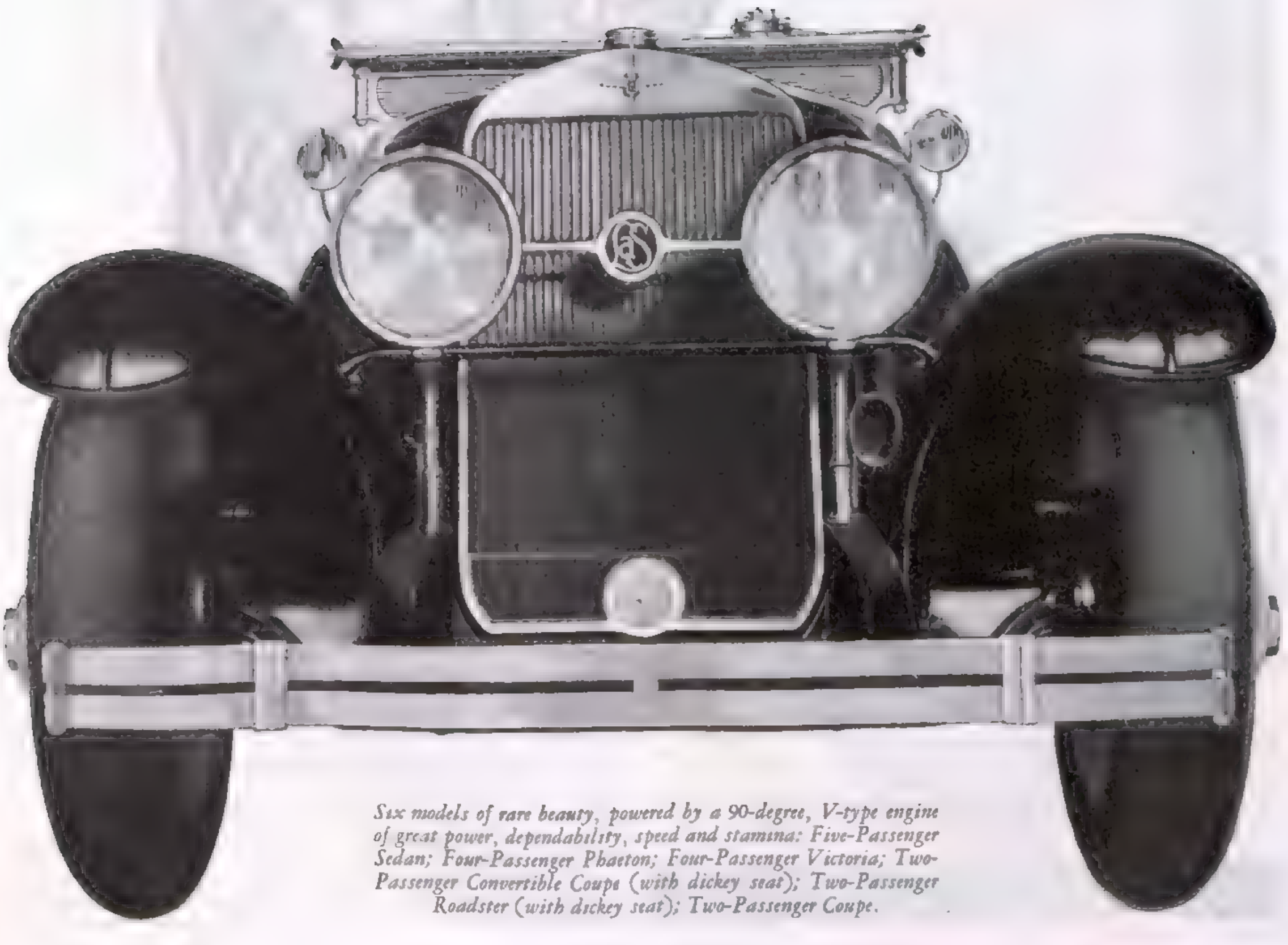
Manufactured Completely by the Cadillac Motor Car Company within Its Own Plant.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan - Oshawa, Canada

Division of General Motors Corporation

welcomes **LaSalle**



Six models of rare beauty, powered by a 90-degree, V-type engine of great power, dependability, speed and stamina: Five-Passenger Sedan; Four-Passenger Phaeton; Four-Passenger Victoria; Two-Passenger Convertible Coupe (with dickey seat); Two-Passenger Roadster (with dickey seat); Two-Passenger Coupe.

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

If you would have your home as pleasant to live in as to look at, give it the Good Hardware it deserves—Corbin.

Here's a door that will never fail to work well. It has a knob that will always operate the lock inside—a lock that will open easily—yet close securely—hinges that will never sag, never squeak. It has Good Hardware—Corbin.

Only hardware that has been well made can make doors and windows work unfailingly. Which reminds one—Corbin Hardware has been made to look right and work right for a lifetime.

We have an interesting booklet (S-3) on Good Hardware you'll find well worth reading. May we send you a copy?

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
New York Chicago Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 70)

Chalkston. George, working at the very top of his form, had no trouble at all with the first of the two matters which he had called to discuss—the business of arranging details about a year's sojourn for the twins at Hungerford Bourke's South American plantations. They would work as assistants directly under the eye and control of Hungerford himself—at a small salary. The whole arrangement naturally was to be subject to Lord Chalkston's approval of Mr. Bourke as the kind of man to whose control he could intrust his boys. With the object of getting well acquainted with Hungerford, Lord Chalkston invited George Henry and Bourke to dine quietly with him on the evening of the next day.

Mr. Jay, charmed, lost no time in accepting that invitation. "With pleasure, Lord Chalkston," he said. "And I, myself, will answer for it that you will find Hungerford Bourke to be in every respect a—a typical empire builder."

"He sounds like a man I am seeking," said Lord Chalkston.

"You will find him so," affirmed Mr. Jay, and pondered swiftly the advisability of introducing the matter of his personal fees for having conducted the negotiation. He failed, in the few brief seconds at his disposal, to convince himself that this was exactly the moment to try to persuade Lord Chalkston, who quite obviously was a hardish and considerably self-made man, that he had earned even a modest fifty-guinea fee.

Rather reluctantly, and vaguely against his hair-triggered instincts, he decided to leave that until after Bourke and he had dined with the wealthy old peer and everyone was mellower.

"Well, my lord, that, practically speaking, settles that matter," he said, paused a moment, then, extracting a small box from his pocket, began again. Having carried his and Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun's mutual little affair to a successful finish, and having practically secured a small but still attractive fee, the Finch Court craftsman was coming, he hoped, to the much bigger transaction involving his and Hungerford Bourke's mutual interests.

He rose and gently placed two of the beans on Lord Chalkston's desk. "If you will allow me, my lord, I wish to invite your attention to another and more commercial matter. Hitherto I have been dealing with you in your personal capacity as—if I may say so—as the parent of two fine boys. May I now deal with you in your capacity as chairman of the British Empire Soaps and Fats Company?" He hurried on without waiting for an answer: "You have before you two samples of the beans which are produced by the million upon the plantation, or, to be more accurate, the great area of bean-vine lands conceded to Mr. Bourke by the chief of the powerful tribe of—er—forest-dwelling Indians—the Sim Yans, my lord—inhabiting the district in which the—er—bean-vine belt is situated."

Lord Chalkston's eyebrows went up.

"The amount of oil or fat contained in any other known oil-bearing seed, nut or vegetable is infinitesimal compared with the oil content of the Bourke bean. There is, as you, my lord, are well aware, maybe 50 per cent of fat in an ordinary common cocoa-bean seed. Of course, you get the cocoa too But, as your chemists will show you, there is more than 92 per cent of pure, beautiful oil in the Bourke bean, and the 8 per cent residue of husk, compressed, makes a cattle feed that far surpasses all other known forms of cattle feeds I think that close examination by your company's expert chemists will convince you that the discovery of the Bourke oil bean grows like a weed, my lord -will revolutionize the vegetable fats and oils business." And the gentle George was well away to a flying start.

Lord Chalkston listened attentively, poking the samples about with his pen, looking at them under a magnifying glass, smelling them. Finally he hushed up Mr. Jay and sent for his wise men, his analysts and other experts. A very cursory preliminary examination by these was sufficient to satisfy them that the Bourke bean was indeed something new and well worth attention.

Within half an hour the diligent Mr. Jay was reaching for the document with which he had heeled himself—a document specially designed to cover, as with solid armor plate, the preliminaries of a possible purchase by Lord Chalkston, either for himself or for his company, of the oil-bean concession from Mr. Hungerford Bourke. The tentative figure included in these preliminary documents was thirty thousand pounds for the concession plus three thousand pounds for several hundred tons of beans which would be found awaiting the party of technical representatives of the company which Hungerford Bourke would guide to the Bourke bean paradise.

Because of what Lord Chalkston chose—not unwisely—to describe as the nebulous nature of the concession, he very naturally suggested that no money, nor anything resembling money, be paid by his company until matters were advanced to the stage where large squads of perspiring emissaries of the soaps and fats company were actually shoveling the beans into the cargo boats of the company. But at this proposal Mr. Jay felt compelled gently to demur.

His demur was but moderately effective—so much so that it was not until he rose regretfully, gathering up his papers as a sign that he felt himself unable to trade without at least one fleeting glimpse of the color of the company's money, that Lord Chalkston, who knew far better than Mr. Jay the really colossal possibilities of the Bourke oil bean—if obtainable in large quantities—reluctantly decided to risk a few thousand pounds or so of his company's big appropriation for exploration and foreign trading development expenses. After all, the company continually risked losing far more by establishing a new trading station on the palm and nut oil coasts of Africa or anywhere where vegetable oil was to be found.

So they haggled a little—plus-six hagglers, both. The gentle Jay's notion, strongly urged, was that the company must be prepared to risk a little money where his client, Hungerford Bourke, had risked his life.

"The market value of the heap of beans already accumulated must be at least five thousand pounds, my lord, and probably much more," he stated robustly. "Indeed, I should not sell them for that if it were not that for obvious reasons I cannot actually show you more than the samples at this moment. But I am a man of some reputation in this city, and Hungerford Bourke, although a wanderer, is extremely well connected. Both of us can be inquired about through the usual channels," he indicated with dignity. "Myself, I am known to many of the aristocracy, for whom I customarily handle most complex and delicate affairs. Were it not for the fact that my business requires my own continual and most careful attention—my own personal and unrelaxing vigilance—and that Bourke requires a short rest and recuperation, I assure you that I should regard it as my duty to cooperate with Bourke in chartering a boat, fetching the beans and dumping them on the market, having previously made arrangements in the stock market to net no inconsiderable gain from the staggering effect of the new bean on the shares of those concerns which deal in the—um—old-fashioned sources of supply. But that is not strictly my line of business. It is outside my field. I am an agent, and Bourke is not—and never will be—a trader. He is a pure adventurer, explorer, pioneer of empire, like the early rubber men."

Mr. Jay rose, speaking earnestly: "I am prepared to take in cash three thousand pounds for that heap of beans, Lord Chalkston. I have shown you samples. I believe the accumulation of beans to be there. I have come to you because yours is obviously the company to which this valuable, this

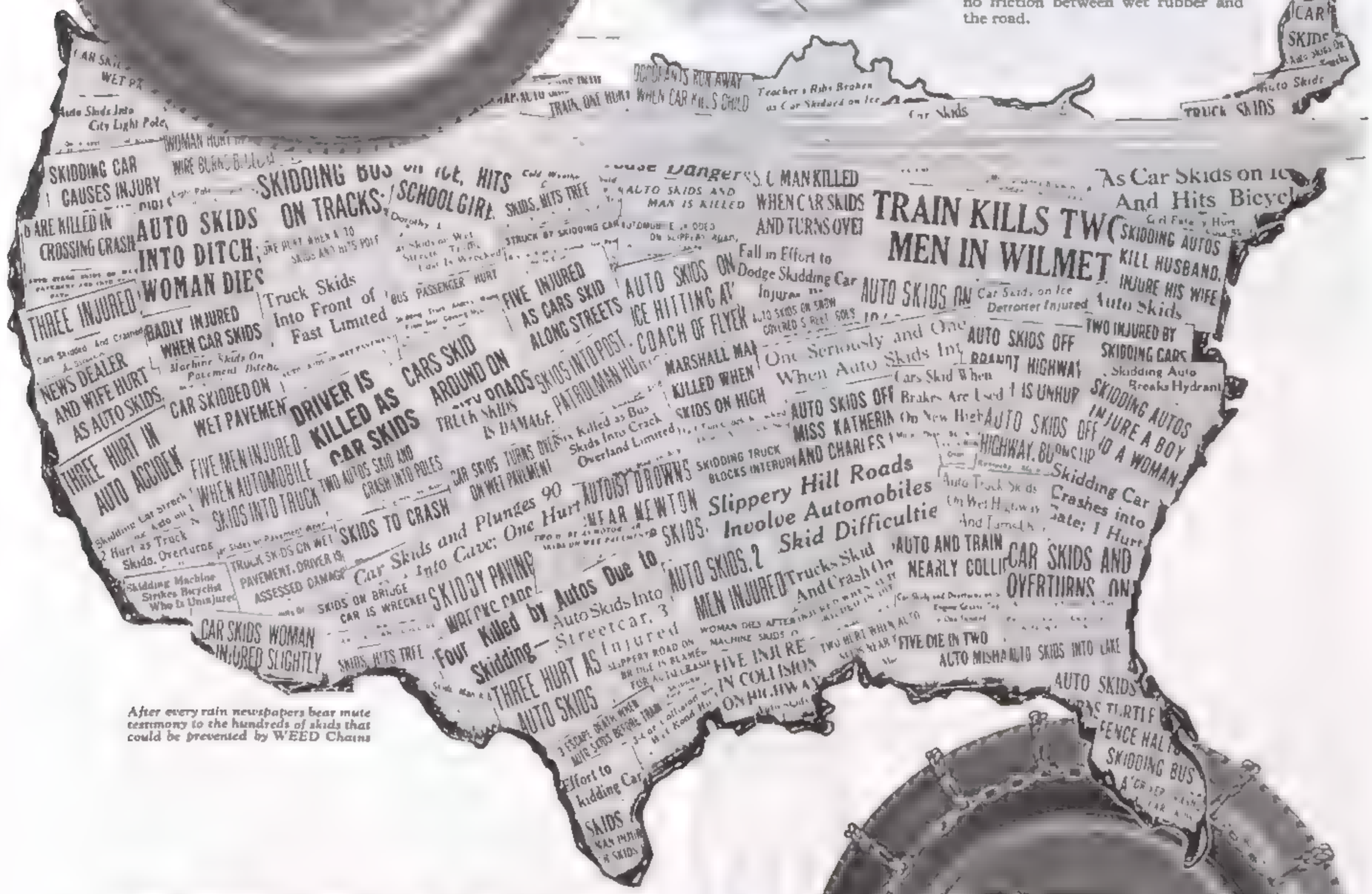
(Continued on Page 75)

WET RUBBER *slips*

Take a rubber pencil eraser

Hold the pencil firmly and try to slide it over a glass surface. Note how the rubber sets up a friction against the glass—how it adheres.

Now wet the glass and try it again. Note how the rubber slips and skids the instant it reaches the wet area. This is what happens to your tires when they get wet. There is little or no friction between wet rubber and the road.


SKIDDING CAR CAUSES INJURY
AUTO SKIDS ON TRACKS; WOMAN DIES
SKIDDING BUS ON ICE, HITS SCHOOLGIRL
TRAIN KILLS TWO MEN IN WILMET
As Car Skids on Ice And Hits Bicycle
THREE INJURED
NEWS DEALER AND WIFE HURT AS AUTO SKIDS
BADLY INJURED WHEN CAR SKIDS
Truck Skids Into Front of Fast Limited
FIVE INJURED AS CARS SKID ALONG STREETS
AUTO SKIDS ON ICE HITTING AT
SKIDDING AUTOS KILL HUSBAND, INJURE HIS WIFE
THREE HURT IN AUTO ACCIDEN
CAR SKIDDED ON WET PAVEMEN
DRIVER IS KILLED AS CAR SKIDS
CARS SKID AROUND ON
FIVE MEN INJURED WHEN AUTOMOBILE SKIDS INTO TRUCK
SKIDS INTO POST. COACH OF FLYER
MARSHALL MA KILLED WHEN SKIDS ON HIGH
AUTO SKIDS OFF BRANT HIGHWA
TWO INJURED BY SKIDDING CARS
SKIDDING AUTOS INJURE A BOY AND A WOMAN
AUTO SKIDS OFF HIGHWAY, 80 ON UP
Skidding Car Crashes into Gate; 1 Hurt
CAR SKIDS AND OVERTURNS ON
Car Skids and Plunges 90 Into Cave; One Hurt
AUTOIST DROWNS NEAR NEWTON
SKIDDY PAVING
Four Killed by Autos Due to Skidding—
AUTO SKIDS. Involve Automobiles
Slippery Hill Roads
AUTO SKIDS.? Skid Difficultie
MEN INJURED
AUTO AND TRAIN NEARLY COLLI
CAR SKIDS WOMAN INJURED SLIGHTLY
THREE HURT AS AUTO SKIDS
FIVE INJURE IN COLLISON ON HIGHWAY
FIVE DIE IN TWO
AUTO SKIDS INTO LAKE
AUTO SKIDS
FENCE HALT
SKIDDING BUS
Effort to Skidding Car
SKIDS

After every rain newspapers bear mute testimony to the hundreds of skids that could be prevented by WEED Chains

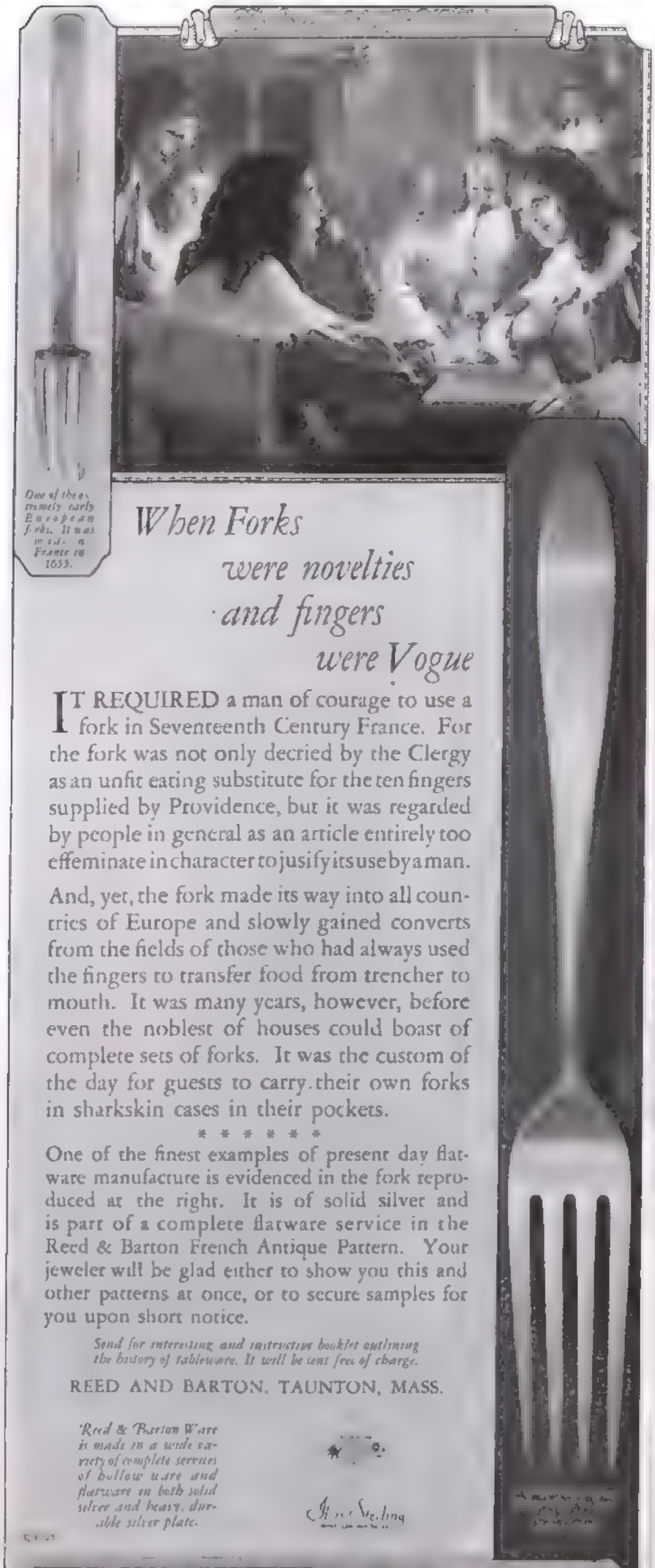
WEED CHAINS *grip*

Put them on whenever roads are wet. It takes only a few minutes. WEED Chains are the most dependable preventative of forward and side skids. For wet rubber slips, while the hardened steel WEED cross chains grip wet roads and give dependable traction in mud.

You can identify genuine WEED Tire Chains by their red connecting hooks, gray galvanized side chains and brass plated cross chains with the name WEED stamped on every hook.

"There can be no compromise with safety"

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc., *makers of* WEED Chains, WEED Bumpers, *and* WEED Levelizers



One of these remote early European forks. It was made in France in 1655.

When Forks were novelties and fingers were Vogue

IT REQUIRED a man of courage to use a fork in Seventeenth Century France. For the fork was not only decried by the Clergy as an unfit eating substitute for the ten fingers supplied by Providence, but it was regarded by people in general as an article entirely too effeminate in character to justify its use by a man.

And, yet, the fork made its way into all countries of Europe and slowly gained converts from the fields of those who had always used the fingers to transfer food from trencher to mouth. It was many years, however, before even the noblest of houses could boast of complete sets of forks. It was the custom of the day for guests to carry their own forks in sharkskin cases in their pockets.

* * * * * *

One of the finest examples of present day flatware manufacture is evidenced in the fork reproduced at the right. It is of solid silver and is part of a complete flatware service in the Reed & Barton French Antique Pattern. Your jeweler will be glad either to show you this and other patterns at once, or to secure samples for you upon short notice.

Send for interesting and instructive booklet outlining the history of tableware. It will be sent free of charge.

REED AND BARTON, TAUNTON, MASS.

Reed & Barton Ware is made in a wide variety of complete services of hollow ware and flatware in both solid silver and heavy, durable silver plate.

REED & BARTON
TAUNTON MASSACHUSETTS
ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS
SOLID SILVERWARE PLATED SILVERWARE

(Continued from Page 74)

very valuable opportunity should be offered. I say frankly to you now that it is my considered opinion that your party will find picked beans to the value of five thousand pounds awaiting them, plus a concession worth—to a firm equipped to handle it—a large fortune. I ask for no deposit or binding fee on the thirty thousand which I believe you will soon be glad to pay for the concession. I—a mere agent—concede that deposit to you because you evidently believe there is an element of—er—nebulousness about the bean concession. And I ask you—British Empire Soaps and Fats Ltd.—in return to concede my client a mere three thousand pounds for five hundred tons of oil beans awaiting shipment. That seems to me to be fair, Lord Chalkston."

"But suppose the beans are not there, my dear Mr. Jay."

"In that case," said George blandly, "the three thousand pounds counts as an advance payment on account for the concession."

"And suppose the concession is not there," pursued Lord Chalkston.

"In that case," responded Mr. Jay, "my client and I lose twenty-seven thousand pounds and you lose three thousand pounds." Lord Chalkston fidgeted a little. "Whereas," continued George sonorously, "if, as I stake my reputation is likely to be the case, the picked beans and the concession are there, then my client and I receive thirty-three thousand pounds from your company and your company, my lord"—he reverberated—"your company takes over a concession worth, to you, possibly many millions sterling."

"Humph!" said Lord Chalkston. "This is all most irregular—most. Why, man, it is sheer gambling!"

George Henry sighed politely and rose. "I am sorry, my lord," he said; "but you cannot seriously expect my client to guide your great company to a fortune, revealing the secret of its whereabouts, for nothing."

"Sit down," commanded Lord Chalkston. "I shall accept your terms—risk this money."

"Well, it won't exactly ruin you if you lose it. I should think you would risk it. A firm that can pay 50 per cent dividends trading on risky African jungle crops—yes, I'll say you sure ought to risk taking a cheap whirl at a South American deal," said George—very silently, to Mr. Jay. But aloud he merely observed that he would accept the offer and would accordingly amend the draft documents for the perusal of the company's men o' law.

This he did, and left, having made what to the mind of a man so devoted as he to quick dealings and quick cash therewith was an entirely admirable arrangement. The figure, of course, was low if the bean harvest was really so plentiful, so oily and so easy and inexpensive to gather as Mr. Hungerford Bourke claimed; but low certain money always appealed to Mr. Jay as better, on the whole, than high uncertain money.

He went from the City straight to Hungerford Bourke's hotel. Hungerford approved of his arrangement with a ready but slightly absent-minded carelessness. He was busy watching the hotel valet pack a lot of new clothes, and he explained to George H. that he had accepted an invitation to spend a few days at Bournemouth. He was leaving London that evening. George gently spoke of the dinner engagement with Lord Chalkston next evening. Hungerford declined to stay in London for that. He was very stubborn. Hurt and anxious, George H. finally got him to agree to lunch that day with Lord Chalkston, and after a brilliant bit of highly tactful work over the telephone with the fats magnate, managed to arrange it so.

"Well, Bourke, that's settled," said George, beaming broadly, though he never felt less like beaming in his life, for he guessed only too easily why Hungerford was jaunting off to Bournemouth. He began to grope for confirmation of his guess.

"Going golfing, hey, Bourke? There's pretty good golf at Bournemouth, I believe."

"Golf," said the blunt Hungerford "bedamned for a tale. I wouldn't do any such thing. I am going to be one of a little house party at Wyke Waste, the marine residence of Lady and Sir Thomas Wyke. I'm going to bask myself in the restful atmosphere of a refined country house full of refined folk. And let me tell you, Jay, that means a glimpse of paradise to a man who has been through the toil and danger and agony and suffering among the Sim Yans, and so forth, that I have."

"Surely, surely," said George. "I hope you will have a great time, Bourke. I once did business, in a way, with Lady Wyke. Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun helped me. They are great friends. Both charming women, very. I suppose Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun will be one of the party?"

"Maybe she will, maybe she won't. I don't know," lied Hungerford grudgingly. Quite clearly, he had no intention of confiding in Mr. Jay.

But George knew. He silently thanked his gods for that 60–40 contract. Whatever happened to Hungerford's 60 per cent end of it—and much could happen to it when possessed by a man so starved for congenial and refined feminine companionship, so jungle worn and so surfeited with Sim Yan society as big Mr. Bourke—George knew his 40 per cent was safe. Forty per cent of that hard-squeezed three thousand pounds was twelve hundred pounds low certain money, plus a royal chance of another twelve thousand pounds high uncertain money, when the big deal was put through.

"If Mrs. J.-J. doesn't drive a deep harpoon into the thick end of Bourke's 60 per cent some way or other, I miss my guess by miles," mused George H. But he mused it very silently indeed. It was Hungerford Bourke's affair, not his. And he perceived that Hungerford, pressed, persuaded, warned or advised, was in the mood to tell him so in blunt language.

It was evident to the old sharpshooter from Finch Court that the one-eared concession expert was about as capable of flying from the charms of the lovely lady as the humming bird she wore in her millinery when the fashion called for humming birds there. So he said no more. He stifled his instincts to try to protect this perfectly unprotectable person and steered the conversation to safer topics, exerting himself to drag Hungerford from his dreams of the lady sufficiently to get him into a suitable frame of mind for lunching with Lord Chalkston.

This he achieved. The two got on so admirably that George had no further trouble whatever. He had nothing to do except just to lean back in his chair and dreamily listen, or, better still, muse about his forthcoming winnings.

"A fine transaction, finely handled," he told himself when back at his office.

"There's no doubt of it—I'm improving. My technic is getting masterly. Yes, things go through more smoothly under my hand nowadays. I got a right to say it. A man who can take hold of a cat's cradle of conflicting interests and quietly but firmly smooth it out to everybody's satisfaction the way I can is no slouch, as the saying goes. No. I fancy Lord Chalkston noticed that; and if the agent he uses when next he needs one isn't Agent Jay I shall be ashamed of him—ha-ha!"

Airily he took a pencil and jotted down a few figures. He didn't need to, for he knew them by heart. But they looked so good that it tickled his fancy to play about them, as follows:

Probable money from Ld. C:

£50 fee, say, *re* boys—Jay £25, Mrs. J.-J. £25.

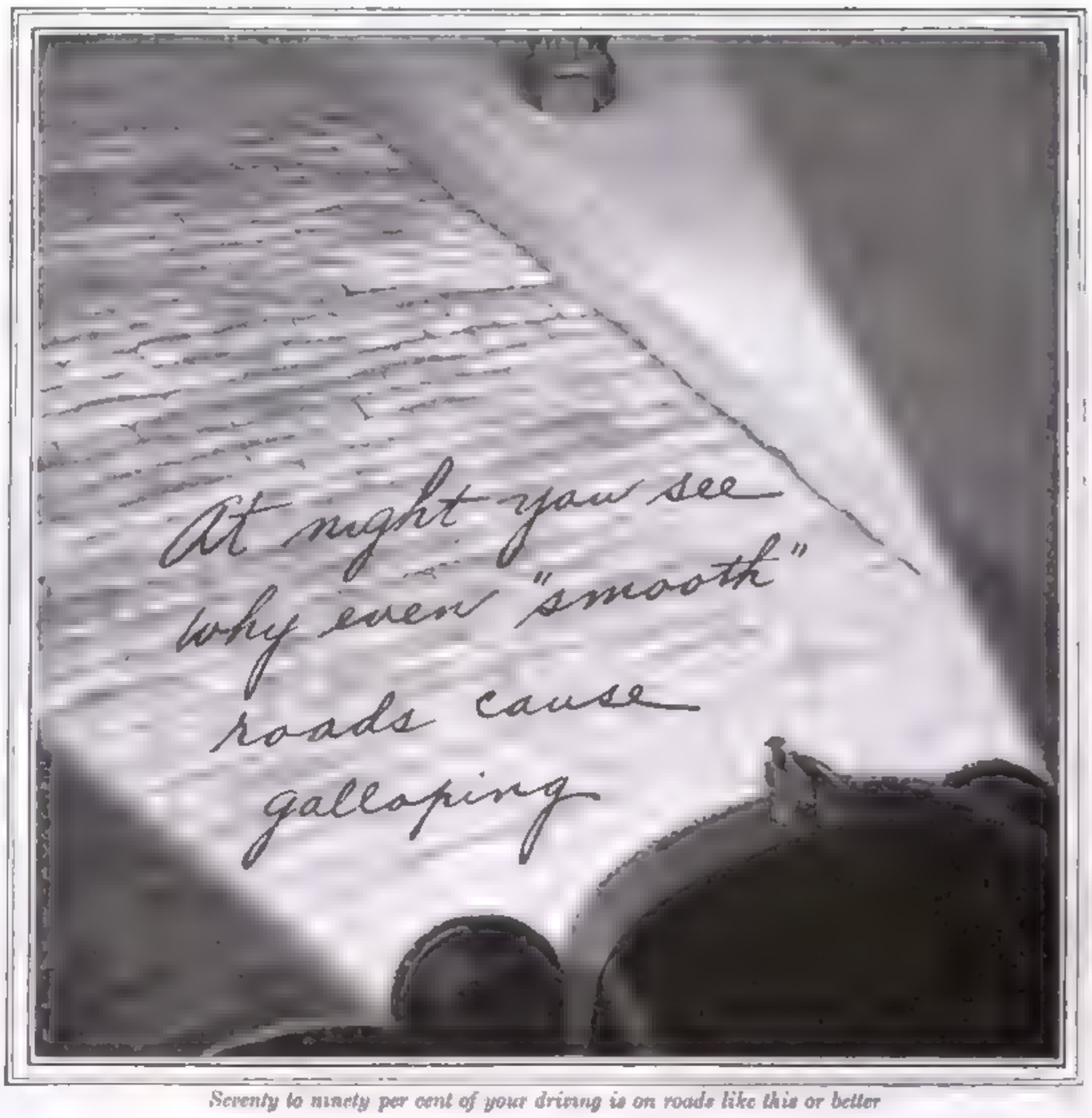
Certain money from Brit. Sps. and Fats Co.

£3000—Jay £1200, Bourke £1800.

Certain for Jay, £1225.

(Continued on Page 78)

1st Balloon Tires 2nd Softer Springs and Now The 3rd Great Advance in the New Riding Comfort



Seventy to ninety per cent of your driving is on roads like this or better

BALLOON tires, longer, more resilient springs—two great advances that have made motoring today more comfortable than it has ever been before.

But there was one important source of riding discomfort which even these could not overcome.

"Galloping!"

That constant bobbing, jiggling, mushy see-saw bouncing of your car on all kinds of pavements—even the very best.

Caused, not by big bumps, but by countless tiny irregularities, hollows, ridges, ripples—rises and depressions so small you can scarcely see them in the daytime.

Only at night, when your bright lights throw heavy shadows, do you realize how many of them there are—why you constantly suffer the discomfort of "galloping." For no road is free from them.

The Third Great Advance
—no more "galloping"!

Now "galloping" is eliminated by a Third Great Advance in the new era of riding comfort that began with the introduction of balloon tires.

The new Hasslers!

So delicately responsive that no inequality of the road is too small to bring them into immediate play.

So swift in recovery that they keep your car in constant readiness for the closest possible succession of bumps, large or small.

A special type for your car

And there is a set of Hasslers specially designed and adjusted at the factory for every popular make of car, including the one you drive. A Buick set for a Buick. An Oakland set for an Oakland. A Nash set for a Nash.

Inexpensive, easily and quickly installed, the new Hasslers will give you an entirely new experience in riding comfort.

Have a set installed now. Learn how much the new Hasslers add to the pleasure of riding. How much play and movement they permit your car to retain while giving you a thoroughly smooth and perfectly rhythmic ride.

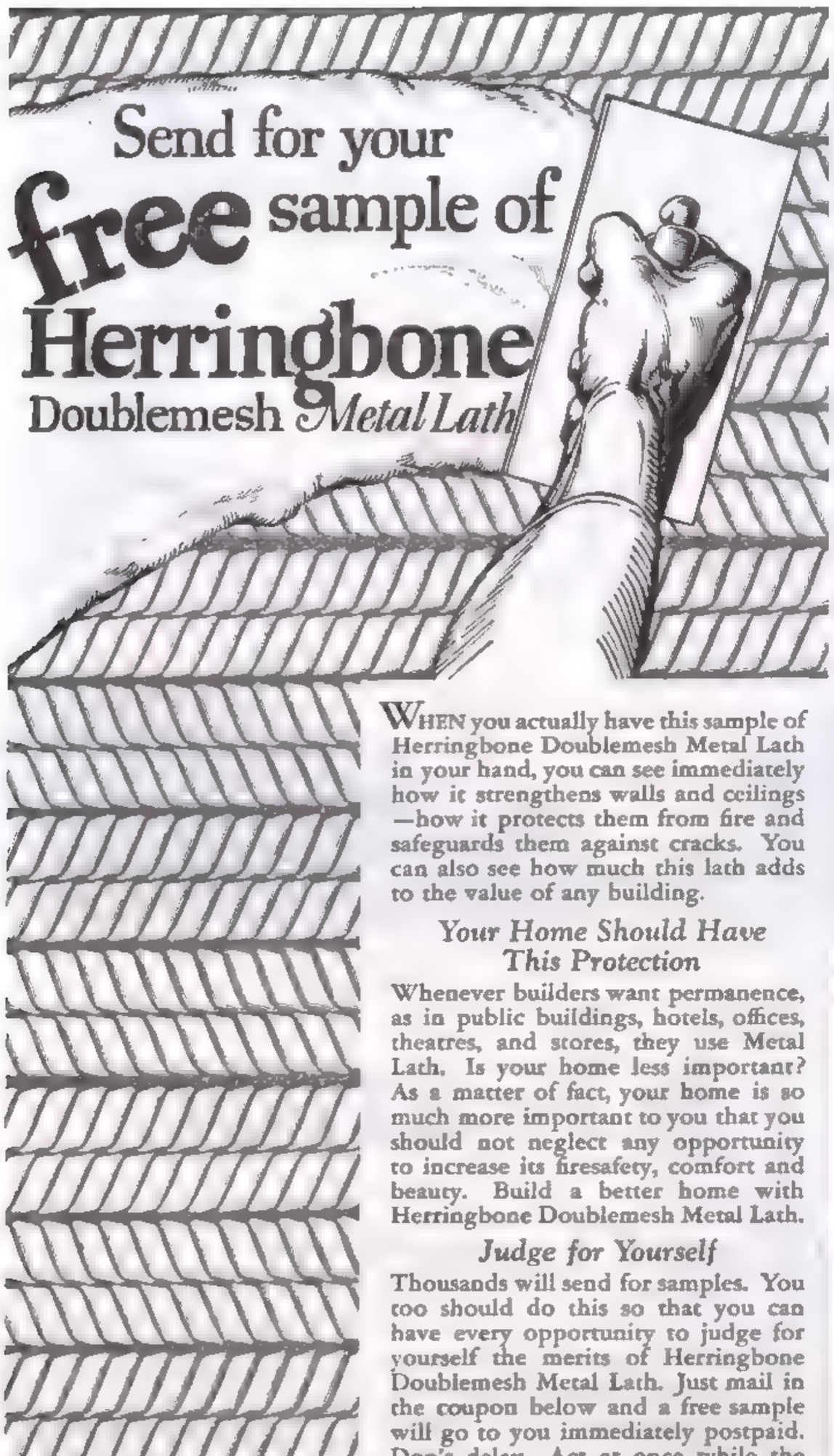
Sold by the dealer who sold you your car, or at the Hassler Sales and Installation Station near you. If you can not find the new Hasslers, write us. We'll see that you are supplied. Hassler Manufacturing Co., Inc., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

The new Hasslers are watertight. Their internal mechanism is sealed against destructive dirt, mud, grit and slush. This insures noiseless operation under all conditions. It eliminates the broken-strap bugaboo. It safeguards the precise adjustment necessary to give you perfect spring action and control and makes possible uninterrupted service for the life of your car.

Every Hassler is equipped with an Alemite or Zerk fitting for lubrication with Alemite chassis lubricant. This keeps the internal mechanism in perfect working condition at all times and protects it from excessive wear. Put on a set of the new Hasslers and give them a shot of Alemite whenever you lubricate your car. That is all the service they require. Except for the difference in riding comfort, you will forget that they are there.

The NEW HASSLERS
NO MORE GALLOPING

In the new Hasslers the connecting belt never enters the case, but is attached to the outside. Further identifiable by the red label with the name Hassler boldly lettered on every device



WHEN you actually have this sample of Herringbone Doublemesh Metal Lath in your hand, you can see immediately how it strengthens walls and ceilings—how it protects them from fire and safeguards them against cracks. You can also see how much this lath adds to the value of any building.

Your Home Should Have This Protection

Whenever builders want permanence, as in public buildings, hotels, offices, theatres, and stores, they use Metal Lath. Is your home less important? As a matter of fact, your home is so much more important to you that you should not neglect any opportunity to increase its firesafety, comfort and beauty. Build a better home with Herringbone Doublemesh Metal Lath.

Judge for Yourself

Thousands will send for samples. You too should do this so that you can have every opportunity to judge for yourself the merits of Herringbone Doublemesh Metal Lath. Just mail in the coupon below and a free sample will go to you immediately postpaid. Don't delay. Act at once while the matter is fresh in your mind.

THE GENERAL FIREPROOFING
BUILDING PRODUCTS
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Manufacturers of a Complete Line of Firesafe Building Products, also Waterproofing and Preservative Products

Branches in all Principal Cities. Dealers Everywhere.

GF

Herringbone
Doublemesh *Metal Lath*

Architects—contractors—dealers—prospective home builders send for free sample of Herringbone Doublemesh Metal Lath. You will want it for handy reference.

The General Fireproofing Building Products
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Gentlemen:—Please send me Free Sample of Herringbone Doublemesh Metal Lath.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Members of the National Council for Better Plastering

(Continued from Page 76)

Plus highly probable money from B. S. & F. Co. in, say, six months:
£30,000—Jay £12,000, Bourke £18,000.
Likely grand total for Jay, say, £13,225.

He studied the scribbled notes very fondly for a while, then slowly crumpled up the sheet.

"The old anteater, hey? I'll show 'em a thing or two about ants yet—ha-ha! Still, I'm mighty glad I got the thing through before smooth Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun had time to get in on the big thing. She should have concentrated on the bean, not on Bourke, if she wanted anything." He then called it a day.

III

WHATEVER machinery of inquiry re the bean—and its sellers—Lord Chalkston, for the soap and fats company, put into operation, it appeared to work quickly and satisfactorily, for a week later George H. was called upon to attend with Mr. Bourke at the big offices of the company to settle the cash preliminaries. Gayly enough he wired Hungerford at Bournemouth, and punctually as a solicitor's bill he paraded himself at the B. S. & F. Company's office at the glad hour appointed.

Hungerford Bourke, looking so robustly happy that one would hardly have guessed that he had ever been jungle weary in his life, had already arrived—in company with the lovely Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun. George was surprised to see her, but he was feeling too broad-minded to worry at all. Even the hoarsely whispered announcement of the very smartly arrayed Hungerford that he was practically booked up to occupy the position of second husband to the lady did not faze Mr. Jay at all, nor did the additional low-voiced confidence that he, Hungerford, had settled half his interest in the oil bean on her excite any emotion in the heart of the Finch Court financier except a dim, far-off feeling of regret that Bourke should be a man so easily separated by ladykind from what he had taken such trouble to acquire.

"Congratulations, Bourke. I'd like to be best man, but no doubt one of your swell friends has booked that office already," purred George, and turned smilingly upon the Honorable Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun as she broke off a murmured conversation with Lord Chalkston on the entry of a couple of grave, legal-looking men bearing papers. She was evidently in a kind and tender mood this morning and allowed her dainty hand to linger most agreeably in George's for a second or so.

"How nice that you arranged everything so cleverly, dear Mr. Jay," she murmured. "Hungerford and I have the greatest admiration for your—gifts." She dropped her voice, adding, "This is much better fun than our last enterprise together—that Wyke business—isn't it? Don't you think so?" Oh, yes, George H. decidedly did think so.

One of the legal lookers laid three checks on the desk before Lord Chalkston and left the room. Lord Chalkston beamed on them. He had a right to beam, for he had solved, he believed, the difficult problem of steadying his boys; and, moreover, he was about to buy for a comparatively trifling sum a concession which his experts unanimously had agreed was worth a vast fortune.

"Everything appears to be in order," he said in his crisp business way. "There is nothing left to do but for you to sign the contract to sell the oil-bean concession to this company and for us to pay the purchase price of the beans already gathered, as agreed. That is so?"

"Entirely so," said the Squire of Finch Court on behalf of Bourke, Mrs. J.-J. and G. H. J.

"Please read the contract to our friends the venders, Mr. Hackall."

The solicitor began to read in a more or less musical voice, George H. listening as hard as his hearing would let him. Evidently trusting to the old conjuror from Finch Court, Hungerford and his honorable near-fiancée chatted softly together, showing very little interest in this, the formal side of things.

It sounded satisfactory enough to Mr. Jay. The lawyer went purring along serene as a meadow brook—whereas and inasmuch—partiesto—hereinbefore—hereafter stipulated — moneys — beans — said moneys —payments—hereunder—cash—further moneys—event of—collected beans—further—said concession—divisible—now it is expressly agreed—total moneys—said Hungerford John Livingstone Hercules Bourke, Esquire—said Adeline Fay Oriana Louise Jenifex-Johnstoun, widow—said George Henry Jay, agent—sum of three thousand pounds—proviso—said—soaps and fats company—conditional—further thirty thousand pounds sterling—subject possession—satisfaction of—said soaps and fats company—said money—total—payments—whereas—considerations ——

It sounded better to Mr. Jay than Tetrazzini doing a few anthems.

Presently the musical Mr. Hackall ran down, rose, put the contract respectfully before Lord Chalkston, who signed. Mr. Hackall took a check and spread both on a clear space of the desk, deferentially arranging a chair for Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun. Hungerford received her bag to hold, George Henry her gloves, Lord Chalkston provided her with his own gold fountain pen, and the solicitor stood by with blotting paper, a patient and fatherly smile, a guiding forefinger and her check.

She signed gayly and took hers. Hungerford Bourke followed suit in a careless sort of way. He was not the sort of man to fuss about money—not so long as there remained a few million square miles of the globe to be explored and a few billion natives to be introduced to the arts and crafts of trading. Actual money, to Hungerford Hercules, was just stuff one received and promptly spent as one's moods and fancies suggested.

Then it was the suavely smiling George Henry's turn. Pen in hand, he took a glance at his check before signing, as agents must. His eyes jumped forward a little as he saw the figures.

"Pardon me," he observed rather blankly, "but what is this? What—um—have we here?" Everybody sat up. "I am sorry," pursued George, "but there has evidently been an error, a misunderstanding."

The solicitor looked puzzled, so gentle George explained. "This check is for six hundred pounds," he said; "equivalent, that is, to 20 per cent of the amount of the bean purchase money now being dealt with. Am I right?"

All present nodded their concurrence with George's arithmetic.

"But," continued Mr. Jay, "my interest in this money is 40 per cent—twelve hundred pounds. Mr. Bourke will corroborate that, as will this document signed by Mr. Bourke conveying the said 40 per cent interest to me." He produced it. "The check should be for twelve hundred pounds, gentlemen. Where then, may I ask, has my remaining six hundred pounds gone?" But even as he spoke he knew—and he knew she knew.

Mr. Hackall smiled kindly upon him. "As I understand it, the division of the deposit is naturally as follows—to you, Mr. Jay, six hundred pounds; to Mr. Bourke nine hundred pounds and—er—last but not least—to the Honorable Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun fifteen hundred pounds."

George Henry Jay was but infrequently buffaloed. But he certainly was buffaloed now. "How's that?" he demanded, a little wildly.

The lawyer looked over the documents and produced the carbon duplicate of that small written agreement which bore witness to the fact that George H. Jay and Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun were to divide everything equally accruing from Lord Chalkston and the placing of his sons on Mr. Hungerford Bourke's oil-bean plantation.

(Continued on Page 82

The Book of Hosiery 736
STYLE, always sprightly style, has been the looming characteristic of our famous No. 736. The revealed knee has never been so alluringly clad as now in this most popular stocking. It retails everywhere for $1.95 a pair, and is not only one of the smartest things in pure silk that has ever been created, but it is built for service, coming to the discriminating wearer in every conceivable shade of harmonizing color that the fashion of the day demands.
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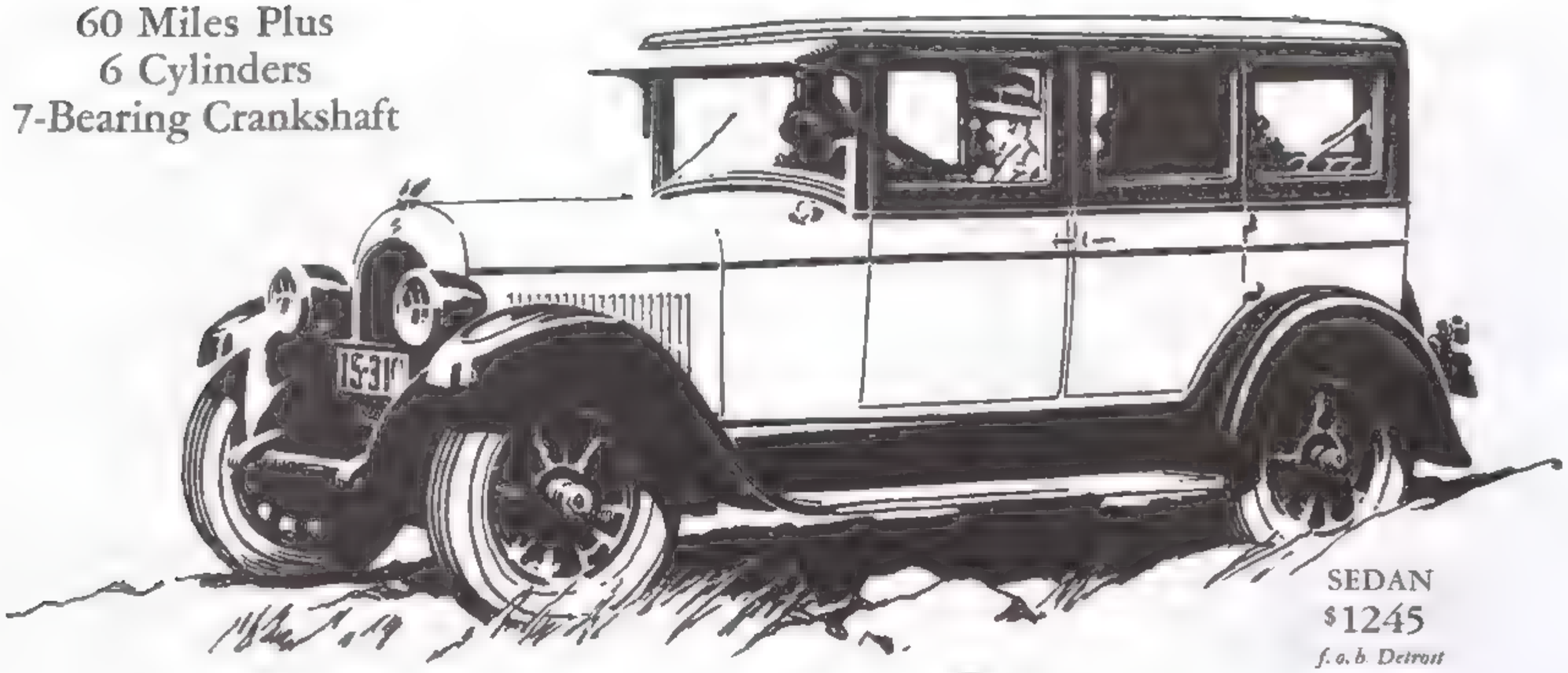

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At once you have overwhelming evidence that Chrysler "60" offers not only more features but superior features.

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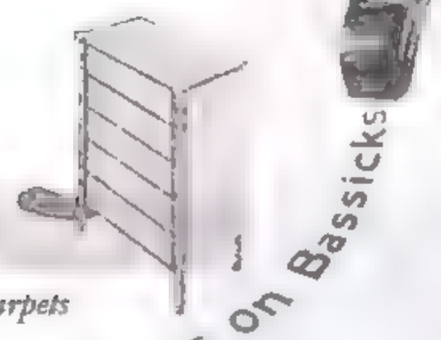
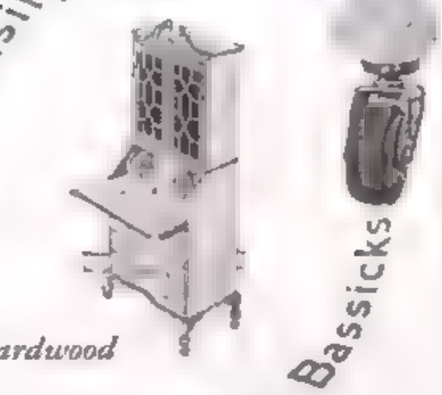


—on carpets



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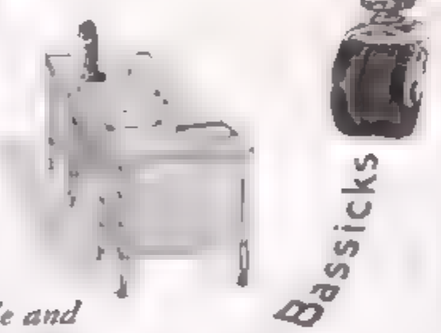

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Bassicks are kind to floors—kind to furniture. Easy rolling Bassicks make housecleaning less laborious—and add years to the life of your furniture. And you pay no more for the splendid service that Bassick will give you.

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(Continued from Page 78)

"Oh, that! Quite, quite! Naturally I should not dream of disputing that!" said George. "Anything accruing to me for negotiating the—um—placing of Lord Chalkston's sons on the bean plantation is naturally divisible between Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun and myself in equal moieties—yes, yes. But at present we are dealing with another matter entirely. Er—correct me if I am wrong," he pursued in the tone of one who knows he is absolutely right, "but we are now dealing with the sale of the Bourke beans and the oil-bean concession. That is so, is it not?"

Mr. Hackall coughed rather dryly. "As I am instructed, and as I understand it, Mr. Jay, the whole matter—the whole transaction is one."

"Hey?" ejaculated George Henry.

"One," repeated the lawyer. "For—again, as I understand it—the placing of Lord Chalkston's sons on the estate is essentially a condition of the purchase of the concession. Moreover, it cannot be disputed that it was Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun who introduced you to Lord Chalkston's notice."

"There is, my dear sir, nothing about that in the contract," demurred George.

Mr. Hackall nodded once and shook his head twice, thus conveying nothing to anybody. "No. But these matters are not always put into words, Mr. Jay. And so it seems to me that we should put the question to the party most capable of answering it—to Lord Chalkston himself. Do you agree?"

George H. did not hesitate. "Why, yes, indeed!"

All—except the lady—gaped expectantly at the chairman of Soaps and Fats, who answered instantly: "Why, of course! The acceptance of the responsibility of taking over there and handling my boys I regard as a vital part of the sale. That is to say, I should not be disposed to purchase at all unless Mr. Bourke were prepared to carry out his part of the program originally arranged by Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun and yourself, Mr. Jay, and to agree that this lady should receive the remuneration due to her for her original introduction of Mr. Bourke and yourself to me and my company."

It was crisp and concise, and it took George Henry slap in the center of his soul. He was no longer buffaloed—no, he was rhinocerosed. He was aware that everybody was looking at him strangely and rather severely.

"Here's a sweet holdup then," he muttered feebly, but gave one last kick. "Nobody, I'm sure, will object to my saying that I was under the impression that the placing of those lads—those—um—fine lads—was one transaction—call it Transaction A—which concerned nobody but Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun and myself. The sale of the beans and concession was a totally different transaction—Transaction B—which concerned only Mr. Bourke and myself as venders. That was and is my impression. Why then, may I inquire, with perfect deference and friendliness to Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, should I pay her half my profits on the sale of my interest?"

It was, of course, the brutal Mr. Bourke who had to spoil it. "Why?" he bawled, laughing. "Why? Because you got the wrong impression, Jay. Can't you see that?"

Everybody smiled but George. A man with a rhinoceros horn through his wallet never smiles. "But the thing is serious!" he protested. "It is a—er—precedent! It might even apply to my share of the purchase money on completion of the purchase. Of the twelve thousand pounds that will be due to me—acting, in a sense, as I do, for Mr. Bourke—I shall be required to sacrifice six thousand pounds to Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun!"

"Sure you will, Jay. Why not?" demanded Hungerford.

George gasped a good honest open gasp. "But—forgive me if I seem to insist—but, gentlemen, am I to sacrifice a sum of six thousand six hundred pounds for the privilege of placing these two lads—um ——"

He caught the sudden chilliness in Lord Chalkston's eyes and realized that while he was being very human, he was also signally failing to advertise himself as a high-speed, top-quality agent. George H. was no snail. He could not afford to quarrel with Lord Chalkston for a dubious six thousand pounds. He bit on the bullet and choked it all back, drew a deep breath that all but strangled him and clicked every gear in his system into reverse.

"But enough!" he said, and managed to smile. "I do not wish to endeavor to—um—superimpose my view upon you all. Allow me to say merely that as an agent of high standing, with a jealous care for my reputation, I am accustomed to work very strictly within the latitude granted by my guild and my professional institute. These bodies are strict—they have to be. It is not always a simple matter to overstep or to blink at the bounds they have instituted. But this is a case with a personal—er—slant. I see that; I bow to it. Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, I am sure, will be the first to realize that my query was inspired wholly by my instinct to obey my guild's rules and not at all by any desire to dispute her claim to a fair division of the—the—um—figure involved."

He bowed to her, signed the contract, took his check and sat down.

Lord Chalkston beamed again. "An admirable—a highly commendable spirit, Mr. Jay," he said.

George agreed. It looked like costing him six thousand six hundred pounds—and if a spirit of that value wasn't admirable and commendable, what spirit was?

There was nothing else to do that mattered to George—not after that. He would have loved to sulk a little, but sulks were liable to be high-priced that day. So he smiled—like a lady in too tight shoes. But he could and did evade lunching with the fatuously fond Bourke and the sweetly self-possessed Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun. They invited him, but they didn't seem heartbroken when he blandly refused.

Gentle George carted his check back to 5 Finch Court. It was his own office and he paid the rent of it and he had a right to sulk in it. As he did, right heartily, until he remembered the analytical chemist to whom he had first sent the bean for examination.

It had long become apparent to Mr. Jay that Mrs. J.-J. had not called that first time about Lord Chalkston's sons by chance. She had used the matter of placing the Twilight Twins solely as a lever to lift herself in, so to speak, on the oil bean and George H. Jay. He guessed that, and he only had to look at his check to know he had guessed wisely and well.

So he crammed his silk hat hard down on his head, decorated his features with a defiant cigar, went out and dealt ferociously with the chemist. He charged this miscreant with telling Mrs. J.-J. about the discovery of the bean. The creature admitted it shamelessly, no doubt supported by the thought of the commission coming to him from the lady.

"Business marked private that comes to me, Mr. Jay, is kept strictly private. Business that isn't, ain't," said the analytical person curtly. "Yours wasn't. I don't mind broadcasting the fact that I'm a friend and admirer of the Honorable Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun and that we've done business together in the past, and, please God, we shall do it again. Certainly I mentioned your wonderful oil bean to her, and I've no doubt she acted as she thought fit."

"But strict privacy was implied!" bellowed the justly infuriated George. "Privacy, London! Why, man, it's my telegraphic address, printed plainly on my letter paper."

"Well, what of it? Your telephone number's 6000 Westral, but you didn't intend that to imply that my fee for analyzing the bean was to be five thousand guineas, did you? No, no, Mr. Jay, let's have it fair!"

So George left the place and let him have it fair. There was no sense arguing with a fool who argued that way.

It was all plain now—some days too late. Mr. Jay saw with crystal clearness where he had gone wrong. He had been so carelessly satisfied that only the one-eared Mr. Bourke knew the secret of where the bean grew that he had not troubled to mark his letter to the chemist private. That was the first error. The second was that he had not regarded the chance of a fifty-guinea fee in the matter of Lord Chalkston's sons so much as bait for Mrs. J.-J.'s fifty-fifty agreement as he should have done. The third that he had slightly underrated the lady's talents.

And that was the sum of the trifling mistakes he had made. And they had lost him certainly six hundred pounds and possibly a further six thousand pounds. And there was nothing to do about it but to return to his office and tell Gus Golding what he thought of him, to swear at the office furniture and to bank his cold—but still comfortable—six hundred pounds.

He had to wait quite a while before it was made clear to him that he had not lost so much as he fancied he had. A letter from Mr. Hungerford Bourke—addressed from somewhere in South America—which he received some months later made that perfectly clear. It ran:

Dear Jay: The oil-bean concession is a washout. When Chalkston's soaps and fats company came to take over they found and got the picked beans all right—four hundred and fifteen tons—but they found, too, that the Brazilian Government had snaffled the Bourke oil-bean area and some over and that my friend the Sim Yan chief had climbed a tall tree out of sight. We shall never see the color of that concession money—but we sold our beans.

I did my best to protect their interests in the concession, but nothing doing. Got a finger shot off and that's all I got. Still, I'm on a far better thing. I have got onto a clew to the treasure of one of these Inca caciques and now I've seen the Twilight Boys safely bound for home, I'm moving on for Mexico or thereabouts. So look out for some news, Jay, for I got the nose of a bloodhound for treasure.

I see by a paper I've picked up that Mrs. J.-J. is engaged to marry Lord Chalkston. Maybe. She was engaged to marry me once, but changed her step. Maybe she'll change it again. What do I care, a man like me, Jay? I've got no use for these civilized finches, Jay—seems to me they're overcivilized. Give me the jungle and my freedom. You ought to have seen the way she turned me down cold by cable—when the concession fell through. Well, let her. What do I care, Jay? You sit quiet and listen to Mexico and you'll hear news about Hungerford Bourke before he's done.

Well, good-by, Jay. I been bit by a kind of rattlesnake they've got out here—fairly deadly snakes for beginners, and it got even me run down a little, but I'm getting on well now, though still easily tired, so will rest now. Good-by, Jay.

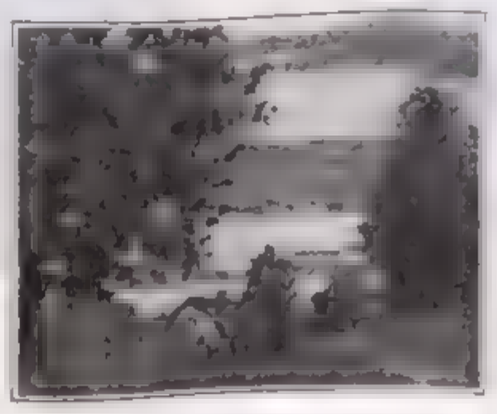
Yours truly,

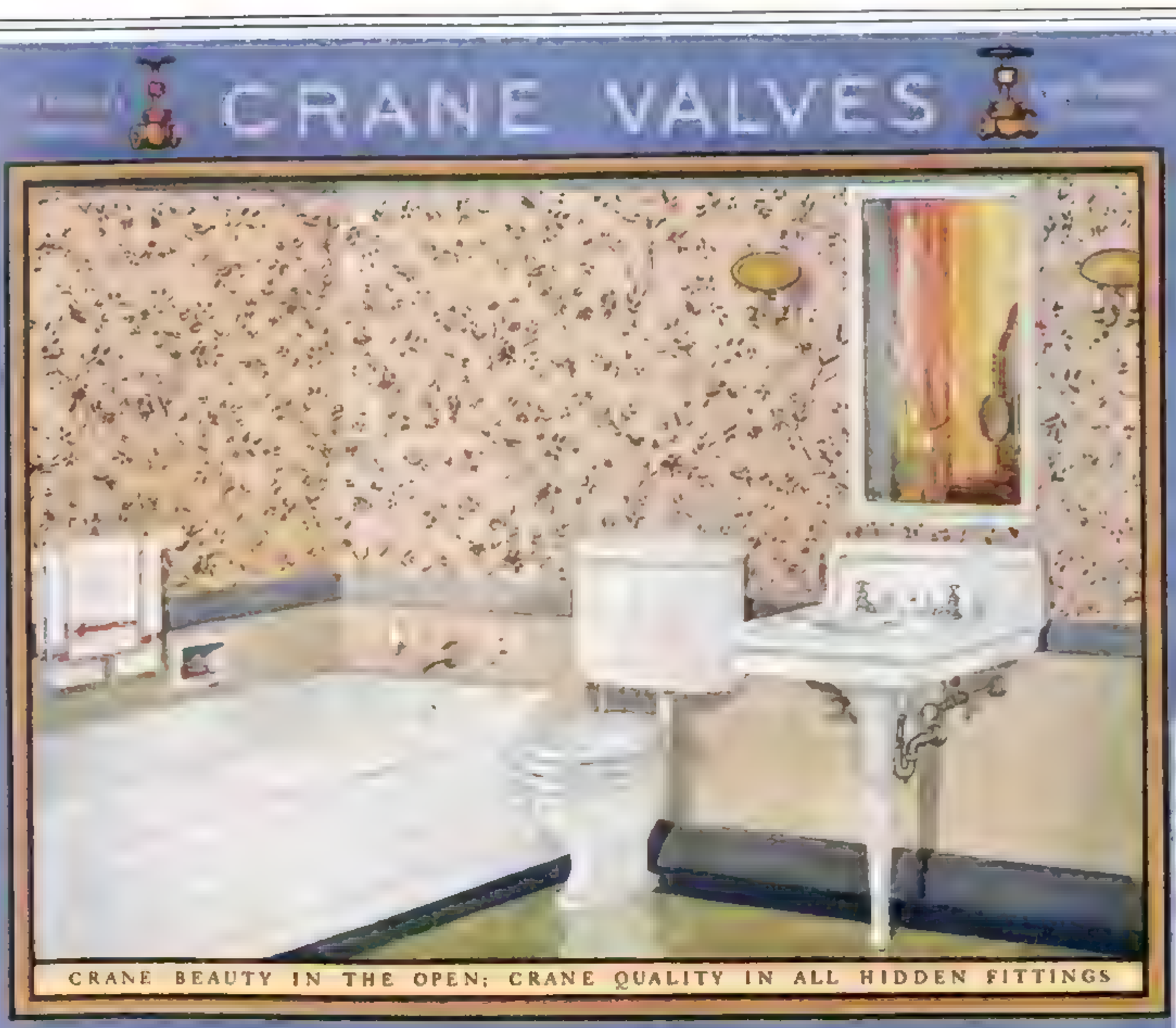
H. Bourke.

P.S. Listen to Mexico.

H. B.

George Henry put the letter down and smilingly reached for a cigar. "Most indomitable man," he said, and laughed understandingly, even with a touch of affection. "All his discoveries turn out to be bad eggs—half bad, anyway—but he certainly does discover 'em! Sad, really. He finds a fortune, comes home, fools most of it away for a pat and a kiss, then goes hunting for another, perfectly happy. And poor old George H. Jay sits tight, here in Finch Court, and worries about other folks' troubles. And who's right? Hungerford Bourke or George H. Jay? Who knows? Or if it comes to that, who cares? Ha! Certainly not the Honorable Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun! No! Bah!"





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I want to try Fougère Royale Shaving Cream. Here is my dime for a trial tube.

Name

Address

THE WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE

Continued from Page 17

"Why, our diamonds the police seized on the Boer walloper."

Again the Head glanced inquiringly at Donovan's confident face. But although his eyes held questions, he did not ask these, but others. "Yes," he said; "but I did not know he was a Boer. Are you sure?"

"I saw him myself, and talked with him."

"When?"

"Last night before supper."

"Tell me about it," said the Head.

"I happened to meet Pat Flaherty on my way home. He spoke of seizing another parcel of unregistered diamonds and asked me if I'd like to see them. So he showed them to me. Then he took me in to see the walloper."

"Why would a policeman do that now?"

"We're friends," replied Donovan.

"Were you able to examine the stones closely?"

"Yes, sir. They're rough stones that haven't been cleaned. I don't believe any of them would weigh over two carats, and I don't believe any would weigh under one. They looked to be of good color—top crystals or better."

"How large a parcel?" asked the Head.

"Not large. Thirty-two stones."

"Any clew as to who stole them?"

"Yes, sir. The Boer said he bought them from another Boer—a farmer, he thought. He described the man so closely that we recognized him. He's in jail now."

Again the Head sat straighter, and again he digested the reply before speaking. Then he asked, "Where did this second Boer get them?"

"He won't say. He admits selling the stones to the walloper, but beyond that he's like this room at midnight."

"A stranger?" asked the Head.

"No; he's a farm hand who works for Mrs. Piet Burger. His name's Jan Smoot. I know him a little. I think myself he's honest, but he ought to tell where he got the diamonds. I forgot to say that some of the stones have blood on them—just the faintest trace."

"Did you know that Mrs. Piet Burger was found dead this morning?" asked the Head evenly.

This time it was Donovan who sat straighter. The confident smile left his face, replaced by a look almost of panic. "Murdered?" he asked.

"Murdered."

The reply became entangled in his thoughts. When at last he spoke he said, "I don't believe that Jan Smoot did it."

"Did you see Jan's hands?"

"I forgot to look at his hands. A piece of string in his pocket had stains on it."

"How about the other Boer?"

"No trace of blood on him. I looked, and so did Pat Flaherty."

"These seized diamonds—were the bloodstains removed from them, do you know?"

"I saw Flaherty put them away. The stains were on them then. We didn't know of the murder, but he said he meant to leave the stones as they were."

"Just so." The Head drummed upon the desk with his fingers. "I'm glad that you feel as you do about Jan Smoot. I didn't tell you, but Jan worked for me for nearly three years. This morning he sent word to me that he was accused of murder. He seemed to think that I could explain away the charge somehow, but of course I can't. I believe as you do, that he's innocent, and I mean to see that he's defended. That's why I sent for you. I need a man with sharp eyes."

"You need a good detective," said Donovan.

"Yes; but not day after tomorrow—now—this afternoon. We can't wait to bring a man from Capetown. I'll send for a man, but meanwhile I'd like to have you run out to the Burger farm for me. Will you go?"

"I'll find out what I can," replied Donovan, rising.

"The man's without means and without friends. What makes it look worse for him, he quarreled with Mrs. Burger last Friday and left her farm. He asked me for work. On the other hand, she had no diamonds. I don't understand the diamonds at all."

Donovan reached the Burger farm with the second police party shortly after noon. An officer already stood on guard. Neighbors who had gathered were able to identify Jan Smoot's horses and wagon as belonging to the murdered woman, although he had been discharged by her three days before. About the diamonds they knew nothing. Mrs. Burger could not have owned them, for she was a poor woman without means.

The murder seemed to have been committed with a spalling hammer brought in from the barn. The woman had been struck down from behind, in her kitchen. The dog had likewise been killed, but apparently from the road by means of poisoned meat.

The slayer's motive was not entirely clear, but his identity seemed to be pointed to more definitely by the trail he had left. Jan Smoot had confessed selling rough diamonds to the walloper. These had not connected him with the murder, for Mrs. Burger had owned no diamonds, as far as was known. Upon examining the contents of the kitchen cupboard, however, Flaherty found a cup containing fifty or sixty rough diamonds not unlike those which had been seized, with the exception that some were much larger and some much smaller. The diamonds constituted a link between Jan Smoot and the crime.

Yet their presence raised many questions. Why had Jan Smoot, if he were the slayer, left these fine diamonds behind? Their aggregate value far transcended that of the stones he had sold. The old Boer undoubtedly would have bought them. They lay ready at Jan's hand. Why did he deny himself the profit from their sale?

Another of the questions that rose was this: Some of the confiscated diamonds had been stained with blood. Yet no blood could be detected upon any of these cupboard diamonds, nor upon the cup containing them, nor upon the cupboard itself, whether on shelving or doors or door handles.

"He must have been caught in the act of stealing them," one of the party suggested. "He killed the woman, then became frightened and fled. Otherwise he would have taken the entire parcel of stones. Any thief would."

The explanation accounted for the absence of blood, and it explained in a way the failure of Jan Smoot, if he was the thief, to take all the diamonds. But it did not explain the spalling hammer. No mere thief would have carried that murderous tool with him into the house. And it did not explain the size of the diamonds taken. Why should Jan Smoot or any other man have selected out the carat sizes? If he had been interrupted before emptying the cup the diamonds first taken would have been those first in his fingers.

Still another question that rose might or might not bear upon the murder. What was Mrs. Burger doing with all these rough diamonds? She had bought no diamonds. They hardly would have been given to her. She could not have stolen them, for she could have had no access to the sole source of such stones, the De Graaf mines. Besides, she was reputed an honest woman. Jan Smoot himself could not have stolen them from the mines, for he likewise lacked the opportunity

Yet there they lay Had Mrs. Burger bought them from the actual thief? If so, had she suspected they were stolen? Or had the thief merely left them with her for safekeeping? Not improbably he had engaged her sympathies and she had promised to care for them. She was known to be a kind-hearted woman, willing to help anyone in distress. At any rate, and whatever their status, they seemed to be connected with the diamonds that Jan Smoot had sold.

That the slayer had not searched the house for plunder again became evident when the other rooms were entered. Mrs. Burger seemed to have kept her valuables, aside from the diamonds, in a tin box on her dead husband's desk. The box was locked, but the thief could have forced the lock with his thumb nail. Pat Flaherty opened it with its key, which lay on the desk beside it. The box contained papers of no value to a thief; but the topmost paper, that which had been added last, held within its fold a fat roll of ten-pound notes that no thief would knowingly have overlooked.

The paper, when examined, proved to be the duplicate copy of a contract of sale, duly signed and witnessed, conveying the Burger farm to Jacob Klinger, of the gold-lettered window. The initial payment of two hundred pounds was mentioned in the document and the receipt of the money acknowledged. The contract was dated the tenth, some days before. The price named for the whole seemed a fair one, for the farm had never paid very well.

Flaherty, with his eye on murder evidence, forgot what he had said about Jacob Klinger to renew his comments upon the murderer. "He should have looked in the tin box before leaving," he said. "That thief was a stupid fellow. First he leaves behind him a fortune in diamonds, then a fortune in ready cash."

But Donovan remembered a remark made by his father six or eight months before. An attempt had been made to buy the Burger farm for public purposes. Mrs. Burger had refused to sell; yet the price offered had been large.

"It's her home," his father had said. "She never will sell it—not even if she is starving."

But she had sold it, and if the cup of diamonds could be believed, had not been starving at the time. The money received in part payment had not even been banked. Furthermore, the price named was much smaller than the price she had previously refused. Why had she changed her mind? Had Jacob Klinger known of some criminal act and blackmailed her into selling?

"Now I'm making crazy guesses," he thought. Aloud he said, "Last spring she refused to sell; yet she had a daughter in school and needed the money. Why should she have changed her mind?"

"When you've had more to do with women, you'll know," replied Flaherty, who was a married man. "Anyhow she did. There's the money and there's the copy of the contract."

"Has anyone notified the daughter?" Donovan asked then.

"Not yet. We'll wire her at once. Where is she?"

"I don't know her address. Some school in Capetown."

"We'll find it from her letters," said Flaherty, indicating a sheaf of letters bound with ribbon.

The letters, like the tin box, lay in plain sight upon the desk. The envelope lying uppermost had been addressed in an angular girlish hand and bore the Capetown postmark. Slipping it from the sheaf, Flaherty waded into its contents, then impatiently passed it on to Donovan.

"If you can read that first line I'll eat it," he boomed.

Donovan glanced at the illegible date line, then at the body of the letter for light upon the handwriting. As his eye followed the angular syllables he noted in particular the first sentence but one: "I'll be at the train on the eighth, never fear," it ran. "You're to room at ——" Again the writing became illegible, but he had seen enough to make out the address needed.

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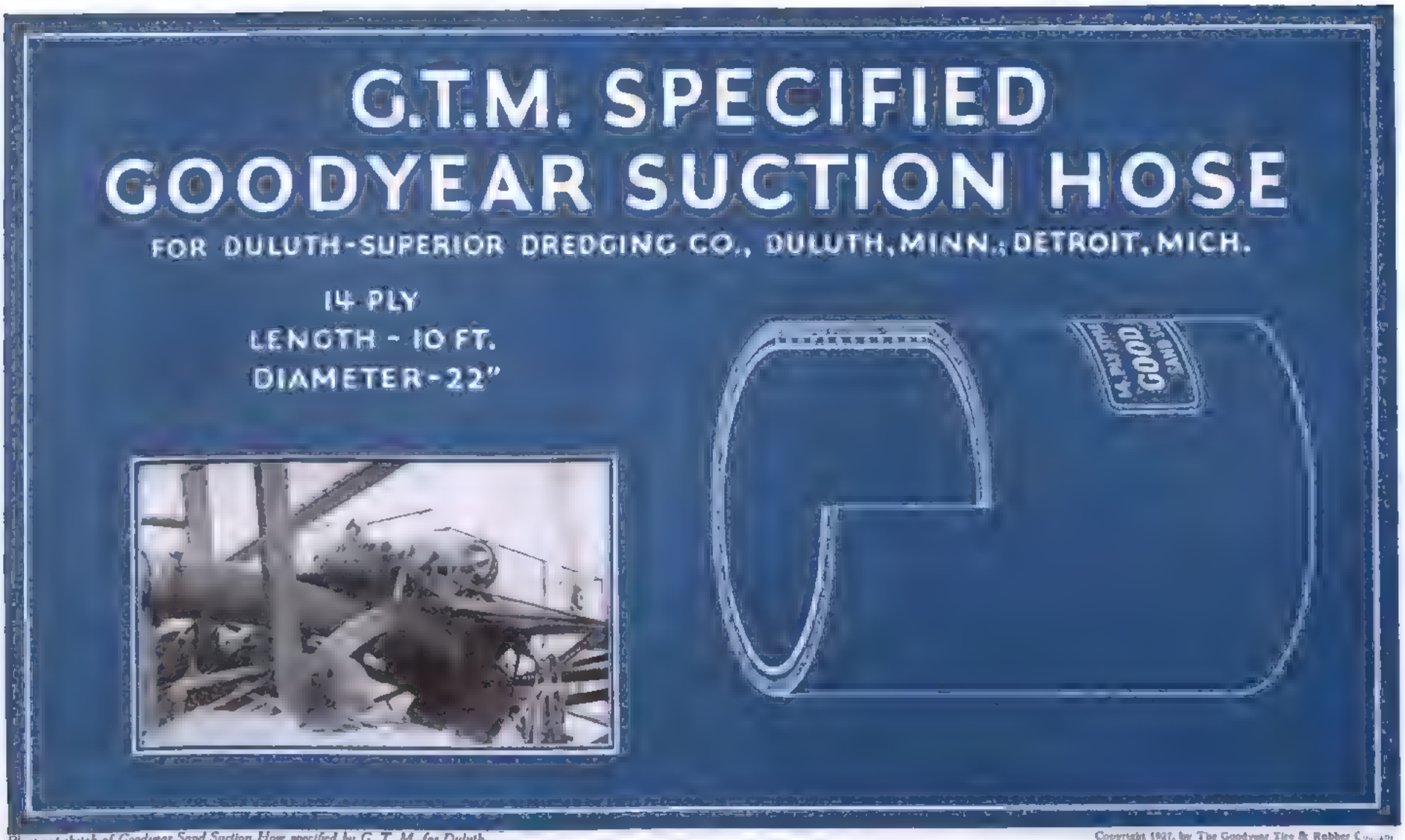

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear Sand Suction Hose specified by G. T. M. for Duluth-Superior Dredging Co. Insert photograph shows hose in use on Maumee Bay at Toledo

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Their Million-Yard Hose—and the G. T. M.

To be prepared in the event of a collapse of the hose then in use, and to avoid a loss of $75.00 an hour which would result in case of a shutdown, the Duluth-Superior Dredging Co. decided to carry a new suction hose, and to get the right one for the job, called in the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

They knew the G. T. M. and the quality of the goods he specified, for they had been getting quantities of dredging sleeves from him, and those sleeves had a reputation on Duluth-Superior Dredging jobs for long life and economical service. So they put it up to him to get them a suction hose with real staying-power in it.

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The hose he recommended is a 10-foot length of 22-inch, 14-ply Goodyear Suction Hose, built with a specially tough abrasion-resisting tube and an equally tough abrasion-resisting cover, and bodied with a copperized steel-spring round wire that resists crushing and provides a high degree of resilience.

It has carried 1,078,912 cubic yards of dredged material from the bottoms of the Detroit and Rouge rivers and Maumee Bay channel. It has been on the job from early September of 1924—ten days after it was specified—to the last day of dredging in 1926. And it is going into service again next spring.

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Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others, and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

TITLE	PLAYERS	DIRECTOR	DATE
THE KID BROTHER	Starring HAROLD LLOYD. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation		
SORROWS OF SATAN	ADOLPHE MENJOU, Ricardo Cortez, Lya de Putti, Carol Dempster.	D. W. Griffith	
HOTEL IMPERIAL	Starring POLA NEGRI. With James Hall and George Siegmann.	Mauritz Stiller	
Elinor Glyn's IT (Cosmopolitan Magazine Story)	Starring CLARA BOW. With Antonio Moreno.	Clarence Badger	
NEW YORK	Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, Estelle Taylor, William Powell, Norman Trevor.	Luther Reed	
LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE ("Liberty" Serial Story)	Evelyn Brent, William Powell, James Hall, Josephine Dunn	Edward Sutherland	
LET IT RAIN	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN. With Shirley Mason	Eddie Cline	
Zane Grey's THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER	Jack Holt, Betty Jewel, and all-star cast.	John Waters	
THE WINNING SPIRIT	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH.	Eric Kenton	
AFRAID TO LOVE	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Clive Brook.	Richard Rosson	
TOO MANY CROOKS	Starring MILDRED DAVIS.	Fred Newmeyer	
FASHIONS FOR WOMEN	Starring ESTHER RALSTON.	Dorothy Arzner	
EVENING CLOTHES	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Louise Brooks.	Luther Reed	
SPECIAL DELIVERY	Starring EDDIE CANTOR.	William Goodrich	
Elinor Glyn's RITZY	Starring BETTY BRONSON	Dorothy Arzner	
ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE	Starring CLARA BOW	Frank Strayer	
ROLLED STOCKINGS	With Charles Rogers, Sterling Holloway and Debutantes of 1927.	Monty Brice	

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Richard Dix in Knockout Reilly

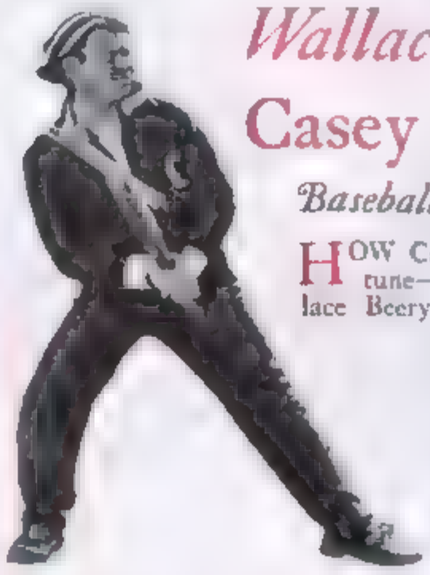
Comedy-Drama of the Prize Ring

FROM laborer to champion of the world! That's the plot of this speedy comedy-drama of the squared circle, with Richard Dix as "Knockout Reilly." Fight scenes as exciting as the real thing, but plenty of laughs too. With Mary Brian. From Albert Payson Terhune's story, "The Hunch." A Malcolm St. Clair Production.

Bebe Daniels in A Kiss in a Taxi

Directed by Clarence Badger

GAY, vivacious Bebe romps through a saucy, snappy, Frenchy plot and puts an amorous gentleman or two to rout as only Bebe can. Cast includes Chester Conklin. From the play by Maurice Hennequin and Pierre Veber.



Wallace Beery in Casey at the Bat

Baseball's Immortal Classic

HOW Casey rose to fame and fortune—and how he fell—with Wallace Beery, ex-gob of "We're in the Navy Now" as the mighty Casey. You don't have to know baseball to laugh at this one! Hector Turnbull Production, directed by Monty Brice, story by Hector Turnbull. With Ford Sterling, ZaSu Pitts and Sterling Holloway.

Gilda Gray in Cabaret

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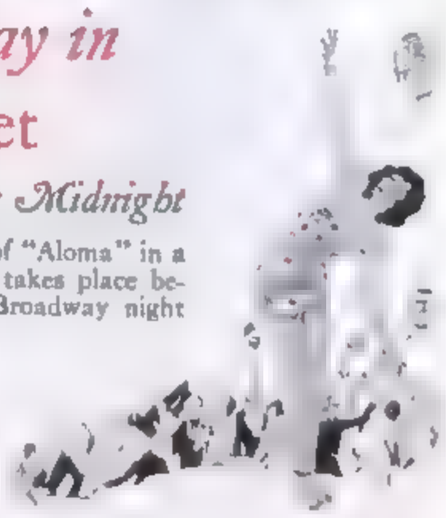
THE ravishing star of "Aloma" in a thrilling story that takes place behind the scenes of a Broadway night club—between midnight and dawn. Gilda dances—and how! Tom Moore is the leading man. Directed by Robert Vignola.



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"OLD IRONSIDES"
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"THE ROUGH RIDERS"
(Now at the Geo. M. Cohan, N. Y., for a long run)

"THE WEDDING MARCH"

Watch for these great Paramount super-productions coming! The pictures above and those in the Guide you can see now or very soon. Ask your Theatre Manager.

(Continued from Page 84)

"I'll just put it in my pocket to make sure," said Flaherty. "Now we'll move on, so as to get back, so as to send the bad news to the little lady."

After that the party went from room to room without expecting to uncover new evidence. None in fact was found, in Flaherty's view; but a great pile of fresh earth on the cellar floor aroused momentary interest.

"Mrs. Burger has been enlarging her basement," was one man's explanation of its presence.

But Donovan, when he saw it, had to bite his lip to keep from crying out. Crossing swiftly to the earth pile, he thrust a lump from its substance into his left pocket, then wrenched a similar clod from the cellar wall to thrust into his right.

"Find anything?" asked Flaherty, already on the stairs.

"I'm ready to go," replied Donovan.

And neither Flaherty nor any member of the party noticed that the question had not been answered.

III

THE first diamonds found in South Africa were found in the gravel along the beds of streams. Diamonds are hard and resist wearing down. These diamonds were known as river stones, and were distinguished by their snowy whiteness.

The river diggings would soon have become exhausted; but the chance discovery by children of diamonds far removed from the water sent prospectors inland, and led to the finding of the great diamondiferous pipes, such as those grouped about Kimberley. These are craterlike volcanic bores, or vents, sometimes of an area of twenty or twenty-five acres, or in the case of the Premier and Colossus pipes, still larger, drilled vertically through shale and granite to unknown depths. How these pipes were formed can only be guessed. Whatever their origin, they now contain a mineral known as kimberlite. It is this kimberlite, filling these ancient chimneys and found nowhere else, that constitutes the diamond-bearing ore, or blue ground, of South Africa.

One of the characteristics of kimberlite is that it weathers into a yellowish soil not unlike clay. This is known from its color as yellow ground. Such has been the duration of the weathering processes that the kimberlite filling the pipes has been so changed to a depth of fifty or sixty feet. This yellow ground in every case rests upon the unweathered blue ground; but whereas weathered kimberlite is exceedingly soft and can be washed down with water like clay, blue ground is exceedingly hard and intractable. As a consequence the blue ground is laid out upon rolled fields, or floors, for a year or so to be softened by the weather until it can be worked.

As has been said, the pipes were discovered by accident through the finding by children of diamonds in the soil above them. That soil looked like any other. Yellow ground, indeed, is distinguishable; but that lying upon the surface soon loses its character under the drive of wind and water. The country had long been planed off into an elevated plateau broken by low *kopjes*. A rush of miners followed like that which followed the finding of gold in California.

But there was an important difference: In California the treasure was sought in the mountains, upon the public domain. In South Africa it was sought upon private property. No police were available. The country was unorganized. Such was the rush of miners that the owners of the land could not protect themselves. Most of them leased their mining rights for a trivial sum and sat back to watch others empty their treasure chest. They had no choice; it was either the pittance or nothing.

Donovan arrived in town too late to see the Head in his office and had to call at his house. After he had reported upon the cup containing rough diamonds, the contract of sale and the roll of ten-pound notes, he laid out the lump of earth from the cellar floor.

"Where did you get that?" asked the Head sharply.

"From a pile in Mrs. Burger's cellar."

"Do you know what it is?"

"Yes, sir. It's yellow ground."

The Head thoughtfully crumbled a fragment in his fingers. "Brought in, do you think?" he asked at last.

Donovan produced the sample from his other pocket. "Here's a lump from the cellar wall. This is different ground. It must have been brought in."

"Yes," agreed the Head, "it must have been."

The conference lasted for more than an hour. As one of its results Donovan set out early next morning for another visit to the Burger farm.

The farm looked oddly different under the morning sun. He had met the morgue wagon on the road. His knowledge that Mrs. Burger's broken body no longer lay within the house affected its appearance. His uncertainty about what to seek affected it. The questions he wished to ask affected it The refusal of the guard at the gate to admit him likewise colored his thoughts, and therefore the world in which he stood.

For upon reaching the farm he learned that the police had relinquished its control. A policeman, indeed, still guarded the house; but a civilian stranger at the gate barred all entrance.

"I was admitted yesterday," Donovan protested.

"Owner's orders," replied the guard.

"But the owner is dead."

"The new owner. Jacob Klinger now owns this farm. You must have a permit from him."

"Where can I find this Jacob Klinger?"

"You go to his office in town. Tell him why you want to look. He'll give you a permit "

But that was not what Donovan wished to do. He wished to remain at the farm, wished to stroll casually about house and yard and barn without telling anybody why. He wished to ask further questions of the yellow ground in the cellar. He had not spoken of the yellow ground even to the police. Who had carried it into the cellar? What relation to it were the diamonds in the teacup? Had it been stolen from the De Graaf floors? Except that the field lay double-walled behind barbed wire, patrolled day and night by armed sentries, this looked not improbable.

"You find Jacob Klinger," repeated the guard.

Donovan did seek out Jacob Klinger, although not to tell him every thought in his mind. He found both partners in the office. Disregarding the leaner of the pair, he made his request of the other.

"Surely," replied the man, winking his hard little black eyes. "You like to look again at the house? I will give you my permission with great pleasure." He added, "What are you—police officer?"

"They're working a new lay," said the second man. "Can't you see? He's a cradle dick."

The reference to his youthful appearance caused Donovan to bridle; but he remembered a mistake he had once made and suppressed his retort.

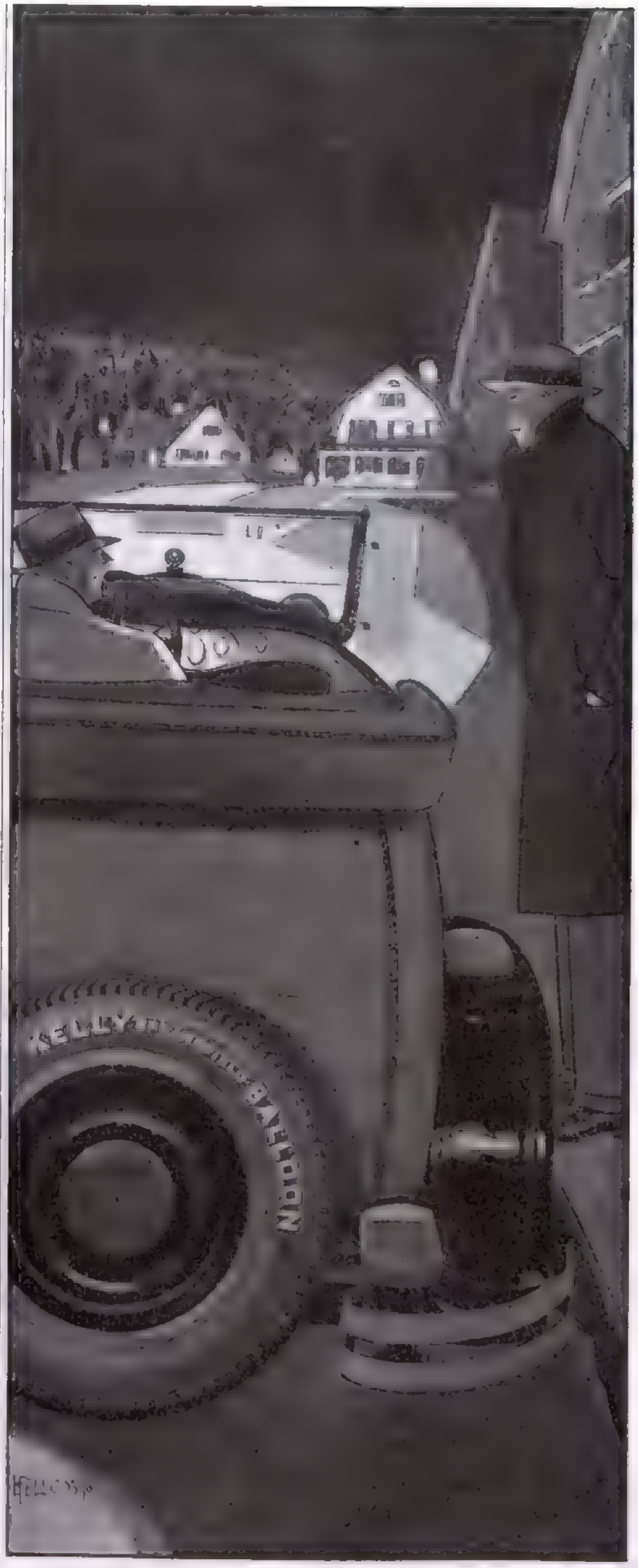
"I'm not yet on the force," he replied instead. "I'm looking to help out a friend."

"Surely," said Klinger.

Donovan caught a swift exchange of glances—a look from the thin man charged with suspicion and hostility, a look from the other lighted with contemptuous cunning. Klinger's contempt seemed to beat down his thin partner's distrust. His eyes winked once or twice; his lips smiled a hard, confident little smile; his fat body wheeled in his chair. Selecting a sheet of paper, Klinger wrote a few lines upon it; then folding the sheet carefully, he held it out. Donovan gravely placed it in his pocket.

The incident had held nothing to cause any man to feel uneasy; but something

(Continued on Page 91)



"Well, Bob, it's five minutes past two. What's the story going to be?"
"Oh, I'll tell her we had a blowout."
"That would never get past MY wife. She knows I use Kelly-Springfields.

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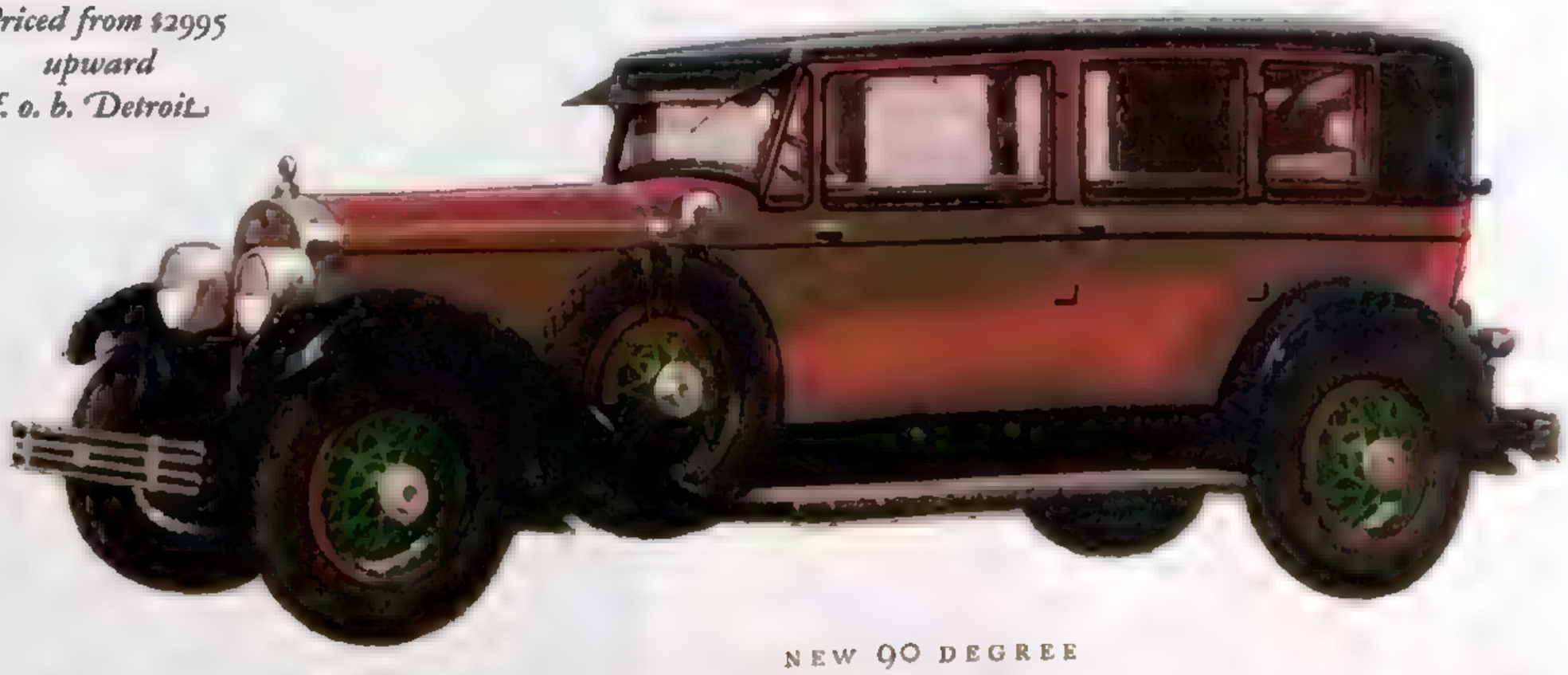

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 89)

about the hard little black eyes, or the puffy features framing them, or the too suave utterance of the tight lips, seemed to change his tense muscles into goose flesh. Even the paper seemed somehow treacherous and unfriendly. He allowed it to lie in his pocket only until he had turned the corner, then whipped it forth.

The fact confirmed the semblance. Klinger had, indeed, given him permission to inspect a farm, but the farm was not the Burger farm. He had, indeed, signed it with his name, but as agent, not owner.

"I think I shan't show him that I noticed," he decided. And he did not know that he could not have shown Jacob Klinger that he had noticed, even within that short interval of time, for Jacob Klinger's office was already locked and vacant.

The night was not very dark, because of the light of the full moon, now four hours high. As he left the town behind him Donovan began feeling doubts and qualms. His horse seemed to share his fears, or his excitement, shying at bits of wind-blown drift that he did not understand. The road was not the one leading to the Burger farm, but another, for he meant to approach the place from behind.

He tethered his horse in the lee of a *kopje* and set out along a fence for the farm buildings. By the time he approached them the moon stood directly in the north, at his back, so that neither the east nor the west wall of the buildings lay in deep shadow. For in South Africa both sun and moon cross the northern sky, instead of the southern. The north wall, of course, blazed with light. It would remain lighted all night.

He had not yet decided what he wished to see at the house, but he knew he wished to see it from behind a shadow. He had no choice therefore but to wait out the moon. In an hour its white disk would have swung far enough to the west to throw the east wall of any building on the farm into darkness. Meanwhile he would consider what ought to be done first.

Although the time was mid-December, which is midsummer in South Africa, since it lies south of the tropics, the night was cold, and he drew his sheepskin jacket about him more tightly. The moon stood at its zenith in the north.

He had wished to visit the farm to inquire into the presence of the yellow ground in Mrs. Burger's cellar. He now began to review the possibilities. The earth—or, more properly, ore—came from outside the cellar. As the only entrance to the cellar opened from the kitchen, it must have been carried down by hand. Mrs. Burger must have permitted its presence. So much was clear. What was not clear was its source.

"It couldn't have come from the floors," he decided.

In that case it came from some other source. But there was no other source. Therefore it must have come from the floors. For there it lay in a great pile against the cellar wall. Yet how could it have done so?

"That logic runs in circles," he thought. "I'll have to begin again."

It seemed plain that if the yellow ground came from the floors, it must have been unloaded from under cover. No one would have unloaded stolen ore in the open. The only cover available was the barn. But if the ore was carried in from the barn, the many trips required would have worn a sharp path across the back yard. But there was no such path.

"I don't believe I saw any path at all between the house and the barn," he thought. "I did see a path from the kitchen door to the well, and another from the well to the barn. I saw another path, a plain one, but it led from the kitchen door to that low grain shed this side of the house."

He had not noticed the shed particularly on his previous visits, but he remembered that Flaherty had tried the door and found it locked. It occurred to him only now that Boer farmers do not usually lock such buildings. It occurred to him also that Jan Smoot's key might fit this lock. He had borrowed the key from Flaherty to see if it fitted a house door

"Wish I knew what's in that shed," he thought.

The door lay in shadow, for it opened to the south toward the well. As far as he knew, the shed had no other door. A shuttered north window high under the eaves offered a possible admission, but it lay in full moonlight and he had no ladder.

By this time the shadows lining the east walls had grown deeper, and he began creeping forward along the fence. He moved cautiously, making no noise. Now and then he paused to look and listen. Where the watchman on guard was stationed he did not know, but the man did not seem to be making definite rounds of inspection and did not appear in the moonlight.

"If the Burger dog were alive I'd have trouble," he thought.

The Burger dog would never bark again, but he could not be sure that it had not been replaced by another. He therefore moved with increasing softness. When he reached the end of the fence he again paused to look about him. Ahead lay the house of tragedy, now become a house of mystery. To the right stood the barn. The team that Jan Smoot had driven to town had not been returned to the farm, but he heard the stamping of horses from its direction, and somewhere the restless moving about of cattle.

In the foreground, now scarcely twenty feet away, loomed the locked grain shed, with its brightly lighted north wall and its buttressing eastern shadow.

He listened carefully; then, still moving without noise, he darted forward as if he were himself a shadow into the protection of the shed. Here he again stood motionless to listen for sounds of alarm. When the silence persisted he began stealing along the shadowy side of the shed. He gained the corner; then, turning it, the door.

That which remained to do he did swiftly. He had not believed very confidently that Jan Smoot's poor key would unlock the shed door. To his surprised relief, the bolt obeyed his light pressure. After that he had but to turn the knob softly and try the uncertain hinges.

He eased the door shut behind him; then, feeling an inside bolt meant to work independently of the lock, pressed it home. Then once more he paused to listen. Hearing no sounds, he drew his flash light from his pocket, hung his hat over the keyhole and threw on the battery.

Instantly many of his riddles became solved. He found himself standing upon the brink of a shallow pit, in size and depth not unlike the claim of an early prospector for diamonds. The weathered surface of the ground above was that of the ground outside, indistinguishable from that of the surrounding country; but once this shell of soil was pierced the nature of the underlying ore became evident.

"Yellow ground!" whispered Donovan. "The woman owned a diamond pipe!"

He played his light upon the sides and bottom of the pit; then, to insure against mistakes in judgment, he clambered down the rude steps of a ladder and broke off samples to take with him. So engrossed was he that he forgot about his light. But after a little he remembered it and snapped off the battery. Grumbling at his carelessness, he stood listening for sounds, in case light had leaked out through cracks and betrayed his unpermitted presence.

"Not a chance," he decided, remembering the purpose of the shed. "Old Burger would have battened the cracks before he set a spade into the ground."

It seemed reasonable to suppose that this must be true, that the shed was in fact light-tight, that he was free to inspect the pit at his pleasure; but his native caution kept him in darkness for a great while. He waited so for what seemed to him hours before again throwing in the battery.

It was as he stooped over the last earth to be loosened, thrown out upon the floor of the pit from its oldest corner, his light turned full upon it, that he heard the sound outside of approaching footsteps. He had stood at the center of all silence. Suddenly he heard this unmistakable, full-bodied, shuffling succession of impacts. The sound so startled him that he quite forgot to quench his light, and when he remembered the duty, fumbled endlessly for the slide. Before he again stood in darkness, the footsteps had ceased and he heard the sound as of a key at a keyhole. This was followed by the sound of a turning within the lock.

But the lock bolt had already been thrown back by Jan Smoot's key. Had it not been for the inside bolt the door might have flung open of itself. The man outside turned the key until it stopped, then in the other direction likewise. He may have blamed the key. Apparently he was working as Donovan had first done, surreptitiously, without a light. After a while he desisted.

The sounds did not recur. Whether the man who had tried the lock meant to return or whether he remained outside, Donovan did not know. But he did not trust himself to use his flash light further.

Meanwhile the problem rose of his own escape from the shed. He had let himself in; now he must let himself out.

"The man was not Klinger," he decided. "He would have come by day; or if by night, he would have broken down the door. I think he must have been the watchman, investigating on his own account with a key he had found. If it was the watchman, he'll move on and return later."

Anyhow, he could not remain where he was. Gathering up his courage in his two hands, he softly drew the bolt, tested the door, found it unlocked, bent it outward the crack he needed to slip through. He locked the door behind him in spite of his urging nerves.

Stealing back along the shadows, he crossed to the fence, and then by painful stages reached his horse. After that he rode rather recklessly for a while.

IV

DONOVAN had always been conducted to the inner office promptly; but, whether because the Head had already talked with him at his home or for solider reasons, today he was asked to wait. When at last he was sent for, instead of being shown through the familiar lettered door, today he was shown to a room containing a battered-looking conference table. The table interested him greatly. Midway on one side of it sat the blinking Jacob Klinger, midway on the other, his thin partner. A third man at the table proved to be a bank cashier named Welles. In the background against the wall a stenographer seemed engaged, but was not, in editing a manuscript.

As he took his prearranged seat at Klinger's right the other door opened and the Head entered, accompanied by two men whom Donovan did not know. These likewise sat down at the table, the Head at the end farthest from Donovan, the two strangers in the first chairs to his right and left.

"I have asked for this conference," began the Head abruptly, "in the interest of Mrs. Piet Burger's young daughter, who is staying with my wife at my home. The dead woman left property which must be conserved. Mr. Klinger here has already taken over the farm under a contract of sale, I am told. I have asked to examine this contract. I could have it produced in court, but it seemed quicker and simpler to go over the papers privately in conference."

"It's the girl's affair," said Klinger. "Am I right?"

"Not entirely. If she proves to be the sole heir, doubtless it concerns her only. Until we know that, it's the estate's affair. Besides, Miss Burger is a minor, and therefore not legally competent to make decisions. I am acting as administrator of the estate, and also as her guardian."

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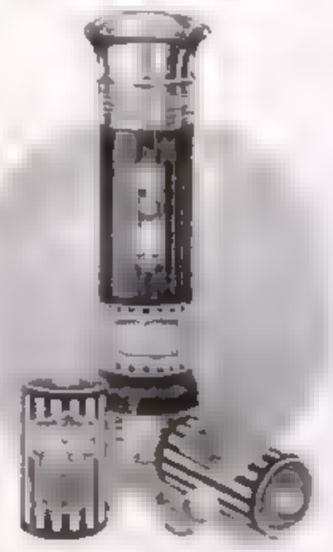

BURGESS FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

"How long are you administrator?" asked Klinger. "I have to ask, because it is not of record."

"Since this morning. It's of record now."

"We discuss—just property?"

"Any matters that may come up. Mrs. Burger was murdered. I wish to see her slayer punished."

"Me, too," said Klinger eagerly. "He was a fool to leave so much behind."

"Did he leave so much behind?" asked the Head.

"I mean the money she kept in her box."

"Oh, the money! Yes, he left that behind. As you say, he was a fool. I wonder why he left it."

"Maybe he was scared to look," replied Klinger. "That's what the police say."

"Is the money still in the box, do you know?"

"Nobody has touched a thing, Mr. Administrator. The house is guarded close by the police, and I have my watchman there too. Any time you want that money you can get it."

"Time enough to consider what to do with the money after we're sure it's ours," said the Head. "Suppose we look over the contract of sale."

"I have it photographed," said Klinger, producing from his pocket a photographic copy.

"Photographed? How is that?"

"The original I give to be recorded."

"The photograph will serve."

Taking the document tendered him the Head laid it out beneath his hands and glanced through it. Donovan had spoken to him of the date upon the duplicate. This date corresponded, as did also the substance of the contract.

"This paper is dated December tenth. Is that the date upon which it was signed?"

"That's right," said Klinger. "It was signed on the tenth."

"When was it drawn up?"

"The morning of the same day."

"And when was it arranged? When did Mrs. Burger agree to sell her farm to you?"

"That was the day before."

"December ninth?"

"That's right. I drove out and fixed it up."

"Where was it signed—in your office?"

"In Mrs. Burger's house," said Klinger.

"These witnesses—who are they?"

"Mr. Kleist here was a witness. That's his name—R. C. Kleist. The other witness went back to Capetown, but I can reach him. Mr. Kleist's in business here."

"With you?"

"Yes, sir. His word's good."

The Head turned to the thin partner. "Did Mrs. Burger sign this paper in your presence?"

"Sure she signed it," said Kleist. "I see her grab up the old goose quill."

"Did she use her own ink and pen?"

"She used my fountain pen," said Klinger, snatching the reply from his partner's mouth.

The Head smiled, then returned to Klinger. "This instrument mentions a first payment of two hundred pounds. Was that money paid to Mrs. Burger?"

"It was paid to her right after she signed."

"In that case you must have drawn the amount from the bank before driving to her house. Can you prove that you did so?"

Klinger produced a canceled check from his pocketbook. "That proves it. I thought you might ask me that question, so I brought the check with me. I brought the bank's cashier along, too, to identify the stamp."

"The check was paid on December tenth," said Welles.

"Why did you wish to buy the Burger farm?" asked the Head.

"It's a good farm," said Burger.

"Did you know that Mrs. Burger had found diamonds on it?"

"No, I did not, and I don't believe it."

"Where do you suppose she obtained the rough stones she had been selling to you?"

"She never sold any to me."

"Through her man, Jan Smoot?"

"I never bought any diamonds from him. If he says I did he lies. He can't drag me into it."

"On the contrary, didn't you buy rough diamonds from him on several occasions, and didn't you conclude he was acting as agent for somebody else?"

"No, I did not."

"On the last occasion didn't you follow him to the Burger farm?"

"No, I say! No!" shouted Klinger.

"Didn't he offer you thirty-two picked diamonds the afternoon before the murder?"

"He never did," said Klinger.

"Hadn't you asked him for carat sizes to see if he could supply them?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Didn't you then refuse to buy them?"

"How can I refuse when I don't see the man? Am I crazy, to tell you no and then tell you yes?"

"Did you know that Jan Smoot sold thirty-two rough diamonds to a Boer walloper?"

"I heard about it, yes."

"Did you know the Boer was arrested?"

"Yes, I did. Everybody knows that."

"Did you know that the seized stones had blood on them?"

Klinger clutched at his chair, started to rise, as a man sometimes will do at a surprise question, even when technically it does not touch him.

Then, perceiving its logic, he settled back again and gave a true reply. "No, I did not," he said.

"Did you know that Jan Smoot had blood on his hands?"

"I know they arrested him for murder, but I didn't know about the blood."

"Do you know where he obtained the diamonds he sold?"

"No, I don't. Maybe from the dead woman."

"Where did she get them?" the Head asked then.

"How do I know where she gets her diamonds?"

"You have not yourself entered the Burger house since the murder?"

"No, I have not. I keep out of that house."

"But the rest of the farm you've been over?"

"It's my farm," said Klinger.

"In that case you've opened the door of the grain shed to the north of the well. What did you see inside that shed?"

"I didn't go in, because the door was locked."

"Didn't you see a pit sunk in yellow ground?"

"No, I did not."

"Did you know the shed was built over a diamond-bearing pipe, and that Mrs. Burger was secretly mining it for money to carry on her farm?"

"If it was, I didn't know it," said Klinger.

"On the contrary, you knew it well." The Head changed his manner and his tone of voice. "Keep your seat, Klinger. I have here a letter written by Laura Burger to her mother. It was written from her school in Capetown and speaks of an approaching visit by her mother. The date of her arrival is given as December eighth. She left on the seventh, and did in fact arrive in Capetown on the eighth. Yet you tell me that you arranged with her at her farm on the ninth to buy the property from her. How do you explain the discrepancy in dates?"

"She changed her mind," said Klinger, wiping the sweat from his brow. "She went earlier and got back."

The Head pressed a bell. When the door opened he said to the clerk, "Tell Mr. Lamson I'm ready." Again the door opened. A man was shown in whom Donovan recognized as the railroad ticket agent.

"Lamson," began the Head, "did you know Mrs. Piet Burger?"

"I knew her well," replied the other.

"Do you happen to remember the date of her leaving for Capetown not long since?"

"She left on December seventh," said Lamson. "I know, because I sold her the ticket. I cashed a check for her."

"Is this the check?" asked the Head, proffering a canceled voucher.

"It is," replied Lamson.

"Thank you, Lamson."

The railroad man withdrew as he had entered. As the door closed upon him the Head produced another letter, the envelope of which likewise bore the Capetown postmark.

"This letter was written by Mrs. Burger from Capetown. It is dated December tenth, and the stamp was canceled the same day. On the tenth she was still in Capetown. How do you account for that fact, Klinger?"

"I can prove what I say!" cried Klinger. "I will get you papers proving every word!" And he started to rise.

"Don't move!" snapped the Head. He continued in a level voice, but every word had the effect of a pointed forefinger. "You began by buying Mrs. Burger's diamonds. You knew she was selling her own diamonds, and not stolen ones. You knew she was afraid to register them because of the rush of miners that would follow. You therefore made plans. You began by obtaining a sample or two of her signature. Jan Smoot's arrest caught you off your guard. It looked as if Mrs. Burger would now tell everything in order to protect her servant. Probably she would have done so. It happened that you had drawn money from the bank for another purpose ten days or so earlier, but had not used it. That gave you the documentary support you needed. How were you to know that the woman had been visiting a daughter in Capetown on the tenth? The time was short—you forged your papers yet that evening, within two or three hours of Jan Smoot's arrest. Then that same night you drove out to the Burger farm, killed its owner, and planted your papers. That forged contract, backed by the roll of money and the date of its withdrawal from the bank, almost gave you the richest farm in South Africa."

It was Kleist, the thin partner, not Klinger, the fat one, who retained sufficient nerve to let his right hand steal from the table toward his pocket. That it did not reach his pistol was due to an unexpected obstruction.

"Look out, chief!" cried Donovan, who caught the movement.

That warning would have fallen too late; but the stranger at Kleist's right had also caught it, and in time. Donovan's sharp cry became merged with the metallic click of a handcuff closed upon Kleist's quick right wrist.

The stranger at Klinger's left followed by clapping handcuffs upon the dazed senior partner. Then the unhappy two were dragged to their feet.

"The meeting is adjourned," said the Head.

Donovan ended his story at that point. The lawyer of the party stirred up the logs of the fire into renewed life. As the light fell upon the circle of faces, questions began to be asked.

"Where did the bloodstains come from on those diamonds?" asked someone.

"Jan Smoot cut his finger," replied Donovan.

"What happened to Jan Smoot?" asked another.

"He was released on a writ of habeas corpus within the hour. The Head placed him in charge of the farm."

"Why didn't he tell where he got the stones?"

"He felt he was protecting Mrs. Burger's secret, and hadn't the right."

"But you said he had been discharged by Mrs. Burger."

"Because she had no money for his wages. Later he was reëmployed."

"Were the diamonds confiscated?"

"They were returned to the Boer who had bought them, on the ground that he had not been given time to register them. The unregistered diamonds in the teacup were released to Mrs. Burger's estate for the same reason."

"The girl received a few rough diamonds out of it," said the camp cynic. "Did she receive anything else?"

"About two million pounds, they say. She became a rich woman. De Graaf took over the farm on a fair arrangement."

The lawyer of the party again stirred up the fire. When the sparks had all been quenched in the sea that was the sky, he asked dryly:

"In what way does your story prove that you were not out in the rain?"

"It proves what you will," replied Donovan. "According to undisputed evidence, Jan Smoot murdered a woman who had discharged him. But he didn't. Anyhow, the two men who did kill her were convicted and hanged."

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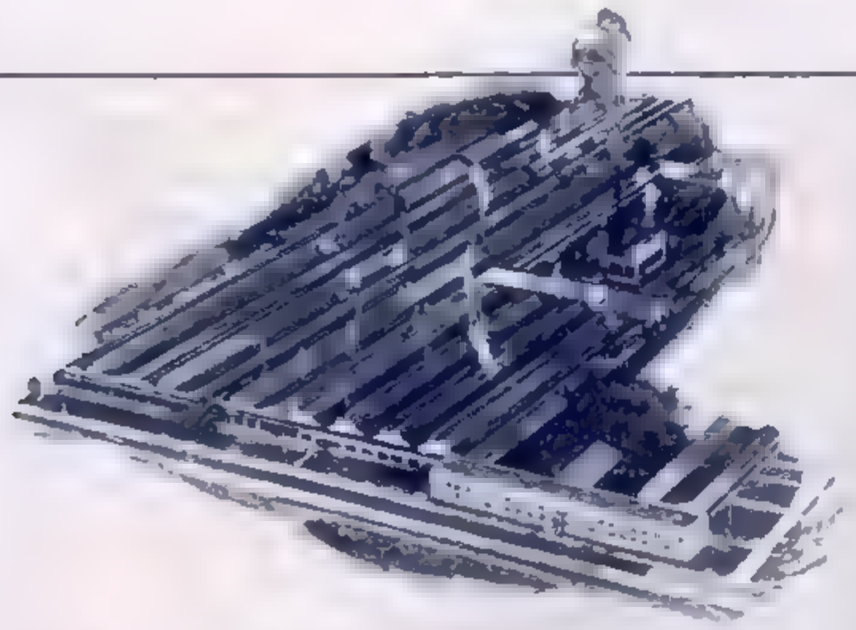

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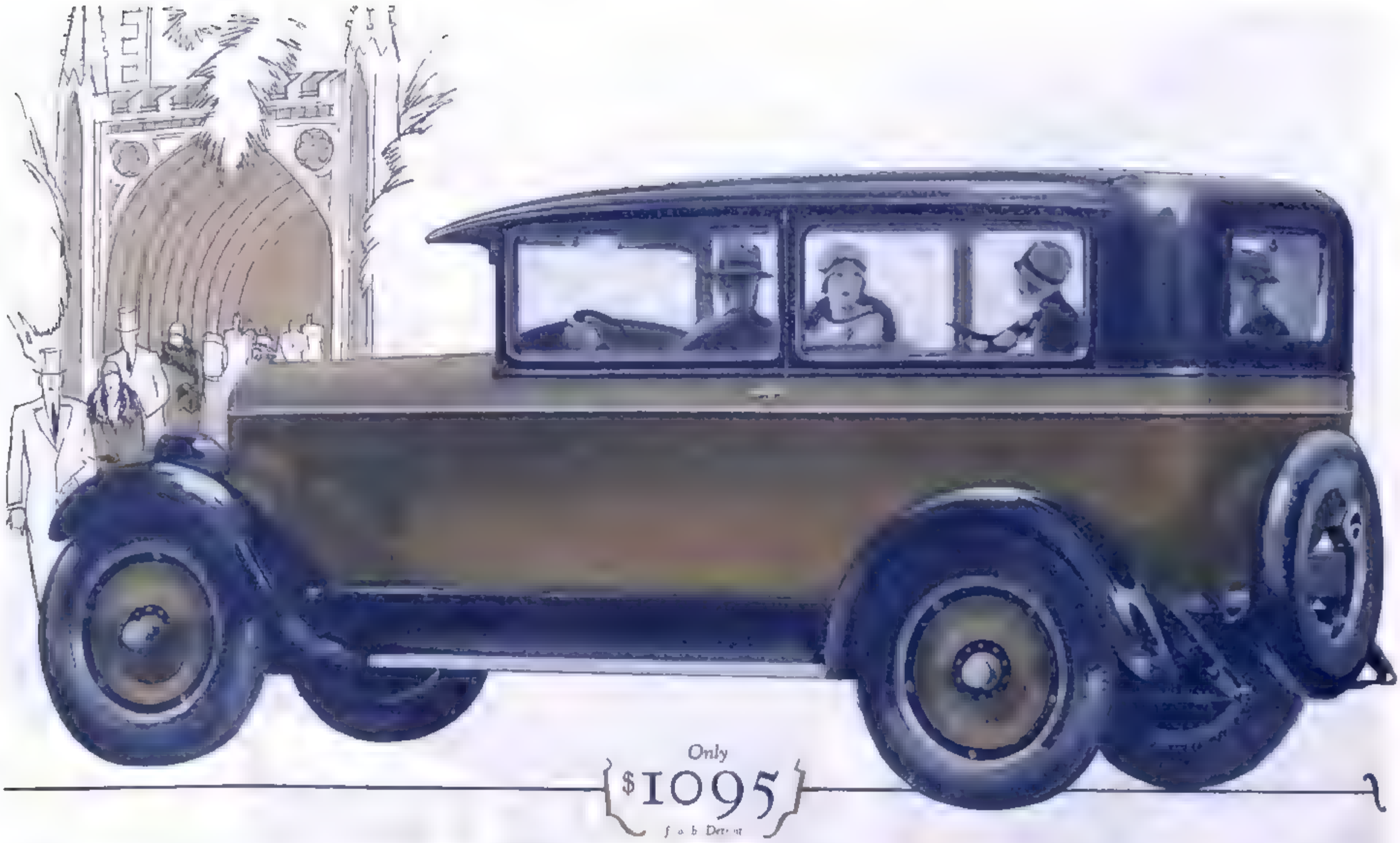

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PROTECT-YOUR-MEN

Continued from Page 23

"I knew Bounce when I was with the English medical," Paul said over the oysters. "He was with the Canadians. He came into a dressing station where I was working." He smiled.

"I'd just come back from leave in London," he explained, "and when I got off the train my boss almost kissed me. This dressing station was in an old German pill box, and a gas shell had dropped in the entrance, and they'd had forty-two casualties. So I was shipped there. It was a stout place, and safe enough—barring gas. Only, when a shell hit on top of it the whole place would vibrate—hum like a tuning fork. Hurt your ears. I was there eight or nine days Nothing but mud all around, and if you fell off the duck boards you were gone to the waist. We had some batteries about a hundred yards off; so there was a good deal of noise from them and from the stuff the others sent over hunting for them."

He hesitated a moment, considering; meditatively swallowed an oyster. "Bounce had got one through the arm," he said then "He couldn't stop the bleeding, so he came back to get it fixed up. While he was in there word came along that a shell had messed them up over by the guns, and there were casualties. I remember he picked up two stretchers and swung them over his shoulder, and he yelled to the stretcher bearers to come on. It's pretty near a two-man job to carry one stretcher, but he took two by himself."

"He was a powerful man," Woodridge agreed.

"They were still dropping stuff outside," Paul continued, nodding his assent to this "It was pretty hot, and he was wounded and more or less in my charge. I told him to stay where he was." He chuckled at the memory. "I didn't know him then," he explained. "First time we'd come together. I told him to stick where he was and let the stretcher bearers go, and he gave me hell in one word. I tried to be as dignified as a general, and I told him to drop it, but he went along just the same." He added, smiling at the memory, "He came back by and by with a man on his shoulders, and carrying one end of a stretcher besides "

Woodridge smiled a little, fondly. "He didn't know what it was to be tired or afraid," he agreed. "And he always did try to look after his men."

"We used to talk about that," Paul agreed. "We got to know each other better afterward. I've heard him fairly give a lecture on it. 'You can get more shells and guns,' he used to say, 'but there are only about so many men. You want to save them all you can.' He'd talk that way as long as you would listen."

Jason laughed boomingly, so that other diners looked our way. "Old Protect-Your-Men, they called him," he said again; and I asked curiously, "When did he get that name?"

"That was after he transferred to us," he explained. "You remember, our staff work was all on the theory that we'd just go ahead and clean things up. No stopping, no digging in, just keep going ahead. That costs men, of course; and Bounce was all against it. He made himself unpopular right away. Otherwise he'd probably have had a staff job from the start if he wanted it. But as it was, they gave him an outfit to take into the lines, in one of the French sectors, to season them—let them have a sample of it."

He added thoughtfully: "They had a pretty hot time. Fritz must have known they were there, and the first night he sent over a small raiding party to pick up a prisoner or two, and Bounce beat them off. Most of them didn't get back. So he figured that they'd try it again the next night and make a thorough job, and probably drop some shells first. He had a French liaison officer with him, and this chap protested at what Bounce did. But Bounce went ahead just the same.

"Along toward midnight he pulled his men out of the front lines, got back into the dugouts and reserve trenches, and so on; and sure enough, about four o'clock the bombardment started. But it was all up front and didn't touch them. He held his outfit ready, and when the shelling stopped he took them forward overland and met Fritzie in the open and damaged him a lot, and surprised him most painfully."

He added in parenthesis: "The Frenchman was ever so enthusiastic about that and reported it back; and the move became a part of our tactics afterward, on a large scale. I had a share in it; and I remember we worked the guns all day, and the waves kept coming on and piling up under it. An awful smashing we gave them—using this scheme Bounce was the first to try."

Jason returned then to the matter in hand. "Of course," he said, "the outfit he had in there suffered heavily—a lot of casualties. But the men came through thinking they were devils and all that, thinking they'd been through the worst there was. Then they were pulled out; and on the way back they had to get off the road to let another outfit go by, and Bounce took them a short cut through some woods. There were berries growing on bushes there, just about ripe, and the men started to pick them and eat them. Bounce spotted it, so he yelled to them to stop.

"'You don't want to eat those berries,' he told them. 'They're probably full of worms make you sick.' And that made the outfit laugh, and someone yelled at him, 'Protect your men!'

"So the tale went around, and the name stuck tight from then on."

"A mighty good thing if more officers had been like him," Woodridge insisted loyally. "Some of them just threw men away."

Paul nodded. "I fixed up a German machine gunner one day," he said. "He had a bomb fragment in his leg. It was when our outfit was going ahead pretty steadily. This chap was one of the hard-boiled kind, with a little mustache and a cold nerve; no let-down at all. Glared at us. He made me mad, and I wanted to get under his skin. I said to him, 'Well, what do you think of the Americans now?' And he curled his lip back a little and said, 'Best target I ever had.'"

He added regretfully, "And the devil of it was, I did a good job on him, fixed him up proper. He didn't even lose his leg."

Jason made that noncommittal sound, half grunt, half assent, which was characteristic of him; and I saw little Woodridge perspiring faintly. The waiter took away the oyster shells and brought lobster Newburg, and I said tritely, "It's a miracle that any man could stand up under things like that."

Paul hesitated, and then he chuckled. "Well," he explained, "there were a good many funny things too."

Woodridge was trying to cut a piece of toast with the edge of his fork, and the fork slipped, with disastrous effect. He laughed at that. "Makes me think of Bounce again," he declared. "We were having a party in the hut one night, and there was a girl there—one of the singers. Out of vaudeville, I think. I've forgotten her name. Bounce was so big that I suppose girls scared him. He was big, you know."

"Six feet four and weighed two hundred and forty," Jason said. "As rough as a bull and as gentle as a woman."

Woodridge nodded. "We were having liver and bacon that night," he explained, "and Bounce undertook to pass the platter to this girl so she could help herself. He was so scared that he poked it at her too sharply, and he slid the whole business right off the platter into her lap." We laughed; and he added, smiling, "He never did live that down."

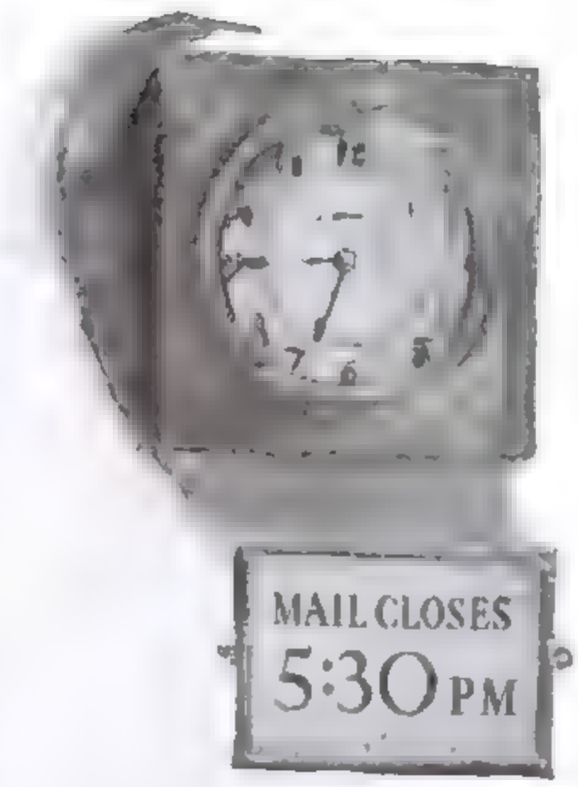
Jason was reminded of another incident. "Bull told me about it," he explained. "He used to worry a lot about his men when they were back in rest areas. So when he thought they were getting in trouble he'd take them out and march them ragged.

"He had a top sergeant named Ryan, and one night Ryan and his buddy went down the road to the next town and found a blind tiger there. They didn't have much money; but while they were spending what they had they watched the man who was selling the stuff; and they found he kept it in the window seat and sat on the seat himself. So when their money gave out, Ryan put out the light, and his buddy jerked up the cover of the seat and grabbed three or four bottles and they got out of there. It was raining. The Frenchman chased them up the road, but they ducked him and sat in a ditch and drank it all—sitting there and singing in the rain. Four bottles of champagne, and they drank it all. The Frenchman had the nerve to report to Bull; only he said Ryan had robbed his cellar. So Bull turned out the company at four in the morning for a march.

(Continued on Page 101)

He Held His Outfit Ready, and When the Shelling Stopped He Took Them Forward Overland and Met Fritzie in the Open and Damaged Him a Lot, and Surprised Him Most Painfully

Is this a partial portrait of you?



WHEN you look at this fellow dawdling while the work waits, maybe you'll see in him something you wouldn't admit in yourself—laziness.

Yet it's a curious fact that most of us (whisper it, maybe all of us) are lazy about some things.

For instance, men:

Do you always get your suits pressed the minute they look baggy? Do you ever make a shirt "do another day" because you are too lazy to get out a clean one?

How about your housework, women? Do you always do it when you should? Shampoo your hair when it needs it?

If you are like most of us, you put off these, and similar matters, as long as you can.

Tooth brushing, for example. Of all the little tasks people are lazy about, this one heads the list. In the morning we are in a hurry. At night we are tired. And always we lose sight of the pleasant after effects in contemplating the task itself.

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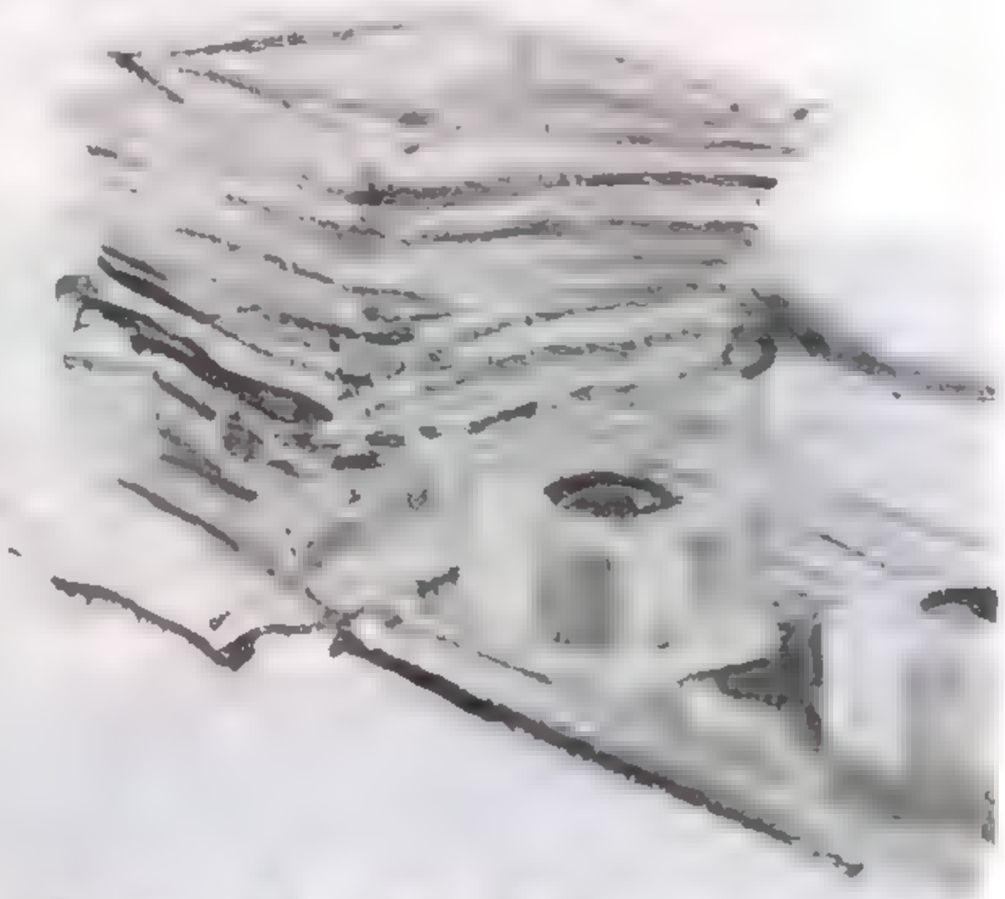

*This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts tooth decay.

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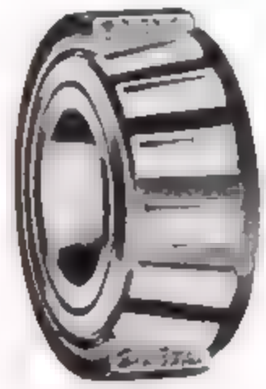
"—even for lazy people"

TOOTH PASTE

— over in a minute



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"Ryan hadn't been asleep more than two hours and he was pretty near gone, but he had to turn out. Only when he wheeled around to report the company, he turned too fast and couldn't stop. Bull said he whirled around twice and then fell in the mud and went to sleep again."

I began to see this man of whom they spoke, this Bounce. But the picture was still incomplete. "What did he do to Ryan?" I asked.

"Marched him twenty kilometers that day," Jason explained, "and walked at his elbow all the way, cussing him out. And then he came back and raised the devil with the Frenchman. Ran him clear out of the neighborhood. It wasn't safe to sell stuff to Bounce's men."

"Did you know about the time he stole the railroad iron?" Woodridge asked. Neither of the others had heard this one. "He put in a requisition for some, to put a stronger roof over his dugouts," the little man explained. "They told him there wasn't any available; and he located a lot of it in a dump about a mile back, and they said that was for headquarters. So the next night Bounce took half his men back and lugged it up to the line and had it all built in and covered up before morning."

"What happened to him for that?" I asked.

Woodridge chuckled. "The C. O. blistered him," he explained. "But Bounce gave as good as he got, and that ended it."

After a little silence Paul said, with a reminiscent chuckle, "He got me my promotion."

And Woodridge asked, "How?"

"I transferred to one of our outfits as soon as we got over there," Paul explained. "Grade of lieutenant. Bounce had been in the Canadian service, you know. He was with the Princess Pats when they met a charge with bayonets, out of ammunition, and got cut to pieces. Afterward we came to know each other, beginning with that dressing station I told you about. And I told him one day I wanted to be promoted, needed the pay. So he said the thing to do was write a letter to Washington and get my boss drunk enough to approve it.

"That was beyond me. I've no head for liquor. So Bounce volunteered to do that part; and I invited them both to dinner and furnished brandy and champagne, and had the letter ready, and Bounce did his part. I got my captaincy as fast as the letters could get there and back. But Bounce had to take the colonel home and put him to bed."

He added regretfully, "He was transferred right after that. I didn't see him again. I think he was the only man I ever saw who didn't know what it was to be afraid."

"Except of a woman," Woodridge suggested, smiling; and Jason also objected to this tribute.

"There's one thing that scares any man," he said. "Bounce, too, I expect."

Paul looked at him. "I know what you mean," he agreed. "Bombs?"

"An aeroplane overhead and none of ours to bother him," Jason agreed. "We had a nigger cook in our outfit and he used to say, 'Boys, I'm a brave nigger, but when one of dem birds comes layin' his eggs around here, I sure do get a itching in de feet, and no mistake.'"

"It didn't bother Bounce," Paul insisted. "I saw him go through it. As bad as it could be. Two companies of men in an open field back of the lines, waiting for orders; and nowhere they could go, and no cover anywhere. We were there; we had some supplies, in tents, and we were waiting too. And this Fritz came over and sailed over us for half an hour, taking his own time. No one to bother. We had eighteen casualties. A thing like that will ruin most outfits for any use for a while. Bounce made them lie down and scatter out; and I know I was crawling on my belly, taking care of them when they got hit, and scared to death. But Bounce stood up under it, walked around, laughed, told stories, smoked cigarettes—and never turned a hair. Brought his outfit through; they were hardly shaken. They went in that night and did a first-rate job, to even things."

"He was scared," Jason insisted, "even if he didn't show it."

"He just wasn't scared," Paul protested. "He didn't know the meaning of the word."

"He was scared," Jason repeated stubbornly; "but he'd do anything under heaven to help his men. You say yourself he brought them through ready to fight. That was Bounce, every time."

Paul hesitated, then smiled. "As a matter of fact," he confessed, "there was one thing he was afraid of; I've seen him jump clear over a ditch when an automobile blew its horn behind him. He was afraid of automobiles."

Little Woodridge started to speak, but Jason's booming voice drowned him. "You know the big stunt he pulled, don't you?" he asked. Woodridge must have known; I saw him look at Paul. But the surgeon shook his head, and so did I. If there was more to be told about Bounce I wished to hear it. So we had it; and it seemed to me as I listened that there was a fitness in its being told by Jason, in his great trumpet of a tone.

We listened while he spoke; but I watched Paul and Woodridge even while I attended to Jason's words; and I saw them now and then nod with understanding or appreciation. The tale was somewhat technical, difficult for an uninitiate to follow; yet I caught some of the splendid valor of it, and it seemed to me these two were not so moved as they might well have been.

"Bounce had been in there pretty steadily," Jason explained. "He was all shot to pieces, nervously. Jumpy. Shell shock, if you like. Some thought that was the only reasonable explanation of what he did, it was such a wild and foolish plan. But I think he'd have done it anyway. He was always driven by that gospel of his, that notion that he must protect his men."

"Bounce had no nerves," Woodridge protested stoutly; and Jason grinned at him.

"Any man had nerves, in there, after a while," he explained. "But anyway, he did it; and he got away with it too."

He laid out for us on the table a little map, with two rolls and a knife blade and some lumps of sugar. "This knife is a little stream," he explained. "And the rolls are ridges, higher land, running along almost side by side, spreading a little farther apart at the stream. In between them there was a sort of triangle of marshy ground, trees and rushes and bog; and the ridges didn't quite come together. There was a brook flowing through between them into the stream to the north." The lumps of sugar, he added, were German machine-gun groups here and there.

"Fritz didn't have many men on that line," he explained. "They were just holding, with skeleton formations, doing what damage they could and then surrendering or backing out. It was tough business, that. Fighting men who shot you till you got near enough to damage them, and then held up their hands. That sort of thing drove Bounce wild, and he had his troubles keeping his men in hand, making them take prisoners. Not so easy, either, when your buddy drops beside you, and you're just going to wet your bayonet, and the Fritz who shot him surrenders. They were all raving."

There had been, he explained, an advance along the line; a careful, searching bombardment, and then a slow movement forward through the shattered wood till they made contact, and then some hot work as they went on.

"And what happened," Jason told us, "was the sort of thing that was bound to happen now and then. Bounce and his men were working the low ground, between the ridges; and that was lightly held, and they were hot and they went ahead too fast. The line on either side of them had tougher going, on the ridges, and by noon Bounce and his outfit were two or three hundred yards ahead. Then the other lots got held up and driven back a bit; and Fritz saw the state of things and threw a line across the neck of the bottle—here."

He marked with his fork on the tablecloth at the point where the two rolls were nearest. "That left Bounce and his men up in the bog and cut off all around."

He continued: "They didn't find it out right off. They went ahead, not running into anyone much. And then Fritz laid down a barrage behind them; and they noticed it was quiet on the ridges, and Bounce sized up the situation. They'd come almost to the stream at the end of the bog, and they were out of touch with the Germans and with their own men too. Bounce sized it up, and his outfit took cover and laid low. And he went back with two men to look things over.

"He found, as he'd expected, that they were cut off. By that time it was mid-afternoon, and beginning to rain; and he located the Germans, working up toward him through the bog. So he threw four machine guns into place there to hold them. They were in mud and water mostly, and thick cover, so the shell fire did no great harm."

He hesitated, studying the rolls on the table as though seeing what had happened on the ridges they represented. "Bounce told me," he said at length, "that it was a case of get his men out somehow. And he was always willing to take the cheapest way, but never a hand to do it by running. Fritz must have expected him to fight his way back down the lowland. Bull guessed this, and decided it wasn't feasible. There was firing by that time from the high ground on either side of him, and it wasn't worth the try.

"By the time it came on dark he had decided what to do, and he began to draw off north, toward the river. Only, he left a few men to keep up a pretense of holding where they were, and to work with him later on, when they saw what he'd started. He took the bulk of his men back and waded the stream—it was mucky, he said, and they went in to their waists—and then he swung east to the end of the ridge and found where the Germans were crossing. They had a bridge there, and it was deeper. They got the bridge guard, very quietly, and then came back down the eastern ridge."

He traced the movement with his finger along the roll. "They didn't run into anything," he explained, "except a couple of walking wounded, and one machine gun where the crew didn't discover them in time, till they got about halfway down. There was something going on down in the bog. They could see flashes, even through the rain; and three or four machine guns along that side of the ridge, working on them down there. Bounce and his outfit rushed these guns from behind before they could be turned, and the chaps down in the bog came swarming up and joined in with their buddies. They went ahead with a rush then, down the ridge, and swinging to the west along the forward lines; and Bounce let go a rocket or two to let our outfit know what was going on, so they took a chance and joined in."

He added: "Bounce was very much pleased with the whole affair. He used to figure that if they'd stayed where they were they'd have been wiped out by morning, or by noon next day. As it was, they had only normal casualties, and the fracas turned out rather well. Bounce was able to indicate what ought to be done; and we pushed a body of men up the ridge by the way he'd come, and got across the stream, and that flanked the nearer German positions below the stream, so they all pulled back next day.

"Bounce took his own outfit through the bog again," he added. "He cleaned up the chaps in there, who were still groping around in the muck trying to find where he'd gone. He'd made a complete circle, you see—or an ellipse, rather—and turned a bad mess into something very well worth while."

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"Where another man would have been wiped out, trying to break through the line across the ravine behind him," Paul commented.

And Woodridge said proudly, "That's the sort of courage Bounce had."

I protested: "That wasn't just courage. Imagination too. Seeing the other fellow's mind and outguessing him. There's the wonderful thing—that he could do that, in the state he was in."

"The C. O. looked at it that way," Jason agreed. "He offered Bounce a staff job after that, all but ordered him to take it. Said he needed some men like that, but Bounce refused.

"'I'll stick where I am,' he said; 'where I can look after my men.'"

We were all silent for a moment; and then I asked, "Go on, who's next? What became of him?"

"I never knew," Jason confessed. "I didn't run into him again." He added gravely, "I suppose he got his ticket. He was always in the thick of it. Bound to, in the end."

"Don't believe it," Paul protested. "Man like that doesn't get it. I'll bet he came through all right."

And little Woodridge said then, "He's dead."

We all looked at him, faintly chilled and shocked by this; and Paul said slowly, protestingly, incredulous, "I used to watch the lists. I never saw his name."

"Oh, he came through the war all right," Woodridge agreed. "I came home on the transport with his outfit. He got it in New York."

"How?" Jason asked gravely.

And Woodridge, careful to control his voice, replied, "While they were coming out of the piers. The men were feeling good, romping around out in the street, on the cobbles there. They had a fleet of trucks down to carry them to camp, and a truck came charging along the street faster than it should. One of Bounce's men was in the way of it, and Bounce jumped to shove him out of the way. He got the man clear all right; but he slipped on the wet cobbles and went down, and the truck nailed him."

We considered this for a space; and Jason sipped at his coffee and then said slowly, like an epitaph, "Protect your men!"

Paul nodded, and little Woodridge looked hard at his cigar.

Then Paul said if we were going to see the picture we had better be moving, so we rose and took ourselves away and went to watch the film unroll a panorama of the war.

MR. WHITE

(Continued from Page 5)

But the wide doorway remained vacant for another moment or two. Then there appeared in it a pale, elderly man, so emaciated that his height was a little startling; and he came so slowly and was so fragile that one had almost to look twice to be sure that he was there. He showed a little awkwardness in his slow movements, as if through some disability in the use of his members; but he was not lame, and the immediate impression he gave was of distinction. This distinction of his seemed to be not only that of an elderly man of the world who has led an extraordinary life, and can no longer be disturbed or surprised; it held the special dignity, gracious and cool, of one whose experience, particularly of pain, has set him above any emotion except that of friendly compassion. Moreover, he had the unmistakable scholarly look of being learned in one of the high branches of thinking; and for some reason theology was what came into my mind.

Altogether, I might easily have expected to hear from him a lenient discussion of Saint Augustine's Confessions; but here was the last man in the world I would have elected to entertain with green-table excursions among jackpots and deuces wild. This was, indeed, no grand good fat man, although he might have been both grand and good.

But apparently our host was disposed to maintain to himself, as well as to his guests, that the alteration was an outward one and not inward: Merry White was Merry White unchanged, he told us jovially, as he made our names known to his friend. "Yes, sir," he was vociferating fondly as I came up to them, "this is the same grand old Merry White I went to school with! He's fallen off considerable in weight and he looks some older than he used to, but that's natural; and I guess I even look a little older myself than I did twenty years ago. What you think about that, Merry?"

Mr. White's reply was lost to me in the general movement the party was making toward the dining room under the almost tremulous urgency of Mrs. Golding. She herself then pressed ahead with the guest of honor, while the rest of us followed as we would and sought our places at the long and glittering table. The Goldings' table was always a long one, whatever the number of guests, because the chairs were all spaciously broad and comfortable—"So that if a feller's friends happen to be a little robust they can get real elbow room for their eating," Tom said—and it was a glittering one, because he loved big and heavy bright silver and old-fashioned heavy cut glass. Tonight, an impressive shrubbery of giant clumps of American Beauty roses in fat silver vases embowered the middle panel of the long Venetian lace cloth; and when I was seated in my place, at the host's end of the table, my view of the hostess was partly obscured, while of Mr. Meredith White I could see nothing at all.

The lady upon my right, however, had a clear perspective of them both, and gave evidence of interest in it. She even appeared to be a little excited; though perhaps that would not have been observed except by one who knew her well; but as it happened, I could claim such a privilege, being her cousin.

"I'm sorry you can't see those two," she said to me presently. "What on earth do you suppose has got Mrs. Golding so rattled?"

"Mr. Meredith White's being late in coming down to dinner, probably."

"No," my cousin said. "As a matter of fact, he wasn't. Dinner was for eight o'clock and he made his appearance while that French clock on the mantelpiece was striking the hour; I noticed it. I don't believe Mrs. Golding was thinking about the food's getting overdone."

"Then what was she thinking about, Mary?"

"About Mr. White, but not about his coming down late, because she couldn't still be bothered about that since we did get to the table exactly on time. Yet she's worse rattled now than she was then."

"How can you tell?"

"By her expression, of course," Mary said. "She's trying to talk to that jolly old Nick Leckner on her left—she's turned her back on Mr. White as far as she can—and she isn't hearing a thing Nick's saying. She isn't listening to what Mr. White's saying on the other side of her, either, because he isn't saying anything; he's just sitting there. I have an idea she's taken a violent dislike to him."

"Why should she?"

"Well," Mary said uncertainly, "of course, he's absolutely different from what they both expected. We'd all been told he was Old King Cole in person, and she'd carefully instructed us not to hope to see any more of you men—after we left the table—where we were led to suppose

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(Continued from Page 102)

Mr. White would certainly be the life of the party." She uttered a little murmur of laughter over the irony of this supposition. "It seems to me I never saw anybody so still. He just sits there!"

"That doesn't strike me as surprising," I said. "He couldn't very well be standing or walking about, could he?"

"You wouldn't know what I mean," she explained, "unless you could see him. It's getting Mrs. Golding more and more nervous every minute. She knows she ought to be talking to him, but she just can't. Little Mrs. Wilkes is on his right, but she's way around the corner of the table, not paying any attention to him, and it seems to me she feels a little uncomfortable too. I'm not sure he doesn't make me so, even at this distance—he's so extremely odd."

"How do you know he is?"

"Good gracious!" Mary cried. "I can see him, can't I? I've heard his voice, haven't I?"

"I haven't," I said. "What's the matter with his voice?"

"Nothing's the matter with it; it's just singular. I can't explain it; but wait till you hear him speak and you'll know what I mean. And there's something positively pathetic about him too. I never saw such pallor, such almost transparency, in a human being in all my life; and as we came out to the dining room I noticed that he tottered and could hardly lift his feet. It's as if much the greater part of him had already passed on to the other world. What seems to me touching is that a man in that shattered condition should be bothering to look up a former friend at all, and be willing to sit through such a dinner for old time's sake. Yes, there's something both touching and attractive about him, though evidently poor Mrs. Golding doesn't feel it. His eyes have a look of detachment; it's a very extreme remoteness, as if he saw everything about him from a long, hazy distance; and his expression is ascetic, but it's gentle—rather dreamily friendly, I'd call it. Poor thing, he looks as if a bite of really solid food would kill him! And fancy giving a man like that a big Golding dinner! Why didn't they call it off? Of course, he isn't eating a morsel; he just *sits* there, I tell you!"

However, I was now to obtain for myself a view of this passivity upon which she so insisted. Golding had been chuckling and merrily gorging with his next neighbors at our end of the table, two ample ladies in whom he delighted because of their congeniality with him as tried and capable trenchermen; but after a time he became interested to obtain an opinion from his old friend.

"I say it was perfect!" he declared to the congenial neighbors. "Done to a turn! Absolutely the way he wrote me it ought to be, eighteen years ago, and I've never allowed one to be served to me any other way in all that time—not a one! I told you what he said over the telephone. You bet I knew him when he said *that*, all right! Let's see whether he thinks I had this one cooked his way or not. Merry ——"

But here he discovered what he had been too preoccupied with his food to notice sooner—Mr. White was invisible to him beyond the intervening shrubbery of roses. "Might as well eat in separate rooms," he complained, and he spoke to one of the three middle-aged colored men who were serving us. "For heaven's sake, move all those vases over on the sideboard. Might as well eat in a greenhouse." Then, when his order had been obeyed, he called noisily down the length of the table, "How'd it strike you, ole hoss? Want to ask me again if I ever cook a salmon the way you told me to?"

"No," Mr. White replied. "I was sure you did. I asked you that only to identify myself to you."

I understood at once what my cousin had meant about his voice; at the sound of it everyone else stopped talking and looked at him. Tom Golding's big voice, compelling by its volume and husky loudness, naturally arrested the general attention and directed it toward his friend; but that did not account for the quality of the attention, which was acute and even a little startled. Our impression of any stranger is always inadequate until we have heard him speak; but after he does, no matter how commonplace the thing he may say, we know a great deal more about him. Mr. White's voice, a light one, thin and a little broken, as if by infirmity or age, was a persuasively well-mannered one; but what made us stare at him was something remarkable it seemed to reveal about the man himself. Yet I could not have said what the remarkable thing was that had just been disclosed to me.

"You see what I meant," my cousin said, half whispering. "It makes you feel you know something queer about him, but you can't think what the queer thing is. What is it?"

"I don't know. If I were in a sleeper at night, and heard such a voice outside my berth, I think it would keep me awake for a while, puzzling."

"Yes," she assented. "A little the way you'd puzzle over a name you know perfectly well but can't remember. Listen!"

Tom was anxious for appreciation of his salmon. Flushed, his eyes and cheeks glowing, the big white front of his shirt bulging against the table as he leaned forward, jovially interrogative, he pressed the merits of the great fish. "You any idea the amount of executive ability it takes to get a salmon like that brought here at this season, Merry? You think the cooking's the big end of such a problem, I expect. Well, can you tell the difference between this one and one you might 'a' just caught yourself? Now suppose I was to tell you ——" Here he paused, his face slightly shadowed. "Why, you haven't touched it—not a mouthful! What kind of a ——" He interrupted himself, suddenly dismayed. "Look here! Don't tell me you're on a diet!"

Mr. White smiled faintly. "I'm afraid I am," he said; and at that Golding sank back dismally in his chair.

"Oh, murder!" he groaned. "On a diet! Why, how on earth'd such a thing ever happen to you?"

Mr. White's faint smile was still perceptible, and I thought it expressed concern, as though what he heard troubled him on Tom's account. "My dear old friend," he said, "you speak as though nothing worse could happen to a man."

"Well, how could it?" Golding said. "What is worse?"

At this, Mr. White's smile vanished; and for a moment of silence he sat looking down the table at Tom with a grave, steady regard. "That's an interesting question," he said. "You mean to ask me what's worse than to be withdrawn from the delights of the table, don't you? Being put on a diet is to be withdrawn from only one of the pleasures of life. To be withdrawn from all of them would be a greater trial, wouldn't it?"

Golding stared at him in helpless perplexity. "What in the world you talking about? You mean if a man went deaf and dumb and blind and ——"

"Yes; if he were to lose the use of all of his senses, that would be worse than being put upon a diet, wouldn't it?"

"I don't know as it would, for me," Tom replied, with a fat man's chuckle. "If I had to choose between being put on a diet and going blind and deaf and dumb ——"

Mr. White interrupted him again: "You'd choose being put on a diet, I think. Losing the pleasures of the table isn't so bad as going blind and deaf and dumb; yet there's a worse thing than going blind and deaf and dumb—a thing worse than losing all the five senses."

"What's worse'n that?"

"To lose them suddenly."

At this I was aware of a stirring in my cousin Mary. With the widening bright eyes of a woman about to be impetuous, she had been listening eagerly to this bit of dialogue between the host and the guest of honor; but now she broke in: "I don't think I agree with you, Mr. White. If one had to be withdrawn from all the pleasures of life, as you put it, by losing his physical senses, it seems to me I'd much prefer for it to happen abruptly instead of lingeringly."

Mr. White's pallid face turned toward her mildly, and his faint smile reappeared. "Why?" he asked.

"Why? Because I can't imagine anything more dreadful than to know that my sight and hearing and senses of touch and smell and taste were fading slowly away."

"You can't imagine anything more dreadful than that?"

"No, I can't."

"I think you can," he said gently.

"But I can't!" she insisted. "What could be more dreadful than to realize that you were going to lose all your senses?"

"To realize that you *had* lost them," he said. "I'm afraid if you realized such a thing unexpectedly, there'd be a period of desperation before you could adjust yourself to face your condition. Our points of view are different, of course. You are thinking of how you'd spare yourself anguish before the coming of such a calamity upon you, and I am thinking of how you'd save yourself from despair after it."

"After it!" she echoed, staring at him incredulously. "There wouldn't be anything after it!"

"Yes; there'd be you, of course," he said. "You'd be just as much you as ever."

"But how could I be? It would be just the same as—just the same as death!"

"Yes," he said, "very much like that. But I fear I'm not making myself clear. May I take myself as an instance—for illustration?" He glanced thoughtfully down the table at Tom Golding as he spoke. "My dear old friend finds me changed, I fear, since we last had a jolly meeting together."

"I certainly do," Tom agreed ruefully, "if you're on a diet!" He addressed the whole table, speaking emphatically. "Why, that man knows more about good living than all the rest of us put together! He can tell you what restaurant to go to for any special dish anywhere in the world! He can ——"

"I could once, you mean," Mr. White said. "The tribute he's paying me is for long ago, but if you'll forgive so much egoism, I'll admit that it was almost deserved. I wasn't only a *gourmand epicure*; I suppose I may claim to have been a sporteman. That is to say, I lived pretty thoroughly for the sake of the good times of life, and I contrived to make life pretty much entirely consist of good times. I was like my old friend, one of those men so tremendously alive, as we say, that no one could imagine their being anything except alive. Then one night at a supper party I was giving for some very charming foreign ladies, I suffered the calamity I've mentioned. It came on me without any forewarning, while I was standing up, at the head of the table, proposing a toast."

Golding coughed uncomfortably; then he asked, "What you mean, Merry—you had a stroke?"

"It came upon me in that way, yes," Mr. White said. "I lost my senses and not my consciousness; I went on thinking just the same as ever."

"Good Lord! How long were you like that?"

"A long, long time, Tom."

"What?" my cousin cried, staring at him. "How horrible! I can't imagine anything so horrible!"

Mr. White's pale smile became more visible as he turned toward her again. "Yes, it is lonely to live in a void so profound and complete. One has nothing left except his thoughts, and that's why such a calamity is more painful when it comes abruptly. If one had prepared a few thoughts fit to live with, the desperation might be not so severe. I hadn't prepared any, you see; and with everything I'd valued swept away, all that remained was, as one might say, midnight and bankruptcy."

"But that ——" Mary said. "Why, that—why, it must have been exactly like—like having died, Mr. White!"

"As you say—exactly," he returned, inclining his head in acquiescence. "As you say, there could not well be a difference. One moment I was a big, jolly, robust man, drinking a wine I loved to the health of some beautiful ladies; and the next I was a mere consciousness of self, without light or sound or touch or smell or taste—shut off from all communication, too, unless I could have been reached telepathically. If friends were trying to help me, I could have known it only by 'mind-reading,' or through my dreams."

"You had dreams?" Mary asked.

"Yes; but they were very troublesome at first, because I couldn't tell when I was dreaming and when I wasn't; and my dreams of having my senses back again were very confusing and uncomfortable. For instance, I'd dream of trying to smoke a cigar I was fond of; but though I could see the smoke, I couldn't taste it or smell it. I could see the wines and food I liked, but in my mouth they turned to air. My dreams were the dreams of Tantalus, and the rest was —— Well, you can imagine it, yourself." Here his glance moved again to Tom Golding, and his singular voice became slightly louder and more arresting. "I say you can imagine it for yourself, can't you, Tom?"

Tom looked blank. "Lordy!" he said. "I don't want to imagine it!"

The good soul's tone was one of such plain distress that Mrs. Golding felt called upon to come to his assistance, however tactlessly. "I should think not!" she exclaimed, with sharp impatience. "Finish your salmon and enjoy it, Tom, for heaven's sake! How in the world did anybody get to talking of such terrible things?"

Probably she was too nervous to realize quite the extent of her brusqueness, and Mr. White's unchanged mild expression would have led no one to suppose that he was aware of being snubbed by his hostess. But his manner had been so gentle—though his subject was, indeed, a curiously uncongenial one for a Golding dinner—that her petulance came upon the rest of us with the shock of an outright rudeness; and we began to talk in couples, as people usually do at such junctures, to recover from a discomfiting moment.

My cousin was indignant. "That poor little ordinary woman!" she said. "She never had anybody really interesting at her table before, and it scares her. I think Mr. White is lovely, and she was mean to all of us to shut him up like that. He was just going to tell us something more."

"I doubt it," I said; for I was observing Mr. White's odd passivity—he had resumed his remote attitude of just sitting there. "I think he'd finished what he wished to say."

"But he couldn't have. He didn't tell us how he got out of that despair—that void—he was in."

"I don't think he meant to. I have an impression that he'd been leading up to a point and reached it when he asked the governor if he couldn't imagine what such a void would mean. He raised his voice a little there, as if that were a sort of climax—the thing he'd wished to say."

"Yes," Mary said. "That was what frightened Mrs. Golding. She didn't want her husband to have to imagine such a thing. Of course, it's just the same as imagining being dead—and that's what's the strange thing about Mr. White's voice."

"What is?"

"It's that tragic experience of his; it's in his voice, don't you see? It's the thing that puts the queer sound into it and makes you so curious about him. And he wanted to tell Governor Golding about it; that's why he's come back to see him after so many years. I'm sure of it. It's the very thing he came here for."

But in this rather characteristic leap to an apparently unwarranted conclusion, I thought my cousin too romantic. "Dear

(Continued on Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 104)

me!" I said. "Surely one might have a better reason for coming to see an old comrade than the wish to tell him about an illness some seventeen or eighteen years in the past."

"You'll see," she returned, and informed me that her intuitions never failed in accuracy. "And he hadn't said all he wanted to about it," she insisted—"not by any means. I admit it's a queer subject, and doesn't make one feel like going on eating these delicious rich dishes or drinking the governor's champagne with much relish. Who were the people that always put a skull upon the banquet table—the Greeks? I suppose that was to enhance their enjoyment. 'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you die.' But that's not the kind of skull Mr. White is being, and it's certainly more interesting to think a little about something—even of a void—than just to stuff oneself with salmon and half-raw duck. It isn't Mr. White who's been making this dinner uncomfortable—or at least, if he did, he did it in an interesting way—it's Mrs. Golding, and she's going on making it uncomfortable—and in a stupid way. She's worse rattled than ever. Look at her!"

Mrs. Golding had moved as far as possible from Mr. White, and as she was a thin little woman in a broad chair, the gap between them was itself eloquent; but as if it were not enough, she had contrived to get her back almost squarely toward him. As she also leaned away from him, her attitude might have been thought one of devoted attention to her left-hand neighbor; but of this stout gentleman, who was wholly preoccupied with "half-raw duck," she seemed not even aware. She ate little more than did Mr. White himself, who ate nothing; and though she made some fitful gestures with knife and fork, these visibly tremulous movements betrayed rather than concealed a rising agitation. My impression was that she had all she could do to prevent herself from jumping up and hurrying out of the room; and in fact she did leave the table at the earliest possible moment. The time she allowed for the consumption of the dessert was nominal rather than plausible; then she rose and, with the other ladies, made a flurried and rather awkward departure. Thus I was relieved of a grotesque apprehension, for it had begun to seem probable to me that if she remained longer she might presently express herself in a shriek.

"Well, they know their business all right!" Golding said jovially, when they were out of hearing. "They know we like 'em, of course, and everything; but they understand when to go. Now we'll just settle down here with our coffee and things for a cozy little talk; and after that we'll stroll over into the library and see if we can't find some entertainment for ourselves. We ——" But here he interrupted himself and a frown appeared upon his broad, flushed forehead as he glanced toward his principal guest. "Why, Merry, don't you know what cigars these are? Don't tell me you've given up smoking too!"

"Yes," Mr. White said, "I'm afraid so."

"What? Why, that's just terrible! I'm almost afraid to ask you to look at what's coming on the tray Joe's bringing in now. You remember that Napoleon brandy from Foyot's?"

"Very well. But unfortunately ——"

"Oh, Lordy!" Golding groaned. "'Unfortunately,' he says, gentlemen! He don't eat and he don't smoke and he don't drink! My goodness, man, what do you do that's any pleasure? Have you quit everything?"

"I'm afraid you might look at it so, Tom. Yes, you might see it in that light, I suppose. But, after all, it isn't an unusual thing to do, is it? You'll agree that in fact it's universal, won't you?"

"No, I certainly won't!" Tom returned with emphasis. "Look at the rest of us here. Not a one of us has quit anything at all! My goodness! If life isn't meant for a little enjoyment what is it meant for? There isn't a man here doesn't get the greatest satisfaction in the world out of his business; and after his business is done he wants to get together with his friends and have a good time, like we are tonight. 'Universal'—what you mean? We're here to get all the satisfaction we can out of life, aren't we? If a man quits everything, what in the world's he got left? Of course, we all got to die some day; but until we do ——"

"Yes, of course," Mr. White interrupted. "Of course we've all got to die some day, as you say. That's what I meant by saying that to quit everything isn't unusual, but in fact universal." He leaned toward Tom, smiling in what seemed to me a friendly solicitude. "It's an interesting thing to meet after so many years and compare views upon such matters. When we were companions in the old days, seeing each other so often, you knew what I thought upon almost every subject, and I knew what you did. But now, of course, that's entirely different. During this long period of absence, each of us must have formed views that would be interesting and perhaps even surprising to the other. I was wondering, Tom, what conclusions you've come to upon the subject of immortality."

Golding stared, frowning. "What? You mean on what becomes of us after we die?"

"Yes," Mr. White said. "Yes, that was what I had in mind. Have you formed an opinion about that?"

"Why, no," Tom answered somewhat brusquely, as if the question were distasteful. "That's something nobody knows. What's the use thinking about something you can't get anywhere with?"

"You mean you never do think of it?"

"No, I certainly don't! Do you?"

"Yes," Mr. White replied gently. "Yes, I've given it a great deal of consideration—quite a great deal, indeed, I might say. The fact is I believe it's rather necessary to give it consideration."

"Why is it? What earthly good could it do?"

"What good? Well, it might be useful—it might be very useful, indeed."

"Useful!" Golding exclaimed. "How on earth could it ever be useful?"

Before replying, Mr. White looked at him steadily for a moment or two; then he spoke with an odd lowering of his odd voice: "It would be useful when one did die perhaps, Tom. A little while ago I mentioned that experience of mine when I found myself cut off from sensation and so was excluded from all communication with the world. That was to quit everything upon the instant. As one of the ladies remarked, it must have been the same thing as dying In fact, it must have been the same thing as dying and going to hell."

"How do you mean—going to hell?"

Mr. White made a deprecatory gesture with a long pale hand and laughed placatively, as if in apology for speaking of his personal sufferings. "I think it was a pretty hard old hell, Tom," he said. "A moment ago you asked what a man would have left if he gave up all the pleasures and satisfactions of life. Well, I was in that bankrupt condition; but I didn't give them up; they were taken away from me—taken away all at once. Well, what did I have left? Unhappily, I had my memory of them and my longing for them—that is, I had my habits, but nothing to carry them on with; and if you don't understand what a hell that is —— Well, I asked you a while ago if you couldn't imagine yourself in that condition."

"Me?" Golding said. "In the first place, I told you I don't want to; and in the second I couldn't—I couldn't imagine such a thing about myself."

"Yes, you could."

"No, sir!" the host insisted emphatically. "Me without any business, without any of the pleasures of life, without anything at all? Why, there wouldn't be any me left!"

"But yes," his friend said quickly. "The 'me' would be precisely what is left. You'd be exactly what I found myself to be—a consciousness of myself and a collection of memories and longings—habits that fairly screeched because they couldn't be carried on. Wouldn't you call that a pretty hard old hell?"

"Well ——" Golding looked thoughtfully at the cigar he held in his fat fingers; then he blew out his cheeks and exhaled an audible breath. "Golly!" he said. "And you told me that lasted a considerable time? I expect any time at all in that state would seem pretty long; it certainly sounds worse than any ordinary disease a man could have."

Mr. White nodded gravely. "Yes—worse than a disease. I shouldn't like any friend of mine to go through it. That's why I say it might be useful to consider such a subject as immortality. If I'd ever realized that I was immortal, hell might not have been so hard for me—or so long. It wasn't death I should have been fearing all my life; I ought to have been afraid of immortality."

"What in the world do you mean?" Tom passed a handkerchief over his big forehead, which had grown damp with perplexity as well as with the warmth of the room. "I don't get you at all."

"If I had known myself immortal, would I have let myself live for things certain to be torn from me? Unhappily, I had lived as other men live, in the vague expectancy of an indefinitely postponed annihilation. I forgot to think of what might happen to me if death should prove not to be what I supposed it must be—just sleep's dark brother. Don't you understand?"

"I don't know. What I'm trying to get at is about your saying you'd never realized you were immortal—I mean, you seem to be so all-fired sure of it! How do you get that way?"

At this Mr. White's faint smile reappeared. "I discovered my immortality when my body slumped down on the floor under that supper table in Vienna, Tom," he said slowly. "The pretty ladies probably made an outcry over what lay on the floor, but I wasn't in it. I wasn't in anything. I was nowhere—yet I was still alive. Now when a man is dead, yet still alive ——"

But upon this Golding jumped up. "Oh, Lordy!" he said. "This is a fine preparation for a nice little game o' poker! How in the world did we get started on such a subject? Murder!" He waved his hand to one of the colored men. "Joe, open those doors and let some of the smoke out—a person can't hardly breathe. Now, gentlemen!" As he spoke he moved round the table to Mr. White, who had risen with the rest of us when our host did. "Merry, you may have quit eating and drinking and smoking, but I expect there's one little old pastime you and I used to indulge in that you still know something about. Come on in the library; I certainly want to give these gentlemen an exhibition of your style of handling a busted flush."

But here Mr. White again lifted a deprecatory pale hand. "My dear old friend," he said, "I'm sure you won't miss me from the card table."

Golding's mouth opened dismally. "What? You're not going back on ——"

"No, no," Mr. White interrupted. "You and your friends mustn't let me delay you merely because I'm not able to join you."

"Why not? You rather go in yonder to sit around with the womenfolks and ——"

"No, no. I hadn't that intention."

"You tired? You want to go up to bed?"

Mr. White put his hand lightly on the other's shoulder. "My dear old fellow, it's been of the utmost pleasure to me to have had this little reunion with you. One couldn't call it much more than a glimpse that we've caught of each other; but the desire to see you again, if even briefly, has been on my mind with increasing pressure for some time. You've been very kind, and I do thank you indeed."

"Why, look here!" Golding said incredulously. "You don't mean you're going?"

"I'm afraid so."

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"Why —— But ——" Tom stammered. "Why, I thought you were going to stay over Sunday anyhow! What's the matter?"

Mr. White smiled upon him in friendly reassurance. "Nothing could possibly be the matter, and I couldn't have hoped for anything pleasanter than this has been." With that he bowed to the rest of us a little formally. "Gentlemen, it has been a pleasure to meet you." Then he turned to the door. "I'll say good night to the ladies, Tom; but there's no need for you to come with me."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing!" Golding protested, following him. "Why, I understood you were going to stay at least over Sunday! Didn't you tell me over long-distance that you ——"

But Mr. White was already on his way toward the living room; and Tom's husky voice, still protesting as he hurried after him, became inaudible to us with the closing of a door. The visitor's entirely unexpected departure had taken the rest of us quite as much by surprise as it had the host himself; nevertheless, I was confident that there was one person in the house to whom the news of her guest's intention would afford even more relief than astonishment. In this surmise, however, I found myself, a few minutes later, apparently mistaken.

Waiting in the dining room for Golding's return, we presently heard from the forward part of the house some sounds indicative of an agitated confusion. There were light outcries in several feminine voices; electric bells tinkled; there was a scurrying of footsteps in the hall; and we looked at one another inquiringly.

"Sounds like something's happened," old Nick Leckner said. "Guess we better go see."

That was the opinion of the rest of us: and when we reached the hall outside the living room, Tom Golding and one of his colored men and a mulatto housemaid were ascending the broad carved oak stairway carrying the inanimate figure of Mrs. Golding. I went to my cousin, who stood in the living room near the doorway.

"Mrs. Golding simply collapsed," she told me. "We women were just beginning to talk of going home, when Mr. White and the governor came in. Mr. White said that he'd come to say good-by; but Mr. Golding insisted that he mustn't, and asked Mrs. Golding to persuade him to stay at least over the week-end. Mr. White was already saying good-by to her and had taken her hand—she couldn't speak a single word. Then Mr. White went out—I thought he went upstairs—but she just stood, holding her hand out before her and looking at it. I never saw anything so queer in my life! She seemed to be trying to say something, and then she crumpled up and was down on the floor before anybody could get near her. It wasn't a dead faint, because when they picked her up she was murmuring and whispering—you couldn't tell what. She was absolutely limp, though, and ——"

Her narrative was interrupted; a colored man appeared in the doorway. "Governor Gol'ing say please tell you-all Mrs. Gol'ing goin' be all right," he said. "Governor be right down." And Golding himself came in upon the heels of this information.

"She's all right," he said, though his broad pink face was serious. "She seems to have been on some kind of nervous strain or something, but she'll ——" Here he interrupted himself and turned to the servant. "Joe, tell Henry to bring a closed car around to take Mr. White to the station."

"Mr. White gone, sir. Went out the front door; I saw him. I think he had a taxi."

"Oh, dear, that's too bad," Tom said. "We ought to've looked after him better than to let him go away in a taxi." Then, with some recovery of his usual hospitable heartiness, he spoke again to the rest of us: "She just fainted. She told us she was all right before we got her to the top of the stairs, and she said she'd be down again after she'd taken some ammonia and stretched out for a minute or two; but I advised her she better not—you folks wouldn't mind if she didn't. Now how about that little game, gentlemen? There isn't anything really the matter with her, and she wanted us to go right ahead the way we planned. I'm mighty sorry Mr. White had to leave; but, anyway, we got just about the right number left, if the ladies'll be willing to excuse us after a few minutes."

But the ladies had no such disposition. One or two of them had been whispering severely to their husbands; and it was generally felt that any continuance of the party would not be thoughtful of Mrs. Golding's comfort; Mr. Golding should be left free to attend upon her. He argued hospitably; but the ladies quietly brought forth the authority they so well understand how to exhibit at such junctures—he was overruled, and finally left, still protesting feebly, under the pointed arch of his great stone doorway, as the last of the husbands was urged on toward the automobile headlights below.

I drove home with my cousin, who was, not unnaturally, somewhat exclamatory; and before we passed the driveway gates, she had said three times that this was the strangest evening of her life. "Much stranger than you realize," she informed me. "I think it may be some time before you understand how strange."

"Being a man and not intuitive, I see only the surface of things, you mean?"

"Partly that," she said. "But I had the advantage of sitting with Mrs. Golding after we left the dining room."

"Did that shed any light?"

"More than you could possibly credit," my cousin said gravely. "I knew she was going to collapse if she didn't look out. She talked in that fluttering disconnected way she always does, but so much more so that she was almost incoherent. She began at once on Mr. White—what a shock it was to find him such a complete contrast to everything they'd expected, and how she could see that her husband was really even more shocked than she was. She said Governor Golding was merely keeping up a pretense that he wasn't upset by Mr. White's strangeness, and he was trying to bluff it out that Mr. White was still a grand good fellow and they were going to have a jolly evening and all that. She said she knew the governor was really laboring under a greater strain than she was herself."

"Did she give any reason why she found it a strain to discover that a man had altered considerably in eighteen years?"

My cousin turned her head to stare at me through the intermittent lighting of the inclosure, as the gleam of one street lamp after another slid over us. "Oh, dear me!" she said. "Do you think any human being ever changed as much as that?"

"No? Mr. White isn't a human being?"

"Wait!" Mary said. "Mrs. Golding said she had a great fear of him. The moment she saw him she felt that she just couldn't stand it to be in the same house with him."

"She couldn't? He seemed pretty thoroughly shattered, of course; but that was touching, not horrible."

"That was what I told Mrs. Golding," Mary said. "I told her I thought there was something very fine and very touching about him. She almost screamed when I said it. She was in a state of absolute terror of him."

"But why?" I asked. "How in the world could anybody be terrified by so gentle and friendly a creature as he is? Did she tell you?"

"No," Mary said. "I don't think she could. I don't think she could have borne to put it into words. But I know."

"You do? Aren't you going to tell me then?"

"If I do, you'll think I'm crazy."

"But you ——"

"Oh, I'll tell you," my cousin said. "No matter what you think! You will, of

(Continued on Page 112)

Illustrating the New International Chain-Drive Truck with All-Steel Cab

Making it easy for others to follow

OVER a billion dollars a year for building roads and maintaining them—one of the biggest industries in the country and one of the hardest jobs that motor trucks are given to do.

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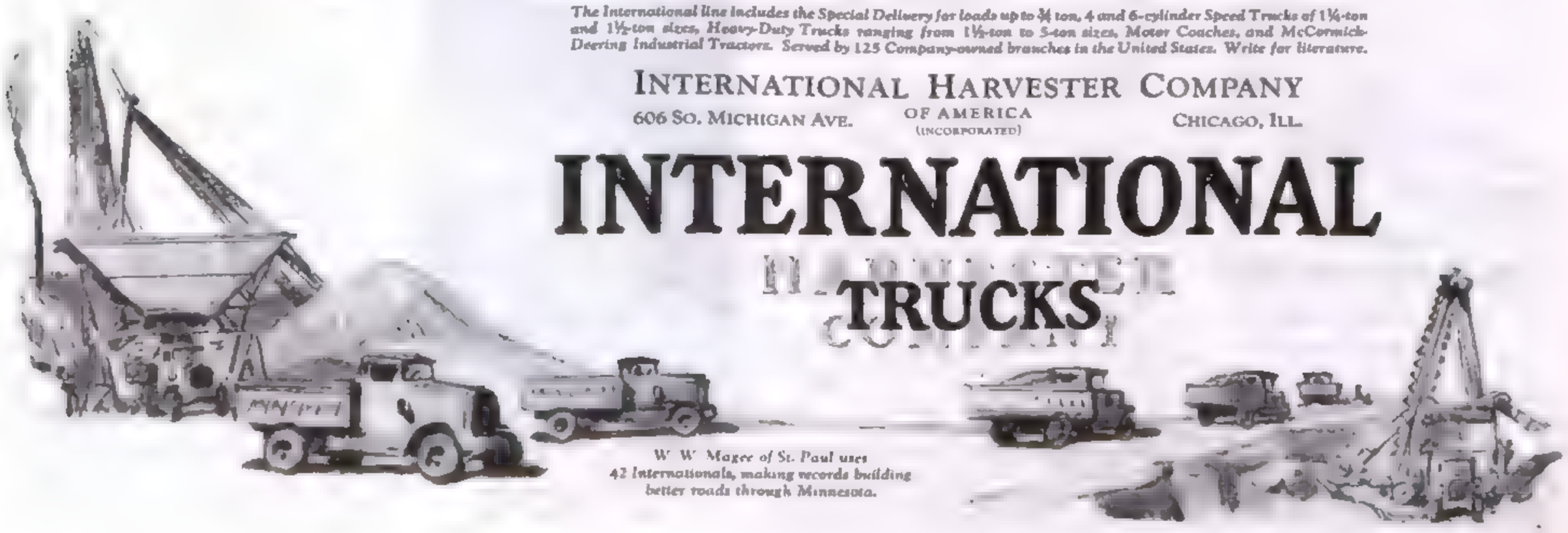

W. W. Mager of St. Paul uses 42 Internationals, making records building better roads through Minnesota.

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5¢ each
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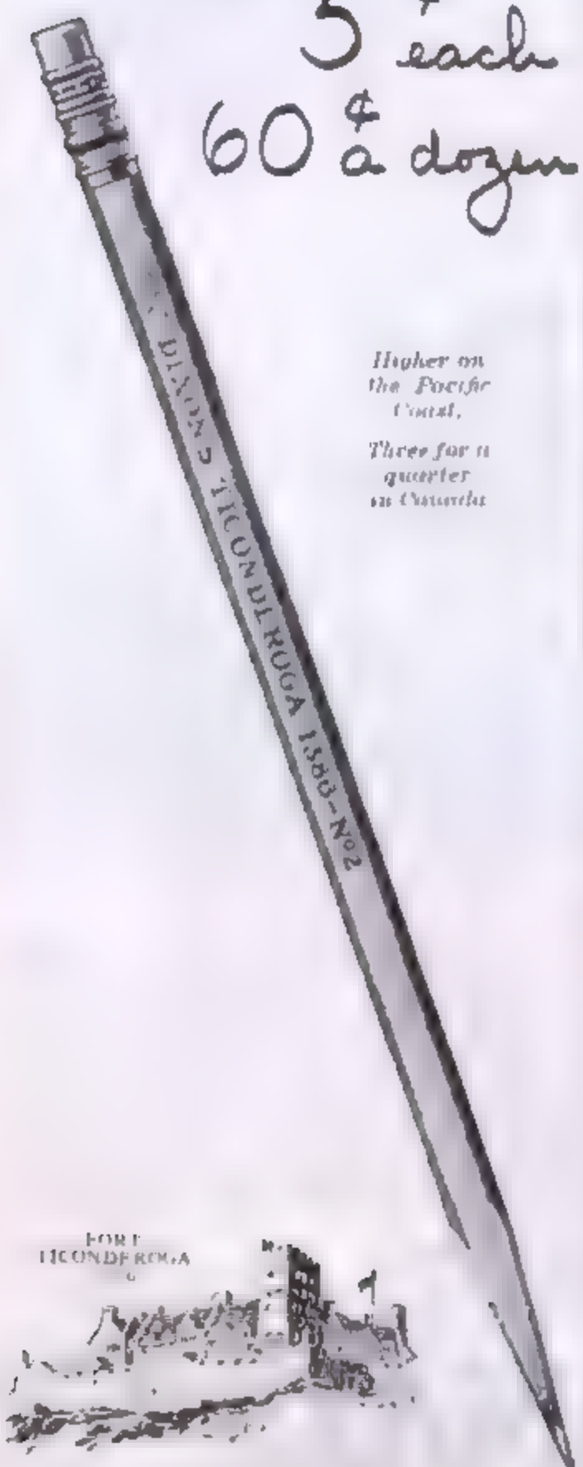

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DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
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1827 THE 100TH YEAR 1927
OF DIXON SERVICE

(Continued from Page 110)

course! Mrs. Golding knows that her husband and Mr. White were once just the same sort of men. They were so alike that people often took them for brothers. They were physically alike—robust, big, hearty, amiable, jovial good fellows—and they were mentally and spiritually alike, generous lovers of the flesh and of the world. Well, Governor Golding is still that; he's still what they both used to be. But Mr. White—he's a shadow! Something crashed into him. What terrifies her, she thinks Mr. White's coming means that the same thing is going to happen to the governor."

"What?" I cried. "How could she? What's the sense of ——"

My cousin interrupted me. "I didn't say that Mrs. Golding had reasoned anything out for herself; but if she had she might have come to the same conclusion. If such a thing happened to one man, wouldn't it be likely to happen to another so extremely similar to him? Myself, I believe her terror is justified and that Mr. White understood why she felt it, and was sorry for her."

"What an imagination!"

"Not at all," she said firmly. "As he sat there beside her, when she'd been so rude to him, I had a sense that he felt compassion for her; and that's what he principally expressed to me, anyhow—compassion. I think he came because he'd been troubled in his mind about his old friend. Mr. White wanted to tell him what had happened to himself and he wanted the governor to think about it. He wanted to make the governor understand that it's not death we should trouble about, but immortality."

"There you might be right," I admitted. "Mr. White used almost those words after you left the room."

"He did?" she cried. "Then now I'm sure of it!"

"Of what?"

"That I know why he came. Mrs. Golding knew it too. She didn't understand it; she just somehow felt it, and it gave her a terror and hatred of Mr. White. That's a part of the strangeness you didn't see."

I laughed at this. "You don't think a simpler way of accounting for the nervousness of a nervous woman ——"

"No," she said. "And neither do you."

"What was the rest of the strangeness that I didn't see?" I asked.

"The rest of it?" And again she stared at me. "Have you ever seen anybody like Mr. White before?"

"No; I suppose not."

"Do you think he's a human being?"

"Good heavens!" I cried. "What do you think he is?"

"What I said he is. I think he's a shadow. If Governor Golding tries to see him again he won't find him."

I laughed at her, of course, as a man usually does at feminine romantic fancifulness; but she said quietly, "I knew you'd think I was crazy. Didn't I tell you that you would?" And she was grave, not resentful, when we parted a few moments later. "Life is much stranger than you think it is," she said. "And if death is a part of life it must be stranger still. You have to understand how a strange thing can be true before you believe it; but even poor Mrs. Golding can know that it's true when it is."

We had to leave the question in this controversial state between us, and I had no immediate opportunity to discuss it further with her. The next morning I ascertained by telephone that Mrs. Golding had entirely recovered from her indisposition; but as it happened, I did not see her or her husband or my cousin again during what remained of that winter. I had too long postponed some professional tasks, and they engaged me severely, to the exclusion of everything else, for it must be admitted that my habit of work is eccentric. It is what is called intensive; I emerge from my workroom for a daily short walk at dusk; this is my only emergence; and a charge that at such times I am less a social being than a bear in hibernation I shall be the last to deny. More than eight weeks had elapsed after the Goldings' dinner before I saw any participant in it again.

That was early upon a still evening in the latter part of March, and I was out for my half hour of preoccupied trudging, when, as I passed the stone pillars at the entrance to Golding's driveway, I saw his big figure standing motionless not far within the inclosure of the high iron fence. His hands were in his pockets; there was something ruminative in his attitude; he seemed to be considering the gaunt trees and melancholy twilight pensively; but his husky voice had its usual heartiness when he hailed me; for he saw me, and I stopped.

He came out to the gateway. "Where you been all this time? Working again? Haven't seen you since the night poor old Merry White came back."

"No," I said. "What do you hear from him, governor? Have you kept up the renewed friendship?"

"Kept it up?" Golding echoed; and he shook his head ruefully, as we do over things too puzzling. "Never heard a dog-gone word from him again!" Then he lowered his voice as if confidentially. "It's a kind of a peculiar thing. Yes, sir, it's a mighty peculiar thing. Of course he was pretty considerably changed—I realized that—but I did want to keep in touch with him, getting together again after all that time and everything. Well, I didn't get a chance to talk a great deal to him and he never left his address or anything, so I had one o' my lawyers write to his correspondent in the town Merry came from and ask if that was where he's located now. Found a few older people that remembered him as a boy, and the editor of a paper there said he'd printed his obituary years and years ago. Must have been from that rumor I heard, too, after he got that—that stroke, or whatever it was—in Vienna. Funny thing! Yes, sir! And Merry White seemed to me —— Well, there was something funny about him too. It's kind of a funny business that whole thing. Wha'd you think about that idea of his?"

"Which one?"

Nevada Falls and Rapids, Yosemite National Park

Golding again lowered his voice, and his manner was that of a man confessing to an interest in a matter some people might feel improper or even offensive. "I mean about immortality and all that kind of talk." He chuckled faintly, as if in admission of a weakness. "Fact is I been thinking a good deal about it since he was here—yes, sir. That was certainly a kind of awful thing to happen to a man, wasn't it?"

"You mean his losing his senses?"

"Yes, sir; that stroke, or whatever it was, he had. Certainly does make a man stop and think what it'd be like if ever such a thing 'ud happen to him. Yes, sir; I guess it's better for us not to calculate on holding on too long. The way it's begun to kind of seem to me, why, what we call the good things of life are mighty good—yes, sir, mighty pleasant while they last; but when you come to think about it, the trouble is, they don't last! A man's got to think some about what might happen to him—what might happen any time. You think so?"

"Yes; it seems so, governor."

"That's the way I'm beginning to look at it, anyhow," he said; and he sighed audibly. Then, as I moved to go on, he moved closer, detaining me. "Oh, by the way"—he laughed apologetically—"I was going to tell you—the next time you happen to see Mrs. Golding, I guess you might just as well not mention we were saying anything about it. I started in talking to her something this way the other evening and she almost had another fit like the one she had the night he was here. She didn't take a fancy to him at all, it seemed, and she kind of appears to get upset over anything that makes her think I took any interest in what he said."

I reassured him; I would be careful when I met Mrs. Golding, I told him, and again moved to be on my way; but he did not at once bid me good night. "Well, sir," he said, "anyway, there does seem to be something in it, don't you think so?"

"In Mr. White's suggestion about immortality? Yes, I think so, governor."

"Well ——" he said, and paused. There was something wistful and troubled about him as he stood there, big and yet with a kind of seeming helplessness about him, in the March twilight. He had the air of wishing to say something more; but my mind was preoccupied with the work waiting for me at home, and I was already walking onward. We do these small selfish things, not knowing until afterward that we must always be sorrier for them than for our greater sins. So I called good night to him and went on.

"Well—good night—good night," he said, in the kind, husky voice that I was never to hear again.

Even then I had an impulse to go back—a secondary impulse, that is to say, for I was obeying the primary one that urged me toward my work. But the work did not go well that evening; I was disturbed by my increasing regret that I had not stood to talk a little longer with Tom Golding; and I found myself thinking more of him and of his pale, strange friend Mr. White than of the task that supposedly engaged me.

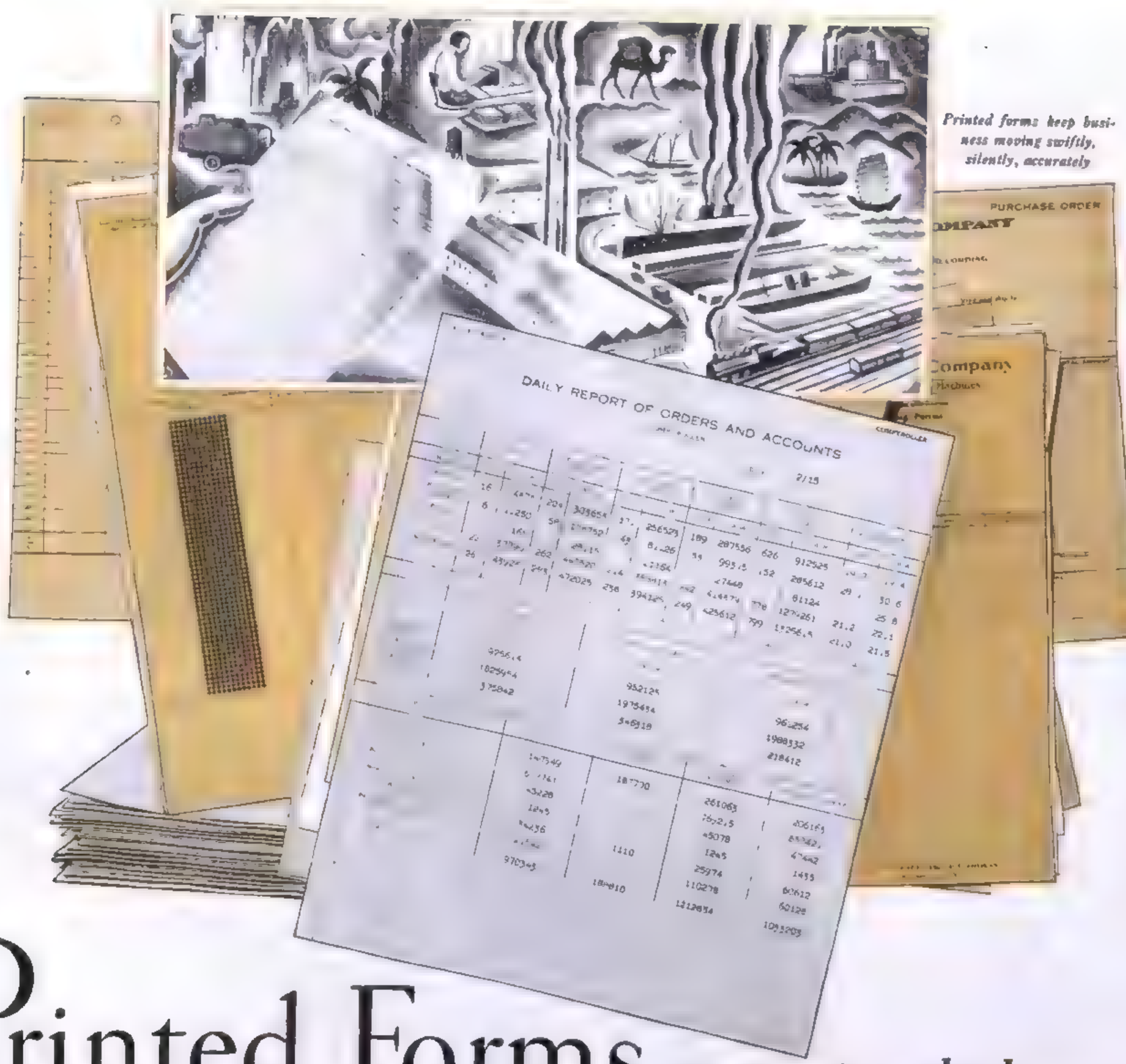
What my cousin had said on the drive home from the dinner recurred to me, too, and I was depressed as by the shadow of a presentiment.

This feeling wore away the next day, and I was able to work without any loss of concentration. But on the first afternoon of the next week, my cousin Mary interrupted me; she came straight from the front door to my workroom.

"You haven't heard what's happened?" she asked, staring at me.

I had heard boys calling up and down the street, and I had paid no attention; but as I looked at her I knew what was in the extra; I knew it almost before she told me. Governor Golding had dropped dead at noon at a luncheon meeting of the chamber of commerce.

"Do you know now why Mr. White came back?" Mary said.



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NEW SPRING STYLES

Inter Woven Socks

REG U S PATENT OFF

IN THE CORRECT PATTERNS AND COLORINGS

CLOSE-UPS

(Continued from Page 7)

machine gave forth a curious clicking sound. It was the camera.

Clutching Baby tightly by the hand, I darted forward as someone on the sidelines yelled: "Keep moving! Keep moving!" But the order was not meant for us. It was addressed to the players in the scene, who had to keep continually passing to and fro in a small space chalked on the floor in order not to be out of the picture. A carpenter in blue overalls jerked us back. "Be careful. They're gonna shoot!" We covered our ears expecting a deafening report, but soon learned that "shoot" meant "Ready! Start grinding the camera." The director of today simply says "Camera." Alice in Wonderland was not a patch on me that first day on a set. After watching a little while we were taken out on the lot and our first work in motion pictures soon began.

Our particular picture was The Four-Footed Pest, and dealt with the adventures of a filly that was always getting people into hot water. My bit was to be kissing a young man, whose name I forget, on a street corner, under a black cloth that was thrown over a camera, until the horse came along and lifted the cloth with her teeth. Only the back of my head was revealed, with my arms around the youth's neck. Then we had to run away. That was a sad humiliation for me to be in the movies at last and not show my face! When I told the family that night how the business was almost entirely with my arms and feet, Natalie, in true sisterly fashion, remarked, "Since you didn't have to use your head, old dear, you will probably be a great success." But to me there was very little joke attached to that initial appearance. I was in constant terror every time we rehearsed, lest the horse, when lifting the focusing cloth between her teeth, might take my hair along with it and do a scalping act that was not in the scenario.

When Everybody Worked

We finished the whole picture in half a day! The great majority of pictures then were told in only one reel, consisting of 1000 feet, with 900 feet of story and titles, the remainder for winding, advertising trailer, and so on. Often little comedies were done in split reels, or 500 feet. It was quite the usual routine to complete an entire production in from one to three days. Sometimes the story was written only the night before. How amusing this seems to me now, when we devote several weeks to mere cutting and titling, and in my own company, average from eight weeks to six months on a single production!

Constance played one of a group of little girls on the sidewalk who crowded around the camera to watch the antics of the horse. She wore her own clothes, but I was given a young girl's dress to replace my borrowed finery.

Florence Turner's mother had charge of the wardrobe department, which consisted of one long room with many poles stretched across, from which hung row after row of coats, dresses and period gowns. Often a little group of players who were waiting around to be called would assist in the making or mending of costumes. They even helped paint the scenery, and as personal maids were unheard of, everybody took a turn at buttoning everybody else's clothes, assisted with each other's make-ups and dressed each other's hair.

Even Florence Turner, herself one of the most important players, lent a hand at everything. She had charge of the supers' salaries and doled out their money every evening. Also, she helped her mother with the wardrobe department.

Maurice Costello had caused the greatest upheaval at the Vitagraph by being the first actor to join the company with the express stipulation that he was never to wear a hammer in his belt and assist the carpenters, nor would he touch a paint brush.

He had come from the speaking stage, and informed A. E. Smith, one of the executives, that he was an actor, not a handy man. But even Costello dressed in a room with seven or eight others. As for me, that first day I dressed in a long room with a sort of wooden counter built against the wall as a dressing table, with a square mirror above it. We sat on stools, as at a lunch counter, and borrowed each other's powder and cold cream.

Harry Mayo, the casting man, had asked me if I knew how to make up.

"Yes, indeed," I answered, but as a matter of fact I knew nothing about it. I watched the girls on either side of me and copied everything they did with the most elaborate care. I might have spared myself all these pains had I known they were not going to use my face. It wasn't necessary for Baby to make up, as she was just a quick flash in the crowd. At the end of the day I received two dollars and fifty cents for my services and Constance was given two dollars. But more precious to me than any amount of money was the sweet smile from Miss Turner as she handed us our envelopes.

"When shall I come again?" I asked at the desk on my way out.

"When you're sent for," was the taciturn reply. "We have your address on file and will notify you by mail."

The next day Baby and I again returned to school, but I, for one, gained very little knowledge. Across the pages of my history book stepped brave knights in doublet and hose, and beautiful ladies in trailing gowns with diadems in their hair were gesticulating before a camera. During the English period the books we studied began to dramatize themselves in my mind as motion pictures. Algebra became utterly hateful because I could find no way of relating it to my brief acting experience. I had flunked in nearly all my classes because my mind was on one thing only. When would that letter come from the studio?

A week of watching and waiting for the postman went by. Every day I hurried home and dashed down the hall to the old-fashioned hatrack where Peg used to place the mail, but, alas, there was no envelope with Vitagraph Company in the upper left-hand corner.

A Daughter of the South

The second week passed and I was beginning to give up hope, when about the middle of the third week a loud whistle heralded a letter carrier, who, leaving his bicycle at the gate, trotted up the walk with a special-delivery letter in his hand. It bore the typewritten address:

Miss Norma Talmadge,
Fenimore St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

My hand shook so with excitement that I could hardly open the letter, and even while I was enjoying the gorgeous thrill of suspense, Peg calmly snatched it from my fingers, and with unbelievably steady hands tore it open—as if a special delivery addressed to a fourteen-year-old girl were an everyday occurrence. All my hopes were realized, for it was a brief form letter to report for work at nine o'clock the following morning and ask for Mr. Charles Kent.

Peg accompanied me, and on arriving at the studio, imagine my joy when they told me I was to play in a Florence Turner picture! It was called The Dixie Mother.

Miss Turner was the Southern mother of seven sons and I was their little sister. The story told of the last call to arms, which meant that the youngest son, inclined to cowardice and afraid to go to war, must answer. In less than fifty feet the mother had to make the son, played by Carlyle Blackwell, understand his duty to his country and march him off to join his father and brothers at the front.

Though no word was received concerning the older boys, yet news came that the youngest son had been killed, whereupon the mother, having forced her last boy to answer duty's call, became insane. Meantime there had been a love affair going on between me, a daughter of the South, and a Northern soldier, whose parents heartily disapproved. But my father, played by Charles Kent, who was also the director, arrived home on leave just in time absolutely to forbid my having any communication with a Northern family. Nevertheless, young love had its way and I eloped with the Northerner, returning to my family after the war with a child—symbolizing the union of the North and South—the child's appearance bringing about the recovery of the mother's sanity. As a grand finale the Union flag fluttered in the breeze. Never will I forget how inexpressibly thrilled I was when

Constance, Norma and Natalie Talmadge

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PULL *and* HINGE CAP

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Now most progressive dairymen and dealers go a step farther and insure the cleanliness and safety of their product *until the last drop is consumed.* They use the PERFECTION PULL *and* HINGE CAP.

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A month's supply free!

If your dairyman is not yet using the PERFECTION PULL *and* HINGE CAP, let us send you a month's supply free. You will quickly urge *him* to adopt it too, once you try it. *Mail coupon below.*

Note the distinctive Pull and Hinge feature of this cap. A slight pull, or pressure on the tab of cap, opens or seals the bottle. Simple, convenient and SAFE!

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Without cost or obligation, please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps.
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Miss Turner took me in her arms and hugged me close, sobbing out her forgiveness. Thus, I, who had longed to kneel at her feet, was actually in flesh-and-blood embrace with my idol.

This first picture is typical of how much story and action was crowded into 900 feet in 1910.

We rehearsed each scene over and over again, because footage was the all important thing, and we had to know exactly where to stand, how many steps to take to the right and on just what signal to start our business so as not to waste a scrap of film. We even made our entrances and exits on counts. There was a board placed exactly nine feet from the camera and a space chalk marked on the floor about fifteen feet wide. Whether there were two or ten persons in a scene, all of them had to be within that radius of the camera; otherwise they were out of the picture entirely. The camera, of course, was stationary and only one camera was used. To have had different cameras at varied angles, such as we have today, would have been an expense unheard of, and devices for moving the camera for long shots, medium shots and three-foot close-ups had not yet been invented.

The Vitagraph Company did, however, have a camera with two lenses which ground two sets of pictures at slightly different angles, so that one negative could be sent abroad and the other used for the United States and Canada. Vitagraph was the only studio that had a double-lens camera, and this was considered a great step in advance of other companies.

Curiously enough, more prints were sent abroad than were circulated in America. If I remember correctly, 120 prints was the usual number struck off for international circulation. Of these about forty were retained for the States and Canada, while the remaining eighty found their way to foreign countries. It is interesting to note that Europe, although slower to turn out high-class pictures in mass production, was quicker than our own country to recognize the entertainment value of the cinema.

But to return to The Dixie Mother. After numerous rehearsals—we rehearsed much more then than we do now because we were allowed only a certain number of feet for each scene—we were assigned our individual places. On account of the action being so close to the camera, there was no necessity for the directors to have megaphones, as the voice carried easily.

Mr. Kent shouted "Ready. Shoot!"

The Free-Lunch Days

This time I knew what "shoot" meant; nevertheless, as Miss Turner entered the set and I could hear the grinding and was given my signal, my feet refused to move. I stared into Miss Turner's famous soulful eyes and was so carried away with her performance that I stood glued to the floor. How incredible for poor, insignificant me to step into the hallowed chalked square with so great an actress! It seemed a bold intrusion. But all the time I hesitated film was revolving on the reel, and Charles Kent flew into a justified rage at my being the cause of several wasted feet. Someone behind pushed me unceremoniously forward. Before I knew it I was acting in earnest. When the scene was finished Miss Turner said a few kind words to me—a gracious act which is stamped indelibly on my memory

Meantime Peg had been finding out how much salary I was to get, and though it didn't matter particularly to me, since to be in the enchanted atmosphere was all I cared about, yet five dollars for each day I worked, added to Fred's modest income, meant a great deal to her.

Much to the general rejoicing of the family, I worked in small parts every day for the next two weeks. Once a couple hundred people were needed for a big mob scene, and the casting director said to me

"Bring your mother tomorrow and tell the kids to come over after school."

Everybody's mother and sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts and cousins were pressed into service. The mothers of Florence Turner, Lillian Walker and Anita Stewart, who was known as Anna then, often appeared in the same scenes with Peg. If they received a call, then were not used, they received fifty cents; if they were dressed and made up and it was then discovered that they were unnecessary that day, they received $1.50; but if they actually played they received $2.50, except on rare occasions when they might have had a bit of business for which they received $5.00.

Lunch was always included, and whether one carried a spear in the crowd or played Lady Macbeth, Juliet or Rosalind—Shakspere was much more popular on the screen at that time than he is now—everybody ate together, and all had the same menu: A big bowl of soup, bread and butter, choice of milk or coffee, and rice pudding, which was varied occasionally with apple pie or custard.

At the time I entered Vitagraph—November, 1910—it occupied almost two city blocks, although it had started in 1900 with only a single shed about thirty by sixty feet. Some of the companies worked on the outside lot, or on location, mostly at a place called The Cedars, in Coney Island, where scenes laid everywhere from the Sahara Desert to the Canadian Rockies were made

Other companies were operating indoors on stages Number One and Two. There were about ten directors—Bill Raynous, the first regular director Vitagraph ever had; Van Dyke Brooke, who was to prove the most important individual in my own career; Charles Kent, Larry Trimble, Bert Angeles, John Adolfi, Monsieur St. Louis, Monsieur Alberteri, Albert W. Hale, William Humphreys, Ralph Ince, and another, whose name escapes me.

There were about 100 players in the stock company, and with four or five exceptions, they all received pretty much the same salaries, ranging from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a week, regardless of the relative importance or insignificance of their respective rôles. One day they would play bits and the next day they were cast as leads. Everybody reported at nine o'clock in the morning and the studio was run very much like a school, with William T. Rock, Albert E. Smith and J. Stuart Blackton, as the schoolmasters. The men's dressing rooms were all on one side and the women's on the other. Only Florence Turner was allowed the privilege of using Mr. Smith's office when she was tired. She was permitted to lie down on the couch between scenes, and to the rest of us that entrée into the sacred precincts of the executive office seemed the very height of stardom.

Flora Finch, Van Dyke Brooke with Eyeglasses, Maurice Costello, Kate Price and Clara Kimball Young

At first no names were used, even Florence Turner being known to the public only as The Vitagraph Girl, just as Maurice Costello was known as "the man with the dimples," and Mary Pickford, at the Biograph Company, was referred to as "the girl with the curls." In the early publicity material designed by Sam Spedon only the names of the characters in the cast were used. The director, the names of the players and that of the author were considered of no importance to the public. Speaking of the author, the very early Vitagraph pictures were all written by Bill Raynous, Florence Turner, Mr. Smith and Mr. Blackton, although sometimes five dollars would be paid to an outsider for an idea.

Many members of the stock company added to their incomes by totally different work on the outside, as of course all the 100 or more on the pay roll were seldom all playing at the same time. Hughie Mack, for example, a good comedian, who appeared in many of the old John Bunny pictures, was an undertaker on the side.

Albert E. Smith and J. Stuart Blackton were the only persons at Vitagraph who owned automobiles. Mr. Smith's car was a sporty little roadster and we used to gather around to watch him drive away in it. How well I remember one day when the machine absolutely refused to start, and a couple of the heavies were pressed into service to manipulate the crank. With a sudden turning over, the roadster leaped in the air and drove right through the studio wall and into J. Stuart Blackton's office. I had an awful crush on Mr. Smith in those days, chiefly, I think, because he wore silk shirts and had several sets of jeweled cuff links. Of course he never knew the secret passion I cherished for him, but now that he has retired from the picture game and has taken up ranching near Santa Barbara, we occasionally meet and always laugh about the way I used to gaze at his studs, tie pins and cuff links. Little did I dream that the time would ever come when Mr. and Mrs. Smith would be interested in seeing my collection of jewels.

While I was still playing bits, in between scenes I used to wander about watching the work of the various members of the stock company, and in the evenings at home I would tell the stories to Peg, Nate and Baby. We would have loads of fun dragging out all the junk in the garret from which to make costumes and props, and produced our own pictures in the dining room. I always insisted upon playing the lead, and Peg, bless her heart, was cast for the villain. Natalie, Constance and our little friends in the neighborhood played the minor parts. While Natalie enjoyed these home performances, she was the only one who never showed any great enthusiasm for the screen. She was the most domestic member of the family and although she sometimes acted as an extra at the Vitagraph after school hours or on Saturday mornings, she did so only to earn a little money—not because her heart was in the work.

Early Worms

As for myself, I cannot remember a time when I was not keenly interested in any and every form of entertainment. I learned to speak a piece long before I could say my A B C's While Natalie played with dolls and Constance rolled a hoop I played theater. I greatly preferred animals to dolls, and all the stray dogs and cats in the neighborhood were dragged into service for our circus performances, which were held Friday afternoons in the cellar with five pins as the admission price. Natalie used to make funny jockeys out of old stockings, their bodies stuffed into rotundity with cotton and their faces embroidered in red and green worsted. These were perched on the dogs which served as ponies; an old sheet was converted into a tent, a near-by butcher shop supplying the sawdust.

Constance, who could turn handsprings and hang from a trapeze by her toes, was our star acrobat. We adored dressing up like clowns, and Peg always entered into the spirit of it all and helped cut and sew our costumes.

We never regarded her as many children do their mothers—as an older person who would throw a damper on any kind of lark. On the contrary she was one of us, and her wonderful spirit of youth still prevails. She is always included with young folk at parties in Hollywood

When our schoolmates lacked enthusiasm for our amateur theatricals or found other diversions more to their liking, we made up any deficiency in attendance by digging up angle worms and arranging them in cardboard shoe boxes to act as the audience Our orchestra consisted of bells, frying pans,

Continued on Page 121

The Coca-Cola Company,
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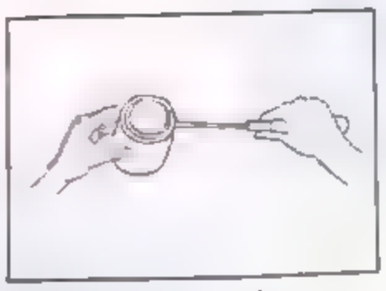
Over 7 million a day

You'll find how many of your friends think alike about Coca-Cola. A pure drink of natural flavors - its tingling taste-good feeling and pleasant after-sense of refreshment make decision easy and delight sure.

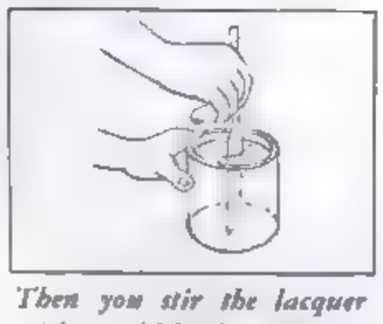
IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

White elephants, how to

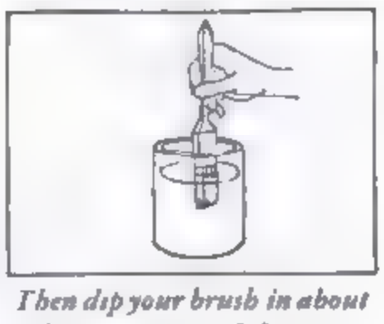
It's as easy as this



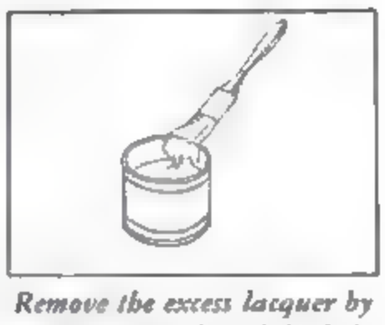
First you open the can—like this.



Then you stir the lacquer with an old kitchen knife or putty knife.



Then dip your brush in about three quarters of the way.



Remove the excess lacquer by wiping your brush lightly against the can—thus.

In every home there's a storeroom, or an attic, or a spare room with idle furniture that's been cast aside. Furniture that's useless because it is unlovely. Unlovely sometimes only because it needs a new surface—a different color—to make it new and livable again.

Instead of letting the storeroom swallow up this furniture, go to your dealer's. Get some Murphy Brushing Lacquer. It will furnish both the color and finish you need to make new furniture out of old—to make attractive pieces out of drab, worn out ones.

And refinishing furniture with Murphy Brushing Lacquer is a simple task. So interesting it seems more like play than work. Especially when you see the furniture growing lovely under your brush.

The first thing to do is to choose the colors you want. Murphy Brushing Lacquer comes ready for use in sixteen delightful colors. But perhaps you have a favorite shade or something that you want to match exactly. All you have to do is to combine the basic colors to get the particular shade you desire, and this is easily done.

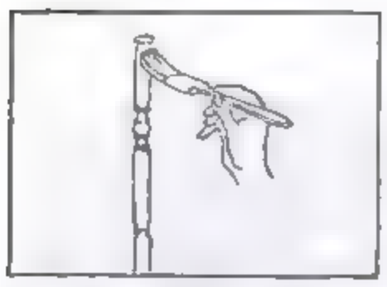
Then, brush the lacquer on. It flows over the surface with surprising ease. It quickly smooths itself to a fine, even film. And the rapidity with which it dries is almost startling. Many people dread painting because of the length of time it takes paint to dry. Murphy Brushing Lacquer abolishes that painting bugaboo. It dries in less time than it takes to tell about it. Your furniture is ready for use in half an hour.

Not only furniture, but your floors and woodwork will readily respond to treatment with Murphy Brushing Lacquer. Their shabbiness, too, is only skin

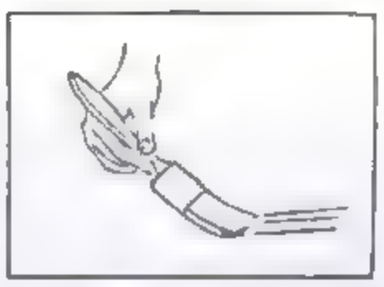
"The Murphy Varnish Company once told me that it was not its ambition to have the largest varnish business in the world, but to be sure that wherever the name Murphy appears upon a can of varnish or any other finish that name would stand for a good job faithfully done and fully delivered. If that way of doing things should lead to the largest varnish business in the world, well and good, but not on any other terms."

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY · NEWARK

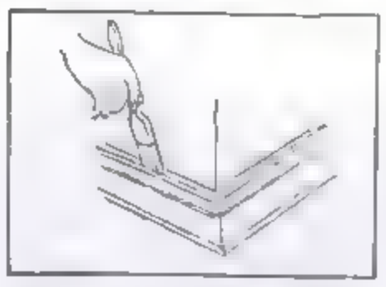
make them gay & attractive



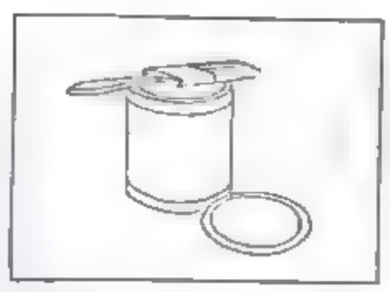
Finish lacquering each portion you start before you pass on to the next.



Use plenty of lacquer and flow it on freely, holding your brush at an angle.



Pick up any excess lacquer with the end of your brush—.



Before you know it, your job is finished and, my, how proud you'll be!

deep and this durable lacquer will work wonders with them. White or Ivory for the woodwork—Clear for the floors. Or, a quite modern and interesting suggestion: Tint your woodwork and floors to harmonize with your decorative scheme.

We have written an interesting booklet explaining in detail all about Murphy Brushing Lacquer and how to apply it. We suggest (and we hope you follow our suggestion) that you write for it. Use the coupon if it's more convenient.

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Paint your car with Murphy Da-Cote Enamel. It is made especially for the amateur car painter. It gives a higher gloss than Murphy Brushing Lacquer, is easier to apply on large surfaces and dries overnight into a smooth, colorful film of unusual durability.

Murphy Da-Cote Enamel comes in numerous popular colors. For surprisingly little outlay of money and time you can give the old bus back her show room complexion. Don't continue to drive a shabby looking car. Ask your dealer for the Murphy Da-Cote Enamel color card and write us for a free instruction book which tells you exactly how to go about making your old car look like a new one.

Murphy
BRUSHING **Lacquer**

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Please send me your free Murphy Da-Cote Automobile Enamel color card and instruction book . . . . . ☐

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Silent, powerful—unaffected by heat, cold, sleet or snow—the electric truck is rapidly replacing the horse on short-haul delivery routes.

Propelled by powerful Exide-Ironclad Batteries, you now see hundreds of these efficient carriers plying the streets, delivering goods at surprisingly low cost.

The company that builds satisfactory batteries for such rigorous service can be depended upon to build an equally good battery for your automobile.

Three additional reasons why the Exide is the logical battery for your car

1. Product—Exide Batteries are known the world over as quality batteries. They are made by the world's largest manufacturers of storage batteries for every purpose, and this leadership is a testimonial of merit that you can safely depend on to guide your choice.

Exide Batteries have been used on motor cars since the pioneer days of electric starting and lighting, and with each year the Exide has grown in public favor—the natural result of building batteries that last an unusually long time and cost little or nothing for upkeep.

2. Service—The Exide is sold and serviced by more than 8000 competent dealers in cities and towns all over the United States. With an Exide man always within easy calling distance, you can expect quick and expert attention to your battery whenever and wherever you should require it. This advantage must be considered carefully if you are to make a satisfactory purchase.

3. Price—When you ask the price of an Exide, you'll find it agreeably low. In fact, the Exide—though quality built throughout—frequently sells for less than batteries of lesser reputation. This low initial cost, together with its long life and trouble-free service, makes the Exide the thriftiest of all batteries.

Exide

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

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THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA · · EXIDE BATTERIES OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO

(Continued from Page 116)

castanets and a drum. We varied the circus performances with one-act plays which I wrote, usually adaptations of terrible Diamond Dick stories or cheap dime novels. When I was graduated from public school my diploma meant much less to me than the opportunity of dancing the minuet in costume as part of the class-day exercises.

Perhaps this early dramatic sense helped me somewhat at the Vitagraph. I was shy enough at home when it came to meeting strangers, but I suffered no stage fright at the studio. To begin with, I was too young to know self-consciousness, and besides, I was in love with the work.

All the scenery was painted on canvas. There was no Bristol board or plastering—none of the materials used today. If one slammed a door too hurriedly when making an entrance or an exit, the entire set was apt to come tumbling down like a house of cards. Once, when Florence Turner was playing Carmen and the audience in the bull ring was painted on a back drop, the entire wall crashed in on Paul Panzer, who stood there balancing the arena on his back, like Atlas with the world on his shoulders.

Speaking of Carmen reminds me of Viola, the Vitagraph cow, which was hired at twenty-five cents a day from a near-by farm. Viola was cast for the bull in Mérimée's masterpiece, and was wrapped in three coats of canvas and painted black, with the elk horns off the hatrack in Mr. Smith's office glued to her head—crêpe hair pasted between the horns. Viola, insensible to the cost of film, kept right on chewing her cud and refused to fight when the toreador stood awaiting her. Mr. Blackton ordered a shotgun to be fired behind her, but it had no effect on Viola. Finally a property man got an electric battery and a zinc plate, which was fastened to the rear of Viola. When the button was pressed Vi shot across the painted arena in great style, and kept right on going!

The same two walls that were used for the corner of a tenement room in East Houston Street on Monday, would, with a can of paint and a change of kitchen chairs to secondhand blue-plush furniture, become Miss Ladada's Fifth Avenue residence on Tuesday. A large artificial plant was the trade-mark of all society drawing-rooms and to dress up a set was to stick in a palm or a telephone. A couple of handsome sofa cushions and a standing lamp were other swell-society props.

Cold Cream and Powder

As for lights, we used the old Aristo arcs, now obsolete, which used to flicker and sputter and give out a terrific heat. They were as round as fish globes, with two upright carbons in the center. We depended almost entirely upon daylight for exteriors. In time the arcs were caged in boxes and placed overhead as well as on the sidelines, the sets being built within these cages of lights. Mr. Blackton was first to discover the use of backlights and I think it was the Biograph Company that was first to use Cooper-Hewitts—long mercury-vapor tubes which did not give out much heat and presented a soft, rather diffused light. By degrees the Cooper-Hewitts and improved lights have been perfected to a point where they are especially built for motion pictures.

The largest light in diameter in the old Vitagraph days was twelve inches, and for big scenes we used about seven of them. Now it is not unusual to have fifty on a set, and recently a mirror sunlight arc has been perfected, sixty inches in diameter. Cooper-Hewitts are used at present for the soft lighting, and arcs for direction. At first there were no individual spotlights to follow anyone—that is to say, not even for the leading players were there any special lights provided for faces, and of course, close-ups were not introduced by D. W. Griffith until several years later.

Lighting was indifferent, and so little thought was given to photographic angles, such as full face, profile or other position, that we used to make up only the ears, and if I could possibly sneak out of it, I never bothered to whiten my neck. Our faces resembled whitewashed masks covering the oval with two flesh-colored ears poking out. Our eyelashes, heavily beaded, stuck out like the bristles of a toothbrush and we looked like the pictures of Rosamond in Desperate Desmond. I used a sort of black wax which was melted and put on the edge of the lashes with a hairpin or toothpick. Now I merely darken the lashes slightly with mascara and pencil a thin line underneath the eyes.

The old dead whitening, which resulted from a cold-cream base with powder over it, has gone out entirely, and nowadays there are dozens of shades of grease paints to effect the smooth peach-bloom complexion of extreme youth or the sallow skin of wrinkled age. Today each player takes infinite pains with a make-up, and every time I start a new picture I first take a half-dozen individual tests with different make-ups, according to whether I am a blonde or brunette or a white-haired old lady.

Thrown Out of the Picture

I remember in one of those early Vitagraph pictures that Dorothy Kelly, now the mother of three sets of twins, Mabel Normand and I were to play in a group of slave girls. It was a story which took place before the Civil War, and was called The Octoroon, and a number of negro players were engaged for the day. Along with the colored extras, Dorothy, Mabel and I were to be sold as slaves on the auction block, and knocked down to a sort of Simon Legree type for about fifty cents apiece.

Our pride was hurt at the small value placed on our personal charms, so we got together in a corner and deliberately decided to do everything in our power to be thrown out of the picture. We didn't dare actually refuse any parts assigned to us, but we figured if we did something that would require a retake we would be ordered home for the day, which we knew to be the punishment for wasting footage. So the three of us blackened only our faces and the front parts of our necks, and as the auction block revolved the camera registered the backs of our necks snow-white. Needless to say, we were immediately dragged off the set, bawled out in very inelegant language and sent home that day with no pay checks.

Another time I was on the verge of being thrown out when Zeena Keefe and I did a story in which we had to chase each other around a lake. This lake was the trusty old Vitagraph tank with a few artificial ferns and evergreens. Zeena and I got into a heated argument while the camera was grinding, and to give emphasis to my views on the subject I proceeded to knock her into the water. All that saved me that day was that Zeena lied nobly for me and pretended it was an accident. From then on we became bosom friends.

At the time of which I write the old Vitagraph Company had already been in existence at the Flatbush studios for several years. The executives were William T. Rock, J. Stuart Blackton and Albert E. Smith—all three among the very first pioneers in the motion-picture field.

Mr. Blackton, or Commodore Blackton as we know him now, emigrated to America from his home in Sheffield, England, and began his career in his early twenties as a reporter and cartoonist on the New York Evening World. In addition to his newspaper work, Blackton added to his income on the side by working as a professional entertainer. He had an act in which he drew rapid chalk pictures on huge sheets of white paper, and by lightening lines here and there the faces would change from the likeness of one celebrity to that of another.

One day the World sent Blackton to get an interview with Thomas A. Edison at his studio in West Orange, New Jersey. Edison had just succeeded in projecting on the screen little pictures in motion that he had previously shown in what he called the kinetoscope—a contrivance into which the observer peered from the top of a small machine.

An officious secretary informed Blackton that the interview must not last longer than five minutes, so Blackton made a very quick pencil sketch of Edison as they talked. The latter was so extremely interested in watching the crayon fly over the paper that he asked Blackton if he could make other equally quick drawings. The young reporter then proceeded to make a hasty portrait of Grover Cleveland, then the master of the White House, and by a few deft lines converted the President's face into that of Major William McKinley.

Edison was so pleased with the rapidity with which Blackton turned out his drawings that the five minutes' interview lasted more than two hours. Edison even took Blackton into the sanctuary of the Black Maria, the name given to Edison's studio, which was a long dark room that could be moved on pivots to follow the direction of the sun. In this first motion-picture studio Edison asked Blackton to pose for the camera while giving his chalk talk and making rapid drawings.

Blackton became intensely interested in the idea of making other pictures, sensing at once that these would be valuable to use, along with his drawing and talking act, at club entertainments. He asked if he might purchase one of the Edison vitascopes, whereupon the inventor explained that in a short time he was getting out a new machine—the Edison Projecting Kinetoscope—and that as soon as they were finished he would deliver one to Blackton for $300. While Blackton had no idea where the $300 was coming from, he, nevertheless, signed the order blank with great gusto.

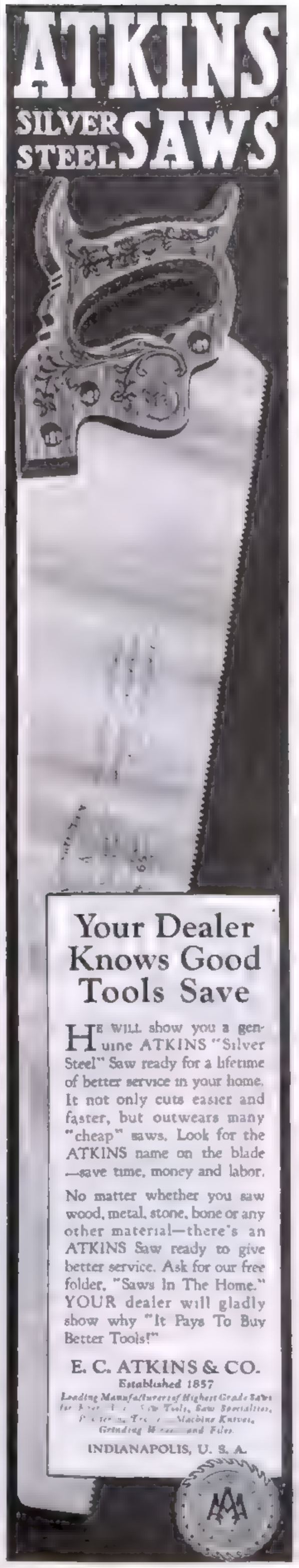
His Own Burglar

Blackton then went to his friend Albert E. Smith, a sleight-of-hand performer, who frequently appeared on the same bills with Blackton as a fellow entertainer. Smith was quick to see the possibilities of making extra money with so novel an addition to their regular act, and together the two ambitious young men set out to beg and borrow the necessary money to pay for the machine. That was in 1896, and little did these two friends dream that from this chance beginning they were one day to become chief executives, in association with William T. Rock, of the Vitagraph Motion Picture Studios.

A few months later the promised machine was delivered with ten films of fifty feet each. These included Sea Waves, Blackton the Evening World Cartoonist, The Black Diamond Express, Cavalry Charge at West Point, The Burning Stable, The May Irwin and John Rice Kiss, Shooting the Chutes at Coney Island, Fire Engines Responding to an Alarm and Two Little Coons Eating Watermelon.

Smith had considerable mechanical ingenuity as a result of his years of study of special trick contrivances for his works of magic and spirit-cabinet marvels, and Blackton being an artist and a writer, it was natural that before long the partners were fired with creative urge. They decided to make their own pictures, so as to change their programs from time to time and not be entirely dependent upon the Edison films. They tinkered and experimented with the Edison projecting machine until they had contrived their own camera.

Soon thereafter they rented the roof of the Morse Building at No. 140 Nassau Street for a studio. Here they wrote and produced their first picture—The Burglar on the Roof—Smith operating the camera and Blackton playing the burglar. The other members of the cast were recruited from the building; the janitress, the office boy, the elevator operators and friends who had offices in the building were all pressed into service. Extras were secured by waiting until noon when laborers, intent upon hurrying to lunch, were approached and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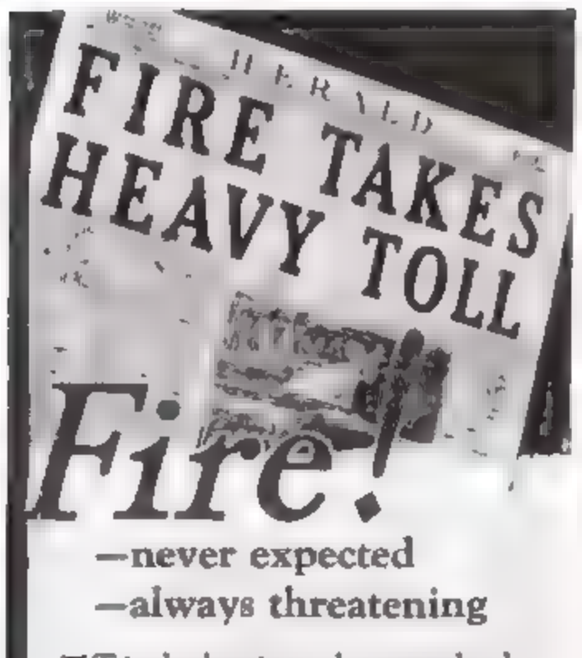

Fire!

—never expected
—always threatening

IT is the business house which takes the attitude—"*Oh, we'll* never have a fire"—which causes the ghastly headlines in the newspapers. Far-sighted, ably-managed concerns also suffer fires but they are promptly fought and take no toll of human life, because *the emergency has been anticipated with proper* equipment.

Nor is that equipment complicated or expensive.

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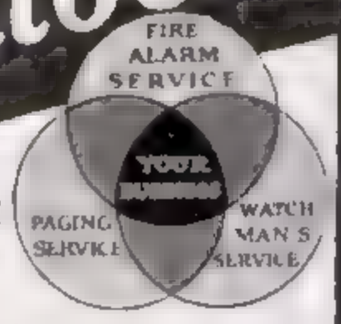

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are one of three electric signalling systems (see coupon) perfected by Autocall for the protection of your three business assets—*time*, *property* and *human life*. Write for descriptive literature—or have an Autocall Protection Engineer, from the nearest of our 16 offices, call on you at your place of business. Clip coupon to letterhead or write.

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asked if they wanted to earn an extra twenty-five cents by acting in a motion picture. Those who did supplied the necessary crowd. The entire film was forty-five feet long!

The young partners deliberated earnestly on a name. Their idea was to make life portrayals on the screen—and they eventually hit upon vitagraph—"life writer."

The inspired vision and great pioneer work of these two men opened the way for the rival companies that followed soon thereafter, and some years later made possible the wonderful accomplishments of the present-day cinema world. In time they increased their stories from forty-five and fifty feet to 500 feet, and by 1897 had begun to make one-reel pictures—1000 feet.

In 1899 they moved to a more spacious roof top on the Morton Building at No. 116 Nassau Street, where they built their first stage. It was customary to rehearse several times and then go right through the playlet, but every now and then steam from a huge exhaust pipe near the stage would burst forth across the camera, and Mr. Blackton would yell:

"Hold your positions, everybody!"

One Happy Family

And the players remained in their places until the steam cloud had passed over and the camera started to grind again. It was there they made The Haunted Hotel—the first picture that ever had international circulation; also the picture to inaugurate the use of stop-motion-picture photography—a clever photographic manipulation which made inanimate objects appear to move on the screen. Six hundred prints of this picture were sold abroad.

A year later William T. Rock became associated with Smith and Blackton. Mr. Rock had been running a billiard parlor in New York City in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, and being interested in amusements of all kinds, dabbled a little in peep-show machines. Later he bought the vitascope rights for the state of Louisiana. Then he returned to New York as a free-lance exhibitor and offered his films to the Proctor Theaters at a lower price than Smith and Blackton had been charging.

"Let's pool our interests at my pool room," suggested Rock, and an oral agreement was made across the green felt tables of the Harlem hall. Although there were no papers signed, this trio partnership, which began with a capital of $6000, continued in effect as long as the Vitagraph Company was in existence right down to the sale of Vitagraph to Warner Brothers in 1925

We always referred to Mr. Rock as "Pop Rock." He was the silent partner and took very little active part at the studio. Mr. Smith became the presiding mechanical genius, Mr. Blackton the artistic director. Despite their youth, both Smith and Blackton were fatherly men to whom everybody took their troubles. If an actor's wife did not receive her husband's pay check on Saturday, she rushed to A. E. Smith for advice and consolation. if two players got into a scrap as to which was to have the blue dress or which must wear the black hat, they flew from the wardrobe department to Stuart Blackton Their decisions were law. The same genial hospitality that pervaded the executive's office spread throughout the studio. We were like one big, happy family. No one ever thought of being ritzy or upstage. Between scenes the leading players chatted with the supers, and a wonderful spirit of democracy prevailed

Following The Dixie Mother, I played everything from children's parts, with my brown braids or corkscrew curls hanging down my back, to a drunken old lady of sixty. Whenever it was necessary for me to look mature, they padded my figure and put up my hair. These were all one-reel or split-reel pictures ranging from slapstick comedy to historical drama. Sometimes we even made two pictures in one day. Retakes were unheard of, as quality counted less than footage.

After two weeks of these varied rôles I was laid off for a few days. While waiting to be called again, I asked Peg if it would be all right for me to go down and see Mr. Smith and ask him to give me a two weeks' tryout, as a sort of probation, in the regular stock company, instead of depending upon day-to-day parts. Peg always said that there was no harm in asking sensible questions, and to ask for steady work seemed just about as sensible to her as anything I could suggest. So again, we boarded the L and set out for the Vitagraph Studios, getting off at Avenue W, without waiting to be sent for.

On Probation

There was always a long line of people waiting to see Messrs. Smith and Blackton—some seeking positions, others seeking an audience to discuss their difficulties or differences—but all intent upon seeing the bosses. Peg and I brought up the rear, but I felt that I was entitled to a little extra courtesy, since I had worked there two weeks before.

So, deciding that it was a case of now or never, I cautioned Peg to hold our place, and with an attitude of importance sailed past twenty or thirty other people to the head of the line.

"I am a little late for my appointment. Would you mind letting me through? Mr. Blackton is expecting me," I said, with my sweetest smile, to the girl whose turn was next

It worked like magic and in I went. Of course Mr. Blackton never knew that I cheated to avoid standing in line. He remembered me from my day work and was very cordial.

The upshot of the interview was that I returned to Peg with Mr. Blackton's promise of being put in stock for a two weeks' trial. If I made good I was to remain permanently.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Miss Talmadge. The next will appear in an early issue.

Glade Near the Rim of Nisqually Glacier, Washington

FILM—ENEMY OF YOUR TEETH
AND YOUR SMILE

TO WHICH MANY SERIOUS TOOTH AND GUM DISORDERS ARE CHARGED

As film coats go, teeth whiten and brighten; and as they brighten, smiles become charming. Thus Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is, at the same time, urged as of immeasurable importance as a daily adjunct to beauty, both in Europe and America.

The new way to combat the film on teeth — the source of many tooth and gum disorders — which numbers of leading authorities suggest

Now Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic properties, is known to experts as a major beauty aid

SEND COUPON FOR 10-DAY TUBE FREE

IN a film that forms on teeth, science has discovered what is believed to be a chief enemy both of sound teeth and of healthy gums—a viscous, stubborn film that brushing alone has often failed to effectively combat.

Thus thousands who have taken greatest precautions, even from childhood, with their teeth, still are largely subject to tooth and gum disorders.

Many of the common tooth and gum troubles, including pyorrhea, are largely charged to this film. To combat it, a new dental care is now being widely advised.

What FILM is—
its effect on teeth and gums

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Glistening teeth and healthy gums, according to many authorities, follow as a natural result when film is removed daily this way.

Curdles and removes film—Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

Please accept Pepsodent test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better teeth and gums.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1054, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family

Name .....

Address .....

Canadian Office [illegible] Toronto, Can.; London Office [illegible] London, S. E. 1; The Pepsodent Co. Australasian Ltd. 13 Clarence St. Sydney, N. S. W. 2334

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

What to see in BRITAIN

WHEN you travel through Britain on the London & North Eastern Railway, you explore some of the most historic and romantic spots in all Europe. Over this historical highway lie the ancient cities of Ely, Lincoln, Norwich, York, Edinburgh and many old-world towns celebrated in romance and legend.

Added to the attractions of natural beauty and climate are literary and historical associations, mighty castles and landmarks famous in American life.

You will understand and be better understood in England and Scotland than anywhere else in Europe. You can play golf on the world famous courses at St. Andrews and North Berwick—in the land of the game.

In addition to the "Flying Scotsman," the famous train between London and Edinburgh, there are fast and frequent trains to all the numerous points of interest.

LONDON & NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY

Send for free booklets now. Begin to plan about places you want to see. Write to H. J. Ketcham, Gen'l Agent, London & North Eastern Ry., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York

NEIGHBORS

(Continued from Page 27)

very softly and with infinite caution, she tiptoed to the door. Somehow she had a feeling it would be unpleasant to be seen there—by Walter. At the door she listened and peered down the hall. Reassured she crossed it swiftly and closed her own door behind her and put out the light, even before she got into bed. But she did not lie down; instead, she sat with knees under chin, clasping her ankles, and pondered this phenomenon. And always she returned to one question: What was Walter doing with it?

XIII

IT WAS at breakfast next morning that Warren Cross, well knowing he was deliberately backing up to trouble, ventured to give advice to Sarah. "Sis," he said, "if I were you I'd step on the soft pedal with James Perrigo."

Sarah divorced her attention from the excellent pancakes and the superb maple sirup to stare at her brother. He was acquainted with that stare; whenever it focused itself upon him he became aware of the helplessness of the male animal in its dealings with its womenfolks. All women stared like that, he had discovered. Janet did it; other men's wives did it. There was something of outrage in the stare, something of infinite stubbornness, something peculiarly irritating in its challenge. He wished he had kept his mouth shut and let matters go, for he was about to be put in an absurd position. For any man can issue an ultimatum to the women of his household, but how can he enforce it? There is something grinding and humiliating to a man when he knows he is right, knows he is acting for the best of all concerned, and, venturing to assert himself, is told by word or action that he will not be heeded, and what, if anything, is he going to do about it? Well, what can he do about it? Gone are the good old days of the English common law which permitted a man to chastise with a club if not greater than the bigness of his thumb.

"No!" said Sarah with elaborate sarcasm. "And why should I put on the soft pedal with James? Is he a naughty boy, or has he something catching?"

"I'm advising you for your own good," he said, falling into that ancient error and delivering himself into the hands of the enemy.

"What you think is my good, or what I think is my good?" she asked. "Be your own sweet self, Ren, and go out in the yard and practice minding your own business. There are records for it on the phonograph, with appropriate exercises."

"But," Janet interjected, "what's wrong with Mr. Perrigo?"

"Wrong!" said Sarah, and giggled exasperatingly. "Can't you see for yourself, Janet? He's left-handed."

Warren pushed back his chair and withdrew, not quietly but with what he hoped was an air of hurt dignity. His disposition was not at its best, for he had slept little. The discovery of the day before had been on his mind, and Knuckles' advice to delay action. If it had been his own mill, if he had not been the employe of others and trusted by them, it would have been different. He could then have exercised his own discretion in the matter; but he felt he could not, in fairness, do so now. The Consolidated was interested in the success and welfare of the mill only; extraneous matters and individuals did not concern them. He had not been sent to Barchester to involve himself and the company in the concerns of the Perrigo family, no matter how dark and devious they might be. His duty was to act for those who paid him his salary. On the other hand he had gone to Knuckles and asked his advice.

He drove to the mill and went, frowning, to his desk. There, the first thing to come under his eye was the supplemental order from the People's Lumber Company pinned to the record card. Had he, then, been wrong? He held letter and card in his hand and studied them. Perhaps it would be better to wait, in view of this; to wait until he could take an inventory of the stock in the yard to determine if it tallied with the stock sheets. Then, of a sudden, he slammed the papers down upon his desk and pressed a button.

"Ask Mr. Walter Perrigo if he will be so good as to step in here," he said to the young lady who appeared.

Walter came, not on the heels of the order, but after sufficient delay to save his face. It was the first direct order he had received from Cross, the first time he had been required to present himself as a subordinate.

"You wanted to see me?" he asked casually, his face bland and expressionless.

"Come in," said Warren, "and shut the door." Walter did so, but remained standing. "When," asked Warren, "did this order come in?"

"The day before yesterday, I believe."

"In the usual course—by mail?"

"How else would it come?"

"Yes, how else? I noticed that car loading yesterday afternoon. But neither this order nor the card was in the files."

"Mislaid, probably," said Walter.

"Apparently. . . . Mr. Perrigo, as you know, I was sent here because things were going wrong. It is my job to find why they are going wrong and to take steps to remedy the condition. As an experienced millman you know the situation as well as I—probably better."

"It's been a bad year," said Walter.

"But," said Warren, "it's going to be a better year, beginning now. I've decided, since looking over this order, that this mill will benefit by the elimination of a good deal of Perrigo. For instance I am certain no one else could have an interest in shipping high-priced birch on an order for Number 3 Common."

"You are making a charge," Walter said in his quiet voice. His eyes lost their roundness, became steely and motionless.

"Why, yes—which I shall follow up to a conclusion. There is, of course, conspiracy between yourself and this People's Lumber Company. I would have put up with incompetency as long as I could, but downright crookedness is something else. In the language of the village, you are getting through, Mr. Perrigo. In fact, you are all through now."

"If I were you, Cross, I'd be careful. You can't run around making charges against me—unless you've got something a jury will take as proof."

"Perrigo," said Warren, "it's fortunate for decent folks that the crooks aren't infallible. . . . So this order came in the day before yesterday—by mail?"

"I've told you so."

"You didn't happen to save the envelope, did you?"

"Of course not."

"Because I should like to see it. It must be a peculiar envelope for a business house to use. . . . It was reported to you that I saw that car loading, and probably that I came in to examine the files. So you got busy without a moment's delay. But it pays to be more deliberate. . . . I've read in

(Continued on Page 129)

The Old Doctor Had Driven Ahead to Prepare Her

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

—*for Contractors*

Construction works of the great empire builders of history are being dwarfed daily all about us. The modern contractor fashions into reality, with incredible swiftness, the dreams of architects and engineers—towering skyscrapers, splendid spans, broad highways, monster dams, gigantic factories.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are tied up in these projects. The contractor's profit is often governed by the dependability and operating cost of his equipment.

Contractors everywhere are making money with Graham Brothers Trucks. Their low operating costs and the certainty of their performance make close bidding possible. Their power, ruggedness, speed and long life make profit certain. Service is quickly available—always and everywhere.

Graham Brothers Trucks and Commercial Cars, complete with bodies, are made in sizes and styles to meet 91% of all hauling requirements.

Mass production makes initial cost low. Graham Brothers are the largest exclusive truck manufacturers in the world.

¼-TON COMMERCIAL CAR CHASSIS	$ 670
1-TON TRUCK CHASSIS (G-BOY)	885
1½-TON TRUCK CHASSIS	1245
2-TON TRUCK CHASSIS	1445*

Disc Wheels With Dual Rear, Optional
Prices f. o. b. Detroit

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EVANSVILLE · DETROIT · STOCKTON
A DIVISION OF DODGE BROTHERS, Inc
GRAHAM BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED, TORONTO, ONTARIO

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

LIVELY FOLK SONGS A HALF HOUR OF VIOLIN . . AN HOUR OF STORY AND VERSE . A TALK OF CHINA AND THE EAST A MAGIC AFTERNOON!

Why a Radiola is better value regardless of price

SOME radio sets are bought on price alone—for there will always be people who think they get better value when they pay less money.

But every year, RCA Radiolas have proved by their outstanding leadership that it isn't the cost that counts . . . it's the performance, and the reputation for standing up under use.

Value can be proved by comparison

People who listen and test and compare—buy Radiolas. Radiola 20, at $78, less equipment, has challenged competition with any make—and proved in a thousand tests that it is *better value* than any set of its type, regardless of price.

And many have bought the highest priced Radiolas who would have been very keen to pay less *if* they could get the same performance for less. Take the Radiola 28 with RCA Loudspeaker 104. Why is it so widely demanded when there are many sets that cost far less? The reasons for its leadership lie in the new principles developed in its designing—discoveries that have given the RCA type of "lighting socket radio" dominance not only in electrical performance, but in musical reproduction.

Tried, tested and perfected

It is the pioneer in "lighting socket radio"—proved and perfected where others are still experimenting.

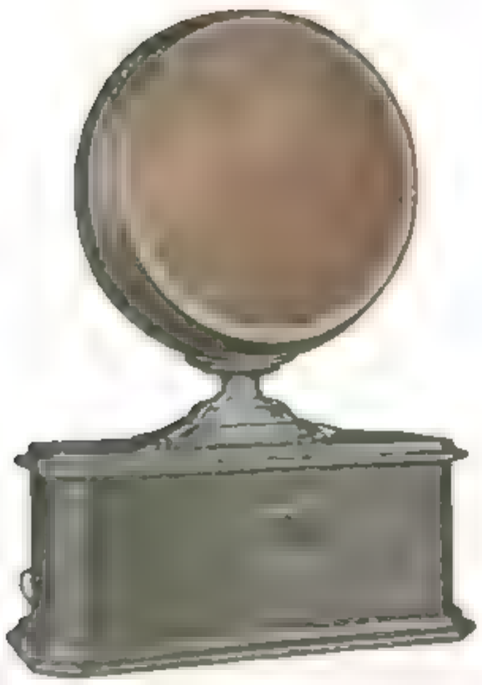
It needs no antenna—operates with a single control—tunes out conflicting stations in the most crowded cities.

It is *modern* radio that meets every condition of modern broadcasting and matches every great musical program with reproduction that is vividly real! There is no finer instrument of musical reproduction today! *That* is its measure of value . . . . not *price!*

An RCA Radiola is always "more for your money"

The prices of RCA Radiolas not only cover manufacture of extraordinarily high quality—but exhaustive research, too. But the results of this research and this careful manufacture have always been so instantly reflected in bigger demand that the price of a Radiola never shows the research cost. Instead, you will always get *more value for your money* when you buy a Radiola. And careful comparison will always prove it to you, before you buy.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



RCA LOUDSPEAKER 102—is the Loudspeaker 100 with the addition of a power amplifier (RCA Uni-Rectron) that puts great volume at your command, with tone that is real—true. Complete . . . $140. (Operates on 50-60 cycle, 110 volt A.C. lighting circuit.)

RADIOLA 26—six tube super-heterodyne. As a portable it has a loop in the cover, loudspeaker inside, place in the back for small batteries. At home it has a fine walnut cabinet that holds larger batteries and has a coupler for an antenna. Cased in richly grained walnut. With 6 Radiotrons . . . . . $225.

RADIOLA 25—six tube super-heterodyne with all the far-famed super-heterodyne quality of tone and performance—and the "catacomb" sealing of the vital parts. Single controlled. With 6 Radiotrons . . $165.

RADIOLA 20—twenty times as selective as the ordinary antenna set. With performance and tone quality that challenge competitors at any price! It may be operated either with batteries or from lighting socket devices. Less equipment . . . . . $78.

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100—still unmatched at anywhere near its price! Clear through the whole tone range—and clear at any volume you give it. Especially fine for the power tube sets . . . . . $35.

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 104—is undoubtedly the greatest product of modern radio. Using the power of the house current it achieves remarkable quality of reproduction! Complete . . . . . $275.

RADIOLA 28—single controlled eight tube super-heterodyne, with loop. Particularly fine for city apartment homes for it needs no antenna, and is so selective that it tunes out unwanted stations even in the most crowded broadcast areas. With 8 Radiotrons . $260.

A. C. Package for adapting Radiola 28 for use with Loudspeaker 104, for operation on 50-60 cycle 110 volt A. C. lighting circuit $35

RCA Radiola

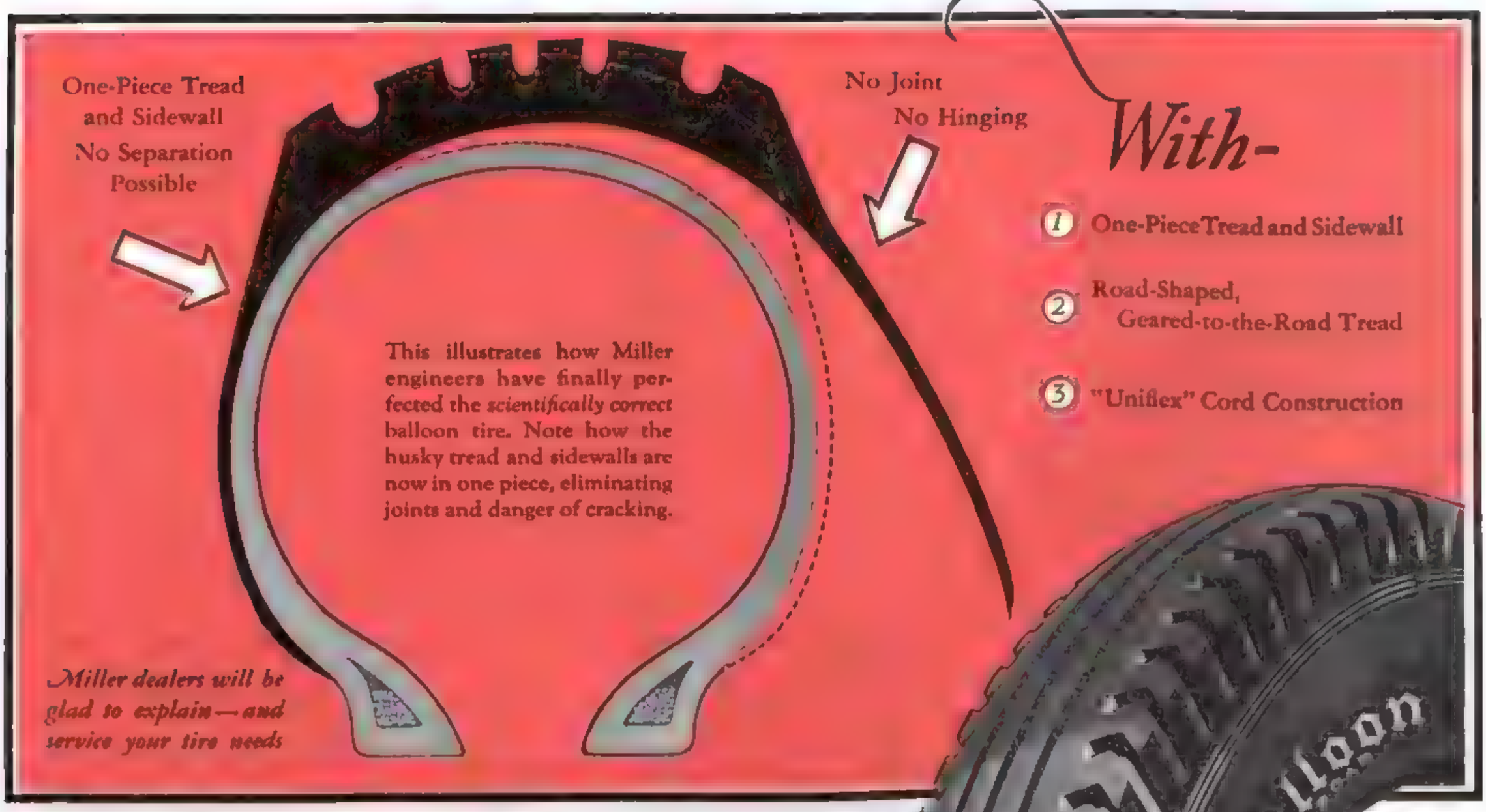
Buy with confidence where you see this sign

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

Formally Announcing

the perfection of

America's Scientifically Correct Balloon Tire


One-Piece Tread and Sidewall
No Separation Possible
No Joint
No Hinging
This illustrates how Miller engineers have finally perfected the *scientifically correct* balloon tire. Note how the husky tread and sidewalls are now in one piece, eliminating joints and danger of cracking.
Miller dealers will be glad to explain—and service your tire needs
With-
1 One-Piece Tread and Sidewall
2 Road-Shaped, Geared-to-the-Road Tread
3 "Uniflex" Cord Construction

It cost Miller $2,000,000 to make these revolutionary improvements

① ***One-Piece Tread and Sidewall***

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now—the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire in one piece from toe to toe. *All joints and hinges are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Six months of actual service on hundreds of thousands of cars *proved* the *scientific correctness* of this new Miller design.

② ***Road-Shaped, Geared-to-the-Road Tread***

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load—the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—therefore *slowly.* Thus—Miller has eliminated uneven, spotty tread wear—outstanding cause of short balloon tire life.

③ ***"Uniflex" Cord Construction***

Every part of this husky tire flexes as a unit. That means it resists curb and rut jolts that ordinarily bring inside abrasions—springs back from blows to its normal shape—*instantly*—leaving one-piece tread and sidewalls, bead, uniflex cord and fiber secure and intact. Thus—Miller has eliminated dangerous inside friction and wear, adding miles to balloon tire life.

Scientific correctness—from now on will be the rightful demand of every tire buyer. If you want *proved scientific perfection*—today—then you want Miller Balloons. With these three improvements—this tire is *scientifically correct*

The Tire Builder says:
"If one comes back, I'm penalized"

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N. Y. AKRON, OHIO

Miller *Scientifically Correct* Balloon Tires

GEARED—TO—THE—ROAD

MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

(Continued from Page 124)

detective stories that all typewriters differ just as handwriting differs. I've an idea we can find one in the office that typed this order. . . . But the main thing, Perrigo, is something else again. It's hard to see how this letter came by mail, in an envelope, without being folded. I'm not setting up as a detective and I don't claim to be amazingly bright, but I did notice that after a while. . . . Now I'm telling you to get your hat and put it on carefully and get off the place at a rapid walk."

Walter rubbed his hand across his mouth, stood regarding Warren while the clock ticked half a dozen times; and then, turning abruptly on his heel, went softly out of the office. Warren watched him cross the outer room to his own place, take his hat off the hook and walk to the door. Cross was conscious of a little surprise that the man did not delay to collect his personal belongings.

Again he pressed the buzzer. "Have word sent to Mr. James Perrigo that I want to see him at once," he said. Now that he had started he was going to make a clean sweep of it.

Perhaps a quarter of an hour later the girl stepped to his door. "They want you over in the log yard," she said

"Who does, and what for?"

"They didn't say."

He was glad to go, whatever it was; any minor emergency was welcome to take his mind off that unpleasant interview. He went out through the mill, winding his way among conveyors and resaws and rushing belts; past the saw carriage as it rushed back and forth shuttle-like, and down the soggy stairway leading to the concrete-walled hot pond. Here he paused a moment to watch the cables snaking logs across the river from the yard beyond, where they were stored in mountainous piles. There was something inexorable about that cable-way as it squealed and grunted and tugged; something satisfying as it dragged its chainful of logs, bumping and rumbling down from the top of a great pile, across the intervening bark and mud, to surge through the muddied water to the higher shore.

It was not Broadway, but, in its way, it was more dynamic and purposeful than Broadway. He liked it. In New York there was struggle, battle, restless enterprise, amazing industry; but it was man against man, human being competing with human being. There it was—or so it seemed to him—only that part of man which lay under his hat which came into play.

But here the struggle was with the inanimate, against a product of Nature, against impediment placed in the way by mountain and river and storm. He was at the source, one of the sources, of that wealth which played its fountains in New York.

Without this mill and other mills, without mines and forests and oceans and farms—unless men sweated and bruised themselves, unless muscles bulged and feet trampled, and perils were dared and overcome in such places as this, there could be no New York. The wealth was here; it was only dealt in there as a commodity. He was astonished at himself as he stood there reflecting—astonished to find that already this was getting into his blood, and that he liked it!

He traversed the pond and crossed the bridge. The warm damp odor of water-soaked bark was in his nostrils. The mill, jetting white steam, grunting, grinding, chugging, giving off a multitude of sounds which mingled into one—which seemed every now and then to be severed by the scream of the saw just as the saw severed the log—lay behind him. It was huge, imposing, with a look of dogged efficiency. He was conscious of a feeling of pride in it.

The gigantic piles reared above him—more than a million feet of timber—rough and rude from the forest—which one day would reappear as homes for the rich and for the poor, in the furniture in those homes, as the cases of pianos and the polished tops of tables; as the cabinets housing that latest of the great marvels, radio. No man might look at any log and foretell its ultimate destination or what it might become. There was wonder in this, something glowing and splendid, something poetic with an epic sweep. Men with cant dogs worked hazardously upon those heights, running about upon curved unstable surfaces, handling adroitly enormous and perverse logs, looping them in chain—great bundles of them—to be snaked across the river to the eater saws. He peered about him to determine who had summoned him, but there was no apparent need; no boss came hastening, no confusion was obvious, no knot of men pointed to the heart of an emergency.

He picked his way across that muddy incline, pausing as a voice, indistinct and invisible, called his name. And suddenly the steeply slanting face of the pile under which he stood was endowed with motion—a rumble, an ominous grunting as log smote log, and leaping, smote log again. A cry of warning sounded in his ears; he leaped. The face of the log pile became an avalanche. Warren stumbled, went to his knees, struggled to his feet again; and then, half crouching as he ran, seemed barely to be touched by a rebounding log—a log which passed on over the spot until it soughed into the stream. And Warren lay, face buried in the mud, with one arm lying at an angle which could not be assumed by an arm whose bones were intact.

The first man to reach his side was James Perrigo! They lifted him and laid him silent upon a spread of coats, while men ran to the mill camp for rude first-aid appliances and to telephone in haste for the doctor. He did not stir or open his eyes, but he breathed heavily, unpleasantly. Concussion, possibly fracture. . . . The doctor arrived, did what could be done upon the spot, and then a wagon—for there was no ambulance—carried him home as gently as such a wagon could do.

Walter Perrigo reëntered the mill quietly, hung his hat again upon its hook and resumed his position exactly as if it had not been separated from him by Warren Cross less than an hour before. Who knew he had been discharged but himself and Cross? And he doubted greatly if Cross would ever be able to disclose the fact. . . . He was one of the last to be notified of the accident, and listened to the news with becoming solicitude.

XIV

JANET CROSS was alone when they brought her husband home. It is true that Nellie, the hired girl, was somewhere about the house, but Nellie did not seem then to signify as a human being. The old doctor had driven ahead to prepare her, and she had received the news unemotionally—too unemotionally, the doctor thought. He could not see how terrified she was.

"Is he dead?" she asked in a voice that was metallic but did not tremble.

"No. He's hurt bad, but he ain't dead, and won't be if we all keep our heads and don't get flustered."

"I'm—I'm not flustered," she said.

She was not; the impact had been too great for any surface display of nerves. What she felt was cold stark horror—horror that this catastrophe should have befallen here. Barchester multiplied the intensity of it. . . . She recalled that night when, in Warren's absence, Sarah had been seized with acute appendicitis. The terror of that had left its mark upon her mind—in their New York apartment. But in New York help was at hand; the telephone had brought a strange doctor who had ordered Sarah immediately to an impersonal hospital, where a great and efficient—but also impersonal—surgeon had operated. To him Sarah was an incident on his schedule. But, impersonal as it had all been, help was available. Here, in this remote spot, what was one to do? Where was one to turn? There were no hospitals, no ambulances, no nurses, no surgeons—only this old and

Continued on Page 131

M-B Waffle Iron 1016, price $15.00. Toaster 1227, price $8.50

Have you modernized your breakfasts?

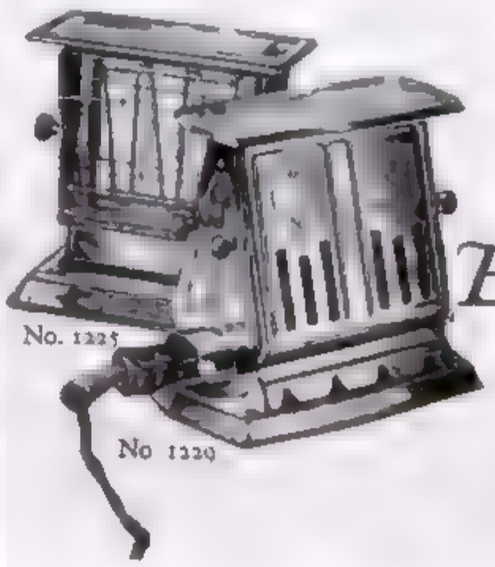
Or do you still prepare them in the old way . . . with a coffee pot that boils over, a toaster that both blackens and browns, a waffle iron that smokes unpleasantly?

BREAKFASTS made in the modern electrical way . . . right at the table . . . save time and trouble, and often taste far better. Toast can always be crisply hot. Each morning's coffee can have the same satisfying flavor. And day-after-day breakfast menus can be easily varied with waffles or a pleasant omelette.

Modernize your breakfasts with Manning-Bowman Table Electrics. A table stove will make toast, broil bacon and cook eggs—all at the same time. Turn on a switch while the table is being set—a Manning-Bowman percolator bubbles fragrant, golden coffee. A Manning-Bowman waffle iron needs no grease, never smokes unpleasantly.

With Manning-Bowman electrical appliances, your breakfast table can look just as charming. They come in the finest designs to harmonize with fine table appointments. The quality is guaranteed—recognized everywhere as thoroughly excellent. On sale at quality stores everywhere. Manning, Bowman & Co., Meriden, Conn. Write for "From Breakfast to Midnight Bridge," a free booklet on electrical cookery with recommended recipes.

M Means Best
Trade-mark



Manning-Bowman

Electric Appliances

(To the extreme left)—M-B Toaster 1225, with nickel base. Turn the bread over by reversing the door of the toaster. No need of touching the hot toast. Price $8.00.

(To the left)—M-B Toaster 1229. Just tip down the door of the toaster—over turns the bread ready to be toasted on the other side. It is quick, it's easy, it's efficient. Price $8.00.

Richer Colors

and a more certain way to choose them

AT MODERATE COST—roof colors *in genuine natural slate!*

Weathered Brown, Tile Red, Dusk Blue, Onyx, Heather Purple—and the many other famous Multicrome effects.

Only Richardson offers you the lasting beauty of these richer colors in genuine natural slate.

Because Richardson controls a patented process by which they are obtained.

And now you are offered also a new way to select *in advance* exactly the roof colors that will best harmonize with the walls and trim of *your* particular home.

Send now for the Richardson Booklet and Harmonizer. (More than 27,000 people have already written for them.)

The booklet has been revised and enlarged by the addition of many pages of beautiful color illustrations. In it you will find page after page of interesting homes like the one above—every one a charming color scheme.

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(Continued from Page 129)

shabby doctor with the stains of chewing tobacco on his beard. The responsibility was all upon her, and how should she meet it?

"Who you got workin' for you? Nellie, hain't it?" He went to the door and peered into the kitchen. "Go up and get a bed ready for Mr. Cross. He's hurt."

"Bad?" asked Nellie.

"Hold your tongue and do's you're told. . . . And then put on a kittle of hot water."

Janet shrank from his uncouthness, his roughness. On his part he was thankful for Nellie; she was of his own people, and he could depend on her. This girl from New York—what good was she?

They brought Warren in and carried him up to his bedroom; Janet followed blindly.

"You clear out of here," said the doctor, "and when Aunt Hat comes, send her right up."

"I—I want to help."

He scowled. "Help by keepin' from underfoot," he said harshly.

She felt her way downstairs and sat on the bottom step; even through her terror a hatred of Barchester and of its ways made itself felt. She must do something; she could not leave her husband in such hands. Blindly, without purpose, she got to her feet as the front door was thrust open and a woman's figure entered. It was a strange, grotesque figure of an old woman whom age had not touched with softening finger. Her hair was of an unnatural, shiny, glossy brown. Her lips were thick and her eyes small above the protruding cheek bones, and the skin was patched with yellow. Rather more than the trace of a beard was present. From chin to broad flat feet she was a series of unsightly bulges; almost as broad as she was long, and dressed in black. One was conscious of a corset which seemed to be all wrong and to have been constructed with the express purpose of not fitting the figure upon which it was laced.

"Be you the wife?" this creature demanded.

"I—yes."

"Where is he? Upstairs, eh? Well, how d'ye cal'late I'm goin' to git up—trample over ye?"

She jostled past Janet and waddled up the stairs. What was this new terror, and who was this dreadful apparition? Janet followed, driven by the feeling that she could not leave Warren to be touched by such hands.

But the doctor halted her in the doorway. "I told you to clear out," he said, and turned to the enormity of a woman. "Now, Aunt Hat," he said, "we'll git down to brass tacks."

Janet fumbled her way downstairs again and sank on the lower step. Presently Sarah came, and Eunice Perrigo; they led Janet to the davenport and sat beside her.

"The doctor's here, of course?" Eunice asked.

"Yes."

"Has Aunt Hat got here yet?"

"Some horrible old woman came—and pushed me out of the way. . . . Oh, I can't bear to leave him with them. What will they do to him?"

"Listen to me," said Eunice firmly. "He's all right with the Old Doc—with the Old Doc and Aunt Hat. They'll lick it, whatever it is. Everything that can be done, they'll do."

"You mean—you'd trust him to—to that frowzy old man and that awful woman?"

"If," said Eunice, "I'm ever terribly ill or dreadfully hurt, I hope it is where they can get to me. There's nobody like them." Her eyes shone. "They—they do miracles!"

Minutes passed—hour-long minutes; and hours—day-long hours. Other people came: Kitty Bridge, who ordered Sarah and Eunice from the house and took charge of domestic affairs. She compelled Janet to take a bit of food—but her principal duty was answering the door. It seemed as if all Barchester came upon that front stoop to make inquiries and to proffer help. Edna Fox came and went into the kitchen; old Mrs. Paget, whom Janet did not even know by sight, brought three freshly baked loaves of bread.

It was not like New York. Even through her dumb misery Janet sensed something different, something kindly, well-meant, sincere. Here was no impersonal ambulance driver or doctor or surgeon or hospital, but solicitude, actual and eager to make itself material. And the doctor! As hour after hour passed and the Old Doc remained in the room with Warren, Janet sensed vaguely that her husband was no mere incident on a schedule; not merely raw material for an operation, to be wheeled into the room at exactly ten minutes past ten. Not that—the Old Doc was making a personal fight of it; his interest was in saving this individual, this definite human being; and he fought the fight with all the resources of his skill and experience. It was one of his family who was laid low—a member of his community, and he knew neither time nor weariness in the prosecution of his battle.

Through that first day, and the next and the next, Janet was to learn something of the meaning of friendship, something of the significance of genuine sympathy. Here friends did not call on the telephone perfunctorily to offer sympathy, or send cut flowers from the florist on the corner; they came in person with offers of help—and meant them—and with offerings of a practical kind. Flowers there were, from old-fashioned gardens, but it was the larder which Barchester seemed to consider. Loaves of bread; pots of baked beans, layer cakes, pies, a roast chicken; freshly cut asparagus—so Barchester exhibited its solicitude. Not with engraved cards thrust into boxes ordered by telephone from the hothouse. Barchester did not go through the form of being solicitous; it tried its best actually to do something about it.

Warren Cross remained unconscious; his arm was set and no internal injuries developed; but the concussion—not even the Old Doc could tell whether that condition would subside.

"One thing about these here concussions," said Aunt Hat—"they gen'ally hain't as bad as they look. And if you git well, you do it quick."

"Who is this woman?" Janet had asked. "A trained nurse?"

"She's just Aunt Hat. Trained? Goodness, no! Unless taking care of the sick is training. She dotes on it. If you don't have sickness in the family every so often, or a baby or something, she gets her back up and won't speak to you."

"What do you pay her—I mean, how much?"

"Pay Aunt Hat? Gracious, Mrs. Cross, don't try to do that! She'd blast you! But you can send her a black dress pattern if you want to. Not that she needs it or will ever wear it. I'll bet she's got the stuff to make twenty black dresses in her garret—and the Lord knows what else. Trunkfuls of things! She loves to get little presents, and then sticks them away in trunks and never looks at or uses them. . . . And don't mind if she calls you Ethel. She calls almost everybody Ethel or Newt—her children's names. She lost them years and years ago."

"Poor old thing!" said Janet.

"I think she's happy. If spending your whole life doing things for somebody else can make you so, then she surely is."

"But how long will she stay?"

"As long as you need her—and she'll leave in a huff. She takes it as a sort of slap in the face when her patients get well."

There was one person in Barchester who did not call, and that was Knuckles. But half an hour after Warren's injury he was in the log yard of the mill, prowling about, scrutinizing the particular mountain of logs where the thing had happened and listening to the talk of the men and their arguments as to how the accident had happened. He learned who was on the pile and who was near; he learned that James Perrigo had been on the spot and was the first to reach Warren Cross. . . . As he recrossed the river he encountered James on the bridge, and stopped. James' face was somber; he nodded.

"Can't understand how it happened," said Knuckles.

"He's not dead," said James.

"He could have been. Maybe he will be."

"That," said James, "would be bad."

"I cal'late so—for him."

James lifted his fine eyes and stared for a moment into Knuckles' face, with resentment, not with inquiry, but in a manner peculiar to himself.

"You was there," said Knuckles. "How did it come to happen?"

James shook his head slowly without removing his eyes from Knuckles' face.

"I don't like accidents," Knuckles said, "but they generally come in threes, seems as though. I'd be kind of careful to see the other two don't happen."

"They're bad," said James, and his dark eyes, rather melancholy, looked past Knuckles at the distance. They were inscrutable eyes, but in their depths seemed to reside a great longing. They softened as they moved along the mountain slopes, green and black and yellow with the verdure of countless growing trees. Knuckles wondered what it was they reminded him of; it was not of any man or woman, but of some creature capable alike of gentleness and of ruthlessness.

"You never can tell who'll be the next," Knuckles said. "It might be you or me—or it might be neither of us. It might be somebody you wouldn't think of anythin' happenin' to—except Walter. Accidents don't happen to Walter."

"No," said James.

"It always seems worse when somethin' happens to a woman."

"Yes," said James.

"Like—well, like Eunice, for instance."

There was a brief silence while Knuckles scrutinized James' face, but it did not alter its expression save that he pursed his lips and frowned as if he were concentrating upon some problem.

"I had a dog once that couldn't keep away from porcupines," James said finally. "Always had his nose full of quills, seems as though."

"I've seen such simple-minded dogs."

"Porcupines," said James, "mind their own business. You don't get quills in your nose unless you shove it against them. I've seen them fighting among themselves, and miaowing and all, but they have a family way of doing it. It's just outsiders meddling that get full of slivers."

"That," said Knuckles, "sounds like advice."

It seemed then as if Knuckles passed out of James Perrigo's consciousness; the young man's face lost its expression of gravity; it lightened as from some inward reflection—and so became more inscrutable than ever. The expression of his face seemed to spread throughout his graceful, sinewy body, so that he looked not like a young lumberman clothed roughly for his work, but like something half pagan, half feral, which stood just outside the circle of man's affairs and lived in a dimension not discernible by circumscribed mundane eyes. So he stood for a moment, peering almost joyously across the valley toward its rampart of verdured hills. It was as if they were sending to him some message which he delighted to read. And then, as if Knuckles were not there, he passed on with that sleek, lithe, gliding stride. Knuckles watched him until he disappeared in those foothills of logs, and then, shaking his head, he himself pursued his way toward the village.

XV

EUNICE PERRIGO'S blue runabout stood waiting outside the bank. Knuckles stood waiting beside the blue runabout. He whiled away the time by whittling a bit of kiln-dried spruce with a keen-bladed knife, deftly cutting and shaving until it took the form of a pair of scissors which opened and shut. Knuckles was very skillful in such matters. He whistled tunelessly through his teeth, and one would have said that he had not only the whole day but all eternity at his disposal. A young man stopped beside him.

"I hear tell you've swapped yourself into the cider mill," said the young man.

"Seems as though."

"I got through up to Green's," said the young man tentatively.

"What you figger your time's wuth?" Knuckles dropped far into the vernacular. It was the language of trade.

"Green he paid me three dollars a day and found."

"That was before he saw the doctor, wan't it?" Knuckles asked, with a great lack of interest in his voice.

"Ol' Man Rea ketched him a speckled trout he claims weighed six pound," said the young man, "up by the Red Bridge."

"That'd make it weigh about three 'n' a half," said Knuckles.

"Them vats needs to be scalded," tendered the young man.

"Not at three dollars and found," said Knuckles.

"Ben Fox's drivin' the oil wagon," said the young man.

"Always did like sittin'-down jobs." He cast his eye into the bank and saw Eunice moving away from the window. "The cider mill's still down yonder," he pointed. "If you can see your way to takin' two-fifty a day and find yourself, the key's on the ledge over the door."

"You've hired a man," said the young fellow; and, before Knuckles could think it over and change his mind, he started at a rapid walk toward his new employment.

Eunice pushed open the door and came daintily down the steps. Knuckles appreciated the slenderness of her ankles, the confident carriage of her shoulders, the pert intelligence of her youthful face. There was something about her otherwise than her beauty which cried out to him—a competence of movement and gesture, a sureness, a lithe grace not unremindful of her brother James. It gave one a feeling that she could do things; that she was able and Knuckles took off his hat to ability.

She crossed the walk and her chin lifted as she saw Knuckles. He performed the unusual gallantry of opening the car door for her and received for thanks a little grimace of scorn.

"Good mornin'," he said.

She looked down into his lean brown face—a face by no means handsome, but nevertheless arresting and satisfying to one who may be pleased by clear level eyes, by shrewdness touched with humor, by a lack of expression due to suppression of emotions—which, in itself, gives an intellectual touch. You could not look at Knuckles without feeling that he was, as the local appraisal has it, smart. Nor could you avoid the impact of a certain force, a power of will, and the knowledge that here resides an adroitness to carry out the orders of the will. But Eunice was not looking for these things; her eyes were cold and unfriendly.

"Of all things!" she said in that exasperating tone which young women use to put presumptuous young men in their places.

Knuckles held open the door and she waited for him to remove his hand, but he did not remove it.

"Cal'late I'll ride a ways with you if you don't mind," he said.

"You ride with me!" The very unexpectedness of it nonplused her, but she recovered quickly enough to make an acid reply: "That would brighten my day."

"I gather," said Knuckles placidly, "that you wouldn't care for it." His voice became grave and lost all trace of the vernacular. "It is not your company I want, Eunice, and I am not so foolish as to suppose mine could give you pleasure—yet. Suppose we say it is business—important business."

Her attention did not center upon the last sentence, but upon what seemed to her

(Continued on Page 134)

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Never in any low-priced six has been achieved such commanding beauty and luxury as in this latest achievement of General Motors. Lending lustre to even the Fisher tradition of masterly craftsmanship, the new bodies by Fisher are longer, lower and superbly executed to the slightest detail.

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To emphasize their inherent smartness, all body types are finished in new combinations of Duco colors. Ranging from Beverly Blue and Black on the Sedan to Cherokee Gray on the Sport Cabriolet, the originality and freshness of these combinations typifies the progressiveness which led Oakland to pioneer Duco for the industry at large.

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Sedan	$775	Sport Roadster	$775	Sport Cabriolet (4-pass.)	$835
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If only she had used Drāno! A little poured down the stubborn drain at the first sign of laziness—a bubbling and boiling as Drāno dissolved the grease or lint or hair or other refuse—a rinse of clear water and—swoosh!—the drain is open, free-running, *scoured clean on the inside.*

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the significant point of the speech. "What do you mean—yet?" she demanded.

"We have lived in the same small place since you were born," he said gravely.

"What of it?"

"Have I ever—personally—done anything you can resent?"

"Just being underfoot is enough for me, thanks. . . . But why the 'yet'?"

"Because I meant 'yet,'" he said, "and you can be thinking it over. Just now there are more pressing things." He smiled saturninely. "Not more important, possibly, but more pressing." With which he stepped into the car and sat down by her side. She glared at him.

"If I were a man ——" she said.

"I am going," he said, "to ride with you and to talk to you. Please drive on. It would have been better to see you privately, but that could not be done in the state of your disposition."

Her cheeks flamed and her eyes flashed; exasperation brought her close to furious tears. "Will—you—get—out?" she said between her teeth.

"How is Mr. Cross?" he asked, and there was something in his voice which arrested—even startled her.

"Still unconscious. What a dreadful accident!"

He turned to face her and spoke very softly; indeed, his voice was little above a whisper. "It was not an accident," he said, "and that is why I must talk with you."

"What do you mean?" she asked; but suddenly she was breathless, frightened by something unknown and ominous.

"Drive," said Knuckles.

The car moved, swished into speed, careened around the corner. They flashed through the village and up the hill toward the lake before either of them spoke again.

"Things," said Knuckles, "are coming to a head."

"What things?"

"Listen," said Knuckles, "and use your head. Put together what you must know and have seen with what I tell you. You," he said, "are nobody's fool." She listened. "We'll start a ways back. Your family sold the mill and timber—why?"

"Against my will," she said.

He nodded. "Did Walter force the sale, or were Walter and James together?"

"I—I don't know. One never knows about James."

"But what do you think?"

"I think it was Walter's idea, and he persuaded James. But it might have been James' idea from the beginning."

"It might. But why did they sell—a profitable business, a family business? What reason?"

"They didn't bother to give me reasons. There was nothing I could do about it."

"But you thought about it."

"I couldn't understand it."

"The agreement was that Walter and James should be retained in their jobs."

"Yes."

"Now—since the mill was sold it has become unprofitable. It has gone downhill—under the same management."

"I don't know."

"Walter—or James and Walter have converted all the Perrigo properties into money."

"I don't know. . . . Not my house and the farms." Her lips set. "They wouldn't dare."

But she was not thinking of the house and farms; with apprehension, she was thinking of that trunkful of money she had come upon in Walter's room. . . . Converted all the Perrigo properties into cash, Knuckles had said! Was this a part of the money derived from the sale of the Perrigo properties, or was it some hoard of Walter's derived from some other source? And why was it there at the house and not in a bank? She could think of no honest reason for it. Indeed, she could think of no honest reason for anything Walter did. . . . One may dislike a stranger bitterly, but for real hatred we must look to people of the same blood. In Walter, Eunice could see no good; she despised and suspected him; and latterly, since the discovery of that hoard, she had commenced a little to fear him.

Should she speak of that money? But why? Knuckles was an open enemy of her family. She could not as yet perceive why he had forced this interview upon her, nor what was its meaning. Nevertheless, try as she might to throw it off, she could not dissipate a feeling of security in his presence, a sensation that he was to be trusted; an instinct which told her to place her dependence upon him. But she did not speak. She was shrewd in her way, and the circumstances demanded caution; so she would listen and not speak. When she saw deeper into the matter then she could decide.

"Walter," said Knuckles, "resents your ownership of the house."

"Everybody knows that."

"We must add up so many little facts to get a correct total," Knuckles said.

"But what has all this to do with what you hinted—that it was not an accident to Mr. Cross?"

"I'm working toward that. It was unreasonable to sell the mill—if the intention were to part with it forever. But if—suppose there was someone with a scheming mind, possibly two sharp and scheming minds—who planned to sell a mill, and then, remaining in management, to set it running toward ruin; to engineer happenings so that the property would, in the estimation of its buyers, decline in value! Suppose Walter—or both of them—sold the mill for a high price, planning to buy it in again as a dead dog."

"You are talking about my brothers," Eunice said stiffly.

"One of them, at least. Have you not said and thought worse of him?"

"What goes on within the family is our business. Anyhow what business is it of yours? You Knuckleses hate us Perrigos."

"That is true of my father. He holds his grudge against you all. I have been raised on it. In this thing I started to get our own back, but ——"

"Yes—but?" she asked.

"—— but it has gone beyond that, and another element has come in."

"What other element?"

"You," said Knuckles. He did not pause upon this, but went on rapidly. "We'll leave James out, because we haven't solved him, and call it Walter. Walter plans to buy back the mill for a song. He is well on his way to destroying the property in the eyes of purchasers, when something happens to upset his plans."

"What something?"

"Warren Cross comes to town."

She gasped, for she saw the significance of that, coupled with his charge in the beginning that the accident was no accident.

"But ——"

"You can't tell what a man will do—when he is driven into a corner. We don't know how tight a corner Walter may be in. But we do know that when Cross came matters had to move toward a climax. Cross was bound, sooner or later, to discover the truth."

"And did he?"

"He did—the day before he was injured."

Again Eunice gasped. "But—but did Walter know it?"

Knuckles frowned. "There's the weak point. I don't know. I know he found Walter was shipping high-grade lumber on orders which called for low-grade—and pocketing the difference—to a company which is his own in Boston. Did you know that?"

"No."

"Probably formed for the very purpose," said Knuckles. "I know Cross discovered this—a part of it—and was going to discharge Walter and James offhand. I advised against it."

"You! How did you come into it?"

"I think Cross came to a point where he had to confide in somebody."

"So he picked a known enemy of the Perrigos."

"I doubt if that entered his mind."

(Continued on Page 137)

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These figures indicate that the average person has healthy—not *disease-ridden*—gums; that he needs to *medicate them less and brush them more.*

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Dr. Lyon's

TOOTH POWDER *and* DENTAL CREAM

(Continued from Page 134)

"I suppose," Eunice said ironically, "it was because you have such a way of inspiring trust."

He turned upon her gravely. "It may be," he said. "I find myself trustworthy. . . . What do you think?"

She hesitated. "I'll make up my mind about that later," she said. "Go on."

"I think—I have studied it out in the light of my observations of Warren Cross—that he did not follow my advice. I introduced an element ——"

"What element?"

"Yourself," said Knuckles quietly.

She frowned. "You always come back to me."

"I'm glad you've noticed it," he said. "I gave the advice I did because of you. He is a conscientious fellow, and may have felt his duty to his employers would not permit other interests to interfere. I believe he confronted Walter with the facts—and discharged him."

"But Walter is still there."

"Exactly," said Knuckles. "And that's the point. I know there was an interview between them. I know that, half an hour later, a telephone call brought Cross out to the log yard. Nobody seems to know who called for him or why. . . . And then it happened. . . . Also we have got to consider this: James was behind the pile from which the log rolled. He was the first to reach Cross afterward."

Eunice felt suddenly very lonely—lonely and frightened by all this. It was dreadful. Her brother—her brothers were actually being charged with an attempt to take a human life. And she was not giving the lie to the man who made the charge. She could not give it the lie. She believed it. It marched with her knowledge of Walter, saving only that she had not assayed him as possessing so much malign resolution. Yet she had seen in him something malign, and it had revolted her. . . . She sat silent and considered.

"James was there?" she asked.

"On the spot."

"Then," she said, "I don't think he had anything to do with it. Whatever Walter might have done—not James."

"Why?"

"If James had been concerned he wouldn't have been there. Oh, I know James better than most. He would have been off in the woods. James is subtle, Ab. He wouldn't be caught like that."

Ab she had called him—unconsciously, it is true. It was a little thing, but he stored it away as a treasure.

"Perhaps," he said. "Perhaps Walter even saw to it James was there."

"Oh!" exclaimed Eunice. That was an evil she could not endure to contemplate.

"I wish," Knuckles said, "I knew that was so—that it was all Walter, and that James and ——"

"James and?" she asked.

"—— James and you were to be the victims," he finished.

She was quick to follow to his conclusion. "You mean that Walter wants it all?" she asked.

"What do you think?"

"He wants it," she said, and that was all. She knew he wanted it; knew he resented her, and that she had been favored by her father.

"Can you add anything to this?" he asked.

She could add so much, but she would not add it yet. After all, she was a Perrigo. It was better to be robbed by her brother than to have the name of Perrigo covered with shame.

It was better than to ally herself with this enemy of her house. And yet she was allied with him; against her will, it is true, but none the less in alliance. She considered again if she should tell him.

"Not yet," she said.

"Then you know something?"

"I shan't tell you, Ab. . . . Something's got to be done. I don't care how wicked Walter is—or James—they're my brothers. It's got to be stopped, but they must be protected. It mustn't come out."

"If Cross dies ——" said Knuckles.

"He's not going to die. The Old Doc says so, and so does Aunt Hat. They'd know."

"I wonder if Walter has that news?"

"I told him."

"Then," said Knuckles, "we've got to step softly, for things will move. What he means to do must be done before Cross can take a hand again."

"He must be stopped! Oh, this mustn't go any farther! We must stop him!"

Another morsel for Knuckles to treasure! "That," he said, "is why I forced myself on you—to show you things as they are, and to warn you."

"Warn me!"

"To be very careful," he said. He paused. "Eunice, why don't you go away—to Boston or New York—until this thing clears up?"

Her eyes snapped. "I shan't! I'll stay right here!"

"I was afraid you would. . . . You might as well go back now. . . . But watch your step. Confound it, I wish I knew where James stands."

"Either," said Eunice, "he's running the whole thing, or he isn't in it at all."

"I wish you would go away."

"I shan't."

He lifted his shoulders. "I'll get out here," he said. "No need to advertise this ride."

She stopped the car and he alighted, but she did not go on directly.

"Ab," she demanded, "why are you mixing in this?"

For the first time he smiled, and she was to remember how his face lightened and became less angular; she was to remember that brief glimpse of the man who hid under that surface of repressions.

"Think it over," he said.

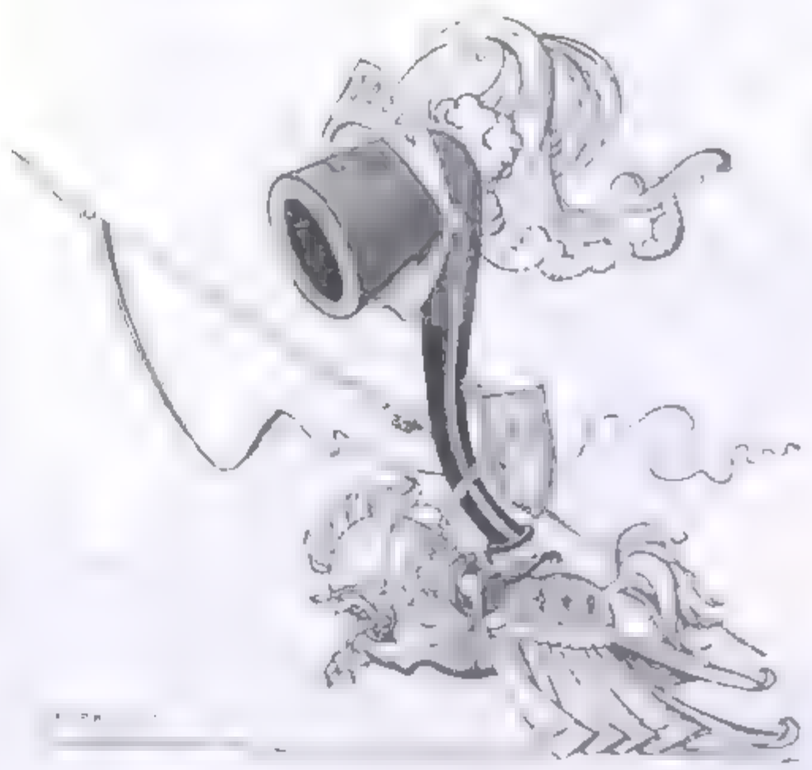
She drove on; but, strangely, her thoughts did not at first busy themselves with the tragic situation in which she found herself. Instead, she was searching diligently for the answer to a personal and private question.

"What did he mean by 'yet'?" she wondered.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Yachting on Sturgeon Bay, Door County, Wisconsin

Sir Joyous Pipe..champion of fine tobacco...



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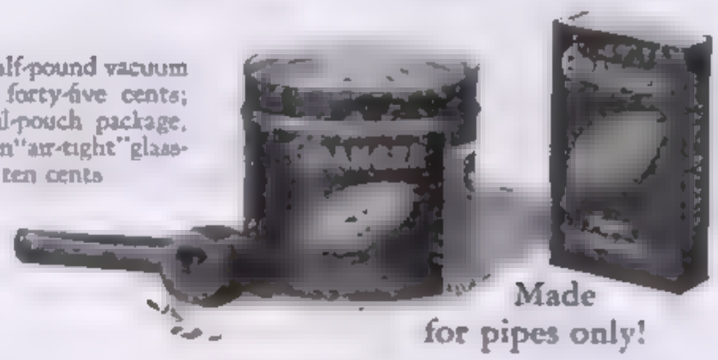
On his shield is the *victory insigne* ... the sign of the perfect pipe tobacco, the symbol of Granger Rough Cut! Such choice old Burley was never before known to man... Every leaf mellowed the famous Wellman way. And ROUGH CUT—specially for pipes! All pipedom proclaims Granger *'a tobacco of exceeding merit!'*

As to its '*economie*': The pocket-package is a new *glassine-sealed* foil-pouch (eliminating the old armor of costly tin), and so, Granger sells at a price never equalled on tobacco of such quality... Smoke to the health of Sir Joyous Pipe! Long live Sir Joyous!

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents; the foil-pouch package, sealed in "air-tight" glassine, is ten cents



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Women, of discrimination will find MOLLÉ and a suitable safety razor the most satisfactory way to remove hair in order to meet the exacting requirements of perfect grooming.

METROPOLITAN INTERMEZZO

(Continued from Page 11)

I dictated:

My very dear Miss Gage: While I was not fooled for an instant by your very obvious attempt to squeeze from me further adulous praise of your performance in A Pretty Penny, I am not going to let that fact lose me the opportunity of coming to tea Tuesday, and Friday as well, if I make a good impression on my first appearance. And how about Wednesday too? Wednesday was left unaccounted for. We can discuss that Tuesday. Your performance is swell ——

"Swell?" Jack asked, his ear offended by the familiar sound.

"Swell," I repeated. "That's the way the really cultured write nowadays. 'Swell,' 'elegant' and 'grand.' If you use those words frequently enough, and with enough conscious authority, you become automatically a member of the intelligentzia. Where was I?"

"'Your performance is swell.'"

—— Your performance is swell, but if my only chance of seeing you is to discredit it, I shall be like a mercenary dentist, and drill holes in it for myself to fill from now until the play closes. Did I understand you to say four o'clock or 3:45. Three forty-five, I'm sure.

I stopped.

"How do I sign it?" Jack asked.

"I should suggest two well-chosen words, such as Jack Hun."

"But don't I put in something like 'very truly yours'?"

"Veuillez agréer, chère mademoiselle, mes compliments les plus distingués," I mocked him.

"That sounds great. How do you spell it?"

It took him a long time to get it down letter by letter.

"What does it mean?" he asked finally.

"Be good enough to receive, dear miss, my compliments the most distinguished," I translated.

He was indignant. "What did you let me put that in for?"

"It's the way all French letters end. Leave it. It's all right. It sounds as though you were being funny."

"That's a good thing to know," he opined, and he made a note of the information.

"Let me see the letter," I commanded; then I began to rail in earnest. "You stage people! You pride yourself on your foul penmanship, don't you? What possible use is there in sending that bit of illegibility through the mails."

"I'll do it over," Jack said.

"A person capable of smudging paper with that slovenliness couldn't possibly create readable characters."

"Well, I'll have it typed. That'll give me a chance to use that cuneiform line too."

"She's done that," I said. "No. There's a portable typewriter in a case in the other room; bring it in here."

"Here's one right on the desk," he protested.

"Do as you're told," I ordered him. The one on the desk I'd used for Cynthia's letter and I remembered her remarks on my artistic conscientiousness. When he'd brought the machine I typed Certified Copy at the top, and then transcribed the scrawl.

"Just put them in the same envelope," I directed.

"Shan't I sign this one too?" he asked. "My signature's good. Did you notice?"

He'd worked over that signature. It was as full of flourishes as the hero's farewell to the heroine before he went out to do single combat for her in the palmy days of the drama.

"Oh, let her content herself with one," I counseled. "Make her suffer a little."

Young Mr. Hun grinned; then he went into a long query as to what a certain critic could have meant by calling him, in his criticism of Yesterday, "the just faintly rococo Mr. Hun." I did my best to clear up the point.

"Well, what luck in your man hunt?" I asked Cynthia Gage when she dropped in on me next day, which was Tuesday.

"Magnificent!" she exulted. "What do you think of that?" and she flaunted the Hun letter in my face.

"Not much," I grunted.

"Why, it's brilliant. It absolutely sounds as though you'd written it."

"Now you are dealing in superlatives," I told her.

"I just came in to show you it. I can't stay for an instant. I've got to go to the hairdresser's, and buy flowers, and buy perfumes. I've made up my mind to be irresistibly seductive."

"I should hardly announce that as a piece of news," I said. "It's been your one malicious purpose ever since you were born into this vale of tears."

"I'm always slipping up, though, just when it's really important to me," she said mournfully, but even on being given time she could cite no instances.

"Are you letting him force your appointment to 3:45?" I asked.

"Of course not," she answered, contemptuous of my lack of appreciation of her technic. "I've left cigarettes and all kinds of drinkables and a lot of magazines for him, but I shan't appear until a little after five."

"I'm glad to see this great passion hasn't completely deprived you of your reason," I said. "Well, I'll expect you with a complete report tomorrow."

"I'm sure you'll see a new light on my face," Cynthia said.

I chuckled, and I chuckled a great deal more after she'd left, in expectation of the crestfallen appearance she would make next day; but that joke was on me.

"Well, what about him?" I asked, before she'd had time to say a word.

"Oh, he's so beautiful!" she pronounced.

"Cynthia, it isn't maidenly for an unmarried girl to talk about the beauty of men as you do," I lectured her.

"I just can't help it," she confessed, "and it's a good way to get my admiration out of my system."

"But did you find him as interesting as you expected to?" I pumped.

"Oh, he was wonderful. He had such cute feet. He sits with them perfectly parallel like a good little boy."

"That, of course, shows definite brilliance," I commented. "Did he give any other demonstrations of it?"

"Don't be horrid," Cynthia said.

"What did you talk about?"

"I don't know. We just looked at each other most of the time."

"Were you seductive?"

"I tried to be, but I can't tell yet. I was all mystery." She put back her head and laughed a few bright notes. "There were drowned men in my eyes," she concluded complacently.

"Poor Master Hun," I sighed for him. "Are you going to see him tomorrow?"

"That's just the point," Cynthia said. "That's one reason I came here. We were so distracted by other things that we never talked about when we'd meet again."

"Distracted by looking at each other, I suppose."

"Before we realized it, it was seven o'clock, and I had a dinner engagement and had to run and just eat a sandwich."

"Then he'll be at your place today. At least his note indicated that he would," I said.

"I did mention that this afternoon I'd have to be at a reading of Donald Baird's new play Ground Swell, but I want to make sure he's coming Friday, because if he isn't, I'm having tea with Esther Hadley, and she was staying at the Beechams' when it happened."

"It" was the scandal which was particularly occupying New York at the instant. The pull of such a counterattraction was evident.

"Hand me the typewriter from the desk," I groaned. "What are you calling him now?"

"I don't know," Cynthia confessed.

I typed:

Dear Jack Hun: I suppose we're at the two-name stage now, aren't we? You may have gathered from my conversation that I'm devoting this afternoon to art, so don't call. I believe, however, that in your very impertinent note there was some suggestion of Friday. Friday I shall be at home, and as I find it far too expensive to leave you alone with my cigarettes and my cellar, I shall be at home rather early. Say four o'clock. I liked seeing you.

Jack Hun missed running into Cynthia at my bedside by hardly ten minutes. On the stage one would have condemned their exits and entrances as a very clumsy bit of mechanism.

He voiced the opinion that Cynthia Gage was a knock-out, and wondered whether, since he hadn't said anything further about coming Friday, she'd take it for granted he was coming.

"But you're going this afternoon," I said subtly.

"She's hearing a play read."

"Better write about Friday then. Get me the portable."

I clicked off this time:

Beautiful Cynthia Gage: You admitted to me in an expansive moment, which you have probably regretted acutely since yesterday, that your Friday afternoon was free. With a humility which has since deserted me, I claimed it, if I proved satisfactory. I now insist on having it anyway. Give orders to your maid to admit me or I'll set up a willow cabin at your gate which will congest traffic and cause arrests—Traffic Probe Involves Beautiful Actress.

You have no idea how abominable I will make myself if you refuse. In Yesterday I have a line for which the cue is: "Why do you look so miserable?" If you will not see me on Friday, when it is given to me on Friday evening, I shall say, "Because Miss Cynthia Gage stood me up this afternoon." I shall then walk to the footlights and shoot myself, with the full sympathy of the audience—Beautiful Actress Causes Thespic Suicide.

You see how utterly a girl in your position is at the mercy of an unprincipled male. Unpleasant publicity—that's my weapon, and you'd better avoid it. You have just one chance—Friday at four.

When I wrote that letter I still thought that one more afternoon of Jack Hun would be enough to open Cynthia's eyes, or rather, to shake some sense into that good little brain of hers; but that was a delightful illusion doomed to gradual suffocation.

Jack Hun and Cynthia Gage were in love. They were in love in the only way that matters, at least in the way one is apt to think the only one that matters after some bedridden months, when one realizes that one is probably shut out from that particular way forever.

I didn't take it seriously myself until one afternoon they met in my room. Their passion for each other was as actual and as apparent as the walls.

Each of them had come out of sheer kindness, intending to cheer me up; and the sight of them gave me such a night as no drugs my doctor could prescribe would calm—a night in which, at intervals, I would straighten myself on my rumpled pillow and say, "I won't think of her. I'll go to sleep. I'll go to sleep," and between times I'd hold tight to the rungs of the headboard and say, "Oh, Damn! Damn! Damn!"—a word in which there is curious comfort when one is suffering.

After that I wrote letters for each of them from time to time. There are people who are convinced that no occupation could be more congenial to me than the composition of passionate love letters to myself, but that was not my reason. I wrote Cynthia's because she asked me to, and bluster as I will, I am practically incapable of refusing Cynthia anything. As for the letters Jack signed, they provided a way in which I could express a part of what I felt for Cynthia Gage and yet know it gave her pleasure. Cynthia was far too soft-hearted a person for me to have let her hear any such words from me as conditions stood. I didn't know—no one knew—whether I was to be a hopeless invalid for the rest of my life. Such letters from me would have distressed Cynthia, at best. They might have done far worse. She was just the kind of luminously, light-heartedly seraphic girl of whose sympathies some damned horse weight of a man is always taking advantage.

Jack Hun was no horse weight, at least. To a magnificent physique he added a real acting ability which, when simplified by the right training, might make him an important figure on the stage. I knew few people less apt to become pitiable, and from the angle at which I then regarded the matter it seemed to me that pity was Cynthia's great danger. It was hardly my ideal for her that she should marry a *jeun premier*, but women have done so and survived; even have gained from such marriages the protective hardness of which I wanted Cynthia to have just a little for her own sake.

If I'd really thought the letters I wrote fanned their flame I suppose I shouldn't have gone on writing them, but no mere written words could have fanned it to increase, and I realized as much. It fed consumingly on every glance they exchanged. I could add nothing to what they felt, and it gave me a bitter relief to fling into that lovely bonfire unheeded bits of a love that could not speak in its own right.

I used to scribble things I should like to say to Cynthia, when I couldn't sleep, and hoped Jack would happen by and give me a chance to use part of them, which he very often did, because he was beginning rather to fancy himself as a correspondent; and when Cynthia demanded some reply, I always gave her one in which I suppressed, as best I could, my sense of Jack's faint ridiculousness.

If involving me had begun, on Cynthia's part, as a curative measure, perhaps it had a certain success. I rather imagine that, when one is pretty ill, to be kept acutely conscious of life is an advantage, even if it involves a little emotional writhing. The thing to avoid is giving up, and one doesn't give up if one is interested. I didn't get well, but I went on living. It was something of a miracle.

When A Pretty Penny ended its triumphant run and Cynthia began to rehearse the play by Donald Baird called Ground Swell, she demonstrated the abysmal femininity of her state of mind by coming to me perfectly exultant with a discovery.

"Darling, this business is making me into a rotten actress. Isn't that wonderful? Don't you think it proves it's something more than just the average love affair?"

"It's a little sad for the unhappy author of Ground Swell," I commented.

"He doesn't think I'm rotten in it, fortunately," Cynthia said.

"Is he gone on you already?"

"Well, you know how authors are. You're the only one who's ever escaped me. It's that Pygmalion motif no author can resist. An author sees one as his Galatea, and the pleasurable sensation is so strong he thinks it must be love."

"According to yourself, you're not bringing Baird's Galatea to very vivid life."

"It's his first play, and just having his words spoken is enough. Any old leading woman would have the same effect. As a matter of fact, I'm going through it very much as one would."

"Well, I fail to see why you should be so elated about it."

"Because it's because I'm in love. Being in love is divine. It's like having your room full of roses all the time, and a big fire on the hearth."

"There won't be much of a fire on your hearth if you lose your talent, young woman," I fumed at her.

"It's the best thing that could happen. We'll both concentrate on his career. He's going to be a wonderful actor."

"I can guess where you got that information," I remarked.

"But he is. He has it to the nth degree. You should see the notes girls write to him."

"See them! I write the very best of them," I said.

"That's what makes me love you so eternally. He'd never have noticed me if it hadn't been for your letters. They have such distinction."

(Continued on Page 142

JOYOUS COMFORT . . . AT EVERY STEP

Solid Comfort for your feet

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Heading the eights is the Hupmobile Eight, which two years ago started the swing to the eights—and now dramatically speeds it up with still further refinements in its latest models.

Hupmobile has shown the futility of expecting any other type to deliver the superlative smoothness and ease of its own magnificent Eight.

It has shown the needlessness of a motor car investment above its own price, especially when that investment demands the very utmost in brilliant performance.

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Fourteen Distinguished Body Types—priced from $1945 to $5795 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

8 HUPMOBILE

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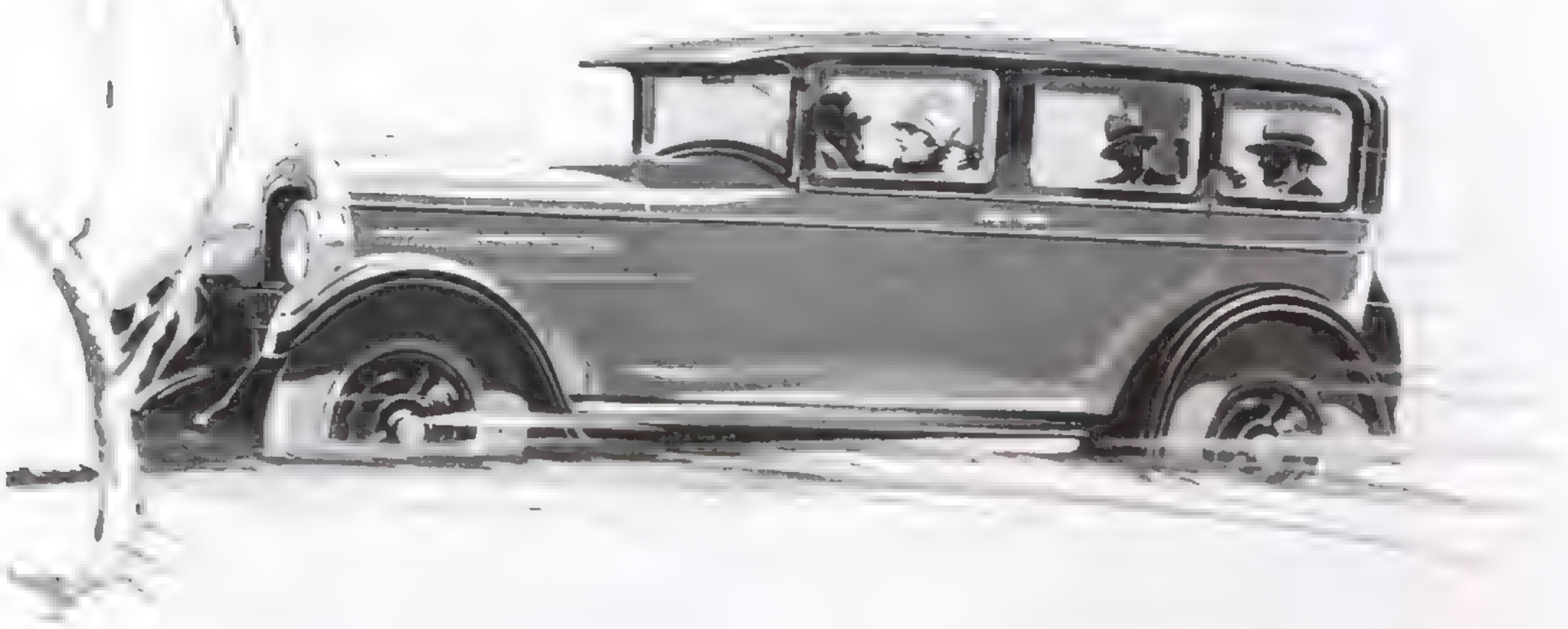

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$1385
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The new Hupmobile Six is sweeping ahead in the forefront of public preference among sixes selling for $1500 and even up to $1750.

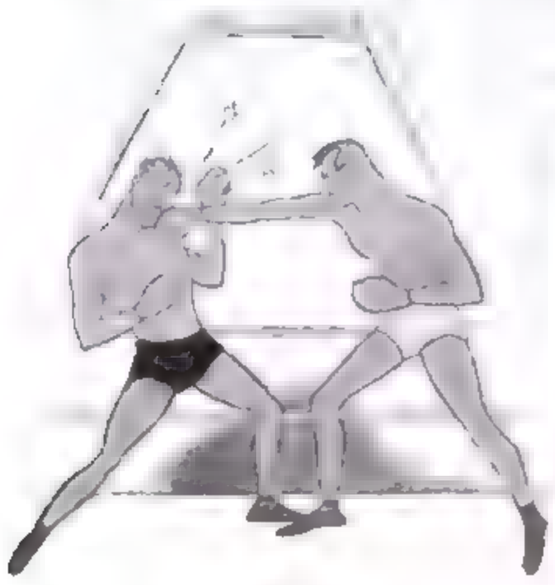
Extra quality throughout, because Hupmobile is putting ten per cent finer materials and workmanship into this Six, *without adding a penny to purchase prices.* Beautiful bodies, exquisite colors, rich upholstery with a wealth of high-grade accessory equipment, are the outward signs of its excellence.

Performance tells the same convincing story of extra quality, recognizable at once in eager responsiveness, silken power, superb roadability.

Brougham, $1385; Coupe, $1385; Roadster, $1385; Touring, $1325, f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax

HUPMOBILE 6

What a sock!



They certainly do stand punishment

Be your tastes gay or quiet, you will be won first to Ipswich socks by their style; you will find just the sock to suit you in stripes, checks, gay fancies or plain colors.

Whatever the pattern or material, the thing that brings men back over and over again for Ipswich socks is wear. They are the bachelor's solace and the housewife's delight. They stand up under punishment long after you might expect socks to be ready for the scrap basket.

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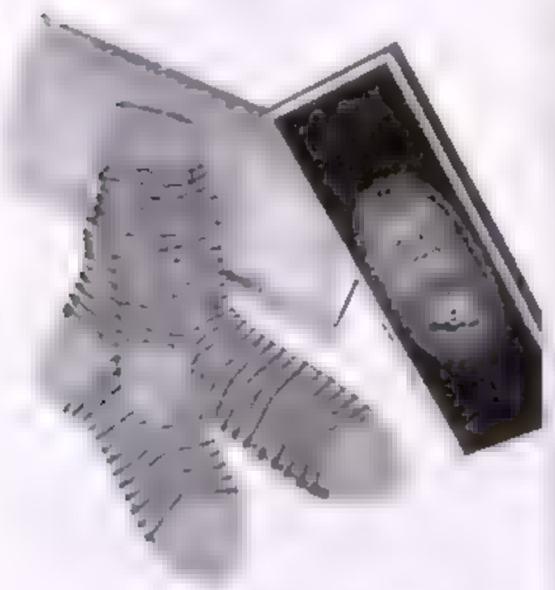

This is one of the new Ipswich fancies for Spring—it comes in a variety of color combinations.

IPSWICH HOSIERY

IPSWICH MILLS, Ipswich, Mass.

LAWRENCE & CO., *Sole Selling Agents*

(Continued from Page 139)

"As for the idea of your submerging your superior talent in his much lesser one," I went on, "that's just idiot's babble."

"Oh, you're so wrong," she contradicted me. "He's wonderful. And do you know, I'm not going to see him for days and days. We open in Wilmington next Wednesday and we'll be a fortnight on the road. Will you write me a letter or two to send back? Of course I'll telegraph every day, but I'm capable of that."

"Some more of the letters that are just a little different, madam?" I mocked her. "Come tomorrow and I'll have some samples for you to choose from. Any particular shade you'd like?"

"Purple and red," she directed. "Gorgeous letters! And don't forget that I'll be away St. Valentine's Day. Isn't it dreadful?"

In spite of those explicit directions I wasted very little time on the compositions in question. They were largely made up of remarks Cynthia had made from time to time.

That was safe, because Cynthia never hoarded her good things, as most of us do. Unconsciousness of any merit in them made her as prodigal of them as a child might be with golden coins happened upon in its play.

This was one of the samples:

My darling: You know what the road is, but you haven't any idea what the road is without you when one is used to seeing you every day. It's all water bugs in the hotel and rats in the theater. Horrible rats with nasty hairless tails and feet. I suppose that if they had bushy tails they'd be squirrels, wouldn't they? And I suppose, too, that I should hardly expect them to wear carriage boots. Still, they do seem more than ordinarily sinister.

What are you doing every minute and thinking every minute? Are you getting your laughs quite as though I were in town? And are your fan letters as incandescent as always? Those are the things I'm wondering about. It's so strange not to know.

Let me confess something. It's because of those fan letters that I'm not writing words that require an asbestos envelope. Perhaps the frigidity of this will attract your attention. I want your attention ever so much.

Think of me, love me, miss me. Write.

And this was another:

My darling: Old Mr. Graves who plays my grandfather was talking about Edwin Booth today, and all at once I was acutely homesick. It was just the way we talk about you. I suppose we are mad, but may we find no alienist for our divine insanity.

I'm too atrocious as Jocelyn. Mr. Baird has one of the characters call me an elfin child. I simply cannot be an elfin child, and the thought of trying to be gives me an awful feeling in the stomach. I think it's what you call being queasy.

I've read the article about you. My Booth! My Mansfield! It's outrageous that they should speak of you as a young leading man who shows promise. Don't they realize that you burn with the clear white flame of genius? At least you've managed to convince me that you do.

People are outrageous anyway. At least everyone here is, and I can't think of anyone in New York who isn't but you. If you find yourself doubting that statement drop everything and come here at once.

Good night, my darling. Two kisses, because to send you as many as I'd like would seem simply ostentatious.

And for Master Hun's valentine I manufactured this:

My darling: A valentine should be so nice! One should find an old one in an old shop—one that's been stained with a flower pressed in the same book with it, or that smells, perhaps, just a little of tobacco that was smoked ever so long ago. There should be a picture so sentimental as to be funny: Lovers making vows under a weeping willow, or Dido preparing her pyre, and a perfect surf of paper lace, with embossed doves and forget-me-nots scattered over it.

I haven't a moment to go hunting through shops—we're having extra rehearsals—so I must content myself with assuring you that I'm feeling all those weeping-willow sentiments while we're apart; that I'm quite as mopy as an 1840 Dido deserted by some ridiculous paper Æneas; that I love you, and haven't any sense of proportion about our separation.

Perhaps my real valentine to you is my sense of humor. I will slip him into this envelope all cold and white, and quite, quite dead. I loved him so much once! And now I'm glad he's dead, because I can love you better without him.

That doesn't mean one couldn't love you unless one's sense of humor were dead. No, really, it doesn't. It only means mine happens to have died, and I'm laying his loss at your dear door. Put him with the fan letters you pack in pink and blue perfumed piles. He will never stir. His lips will not curl to the tiniest smile. He died for love of you. You may well be proud.

Good night, my darling.

Jack dropped around the day after Cynthia left, but what he wanted was my approval of a step he considered taking, though he seemed under the impression that he was asking for advice. He'd been offered the lead in a play called The Cur. It meant canceling a sure job which would be good for another season for a gamble between a possible success and an immediate flop.

Jack had brought me the manuscript. It was a very bad play, but it might go, and I knew as soon as I read it that there was no real possibility of Jack's refusing the offer.

The part was that of a young man misunderstood by the rest of the cast from the beginning almost to the very end, who made gigantic, constant, and—as it seemed to me—half-witted sacrifices for practically every one of them.

Naturally, Jack being Jack, The Cur was the entire topic of our conversation, and only at the very last, when it was too late for him to wait while I typed, did he say:

"And will you write me a letter to Cyn? She's in Wilmington, you know. I'll send a messenger around for it and sign it at the theater." Considering his character and his state of mind, that he remembered Cynthia at all was a major miracle of love.

When he had gone I tried a letter satirizing, for my own amusement, his attitude toward The Cur, but it was no go, and finally I resorted to writing the letter I thought he should have written Cynthia:

My unimaginably beautiful: I've spent the day on Fifth Avenue because it is your street, for you have no relation to Broadway, my dear, except that you glitter above it as impersonally as your sister Cynthia in the sky. No, Fifth Avenue is yours, and so I have a right in it too. I think the lawyers call it a right "by the curtesy."

It was so cold the air seemed to have a glitter of frost in it, and the sky was as blue as an Oxford blue shirt; and everyone was very rich, but no one was as rich as I.

The snow had begun to melt, and then frozen on the crosses that point the spires of St. Patrick's, so that each was a great diamond, so brilliant in the sunlight one could look only for an instant. All the shopkeepers had arranged rare things in their glittering windows, in the empty hope that you would pass and be pleased.

Above Sixtieth Street the houses of the very rich stretched in a long row, dreaming that you might call. They were like the faces of dowagers who'd had a mud pack apiece and were resting in the expectation of an important visit. I didn't tell them you were away. It's much better to hope you may be coming than to know the truth as I do.

When I turned back, a mauve twilight was beginning to fall over the lovely street. The Collegiate Church was a dark plum color in it. It looked as though the church were dissolving like a bouillon cube and staining the whole atmosphere. Then sudden flowers of yellow lights bloomed on the dusk.

You can see that this began by trying to be that detestable thing, a whimsical letter, but it's really only a very lonesome letter. It's a letter determined not to use the three tedious words it wants to say over and over again.

I went to the theater and played my silly part in a silly play to an audience with no one in it that mattered. There's some possibility that I'll leave Yesterday for a part in something called The Cur. What does it matter? You're away.

I can't end this letter. It's late. I love you. There are the three words out at last. I will go on saying them until I'm asleep. I will probably be saying them again when this reaches you. I love you. Damn it, how stupid it looks on the page. I love you.

I'm quite sure that Jack Hun never read that letter, because he would certainly never have lent his signature to that, except the lines about a silly part in a silly play. Also it was a pretty maudlin letter, and he would have been justified in protesting the tone of it, but he didn't. He merely signed and posted it.

The next day he resigned from Yesterday, and shortly thereafter rehearsals for The Cur began. On the one or two occasions he appeared to keep me posted as to his career, he asked for a letter for Cynthia and got one; but he hadn't been there for three days when, looking out at the big flakes of a snowstorm, I realized that it was the thirteenth of February.

I called up Jack at The Players. "How about a valentine for Cynthia?" I asked.

"I'd forgotten," he said. "I telephoned her night before last after the show and I'll telephone her tonight. That'll be St. Valentine's Day. It'll have to do. They've written in a new scene. I've got about twenty sides to learn."

"What if you have?" I inquired. "You stop in here on your way to the theater, you young hog. And bring some Players' Club stationery. Cynthia's got to have a proper valentine."

I was outraged at him for having any thought for anything but Cynthia, who was to be in Philadelphia next day, playing a part she hated in a play which simply embarrassed her.

So that she might find in her mail box at the theater something beside the crabbed screed of begrudged affection I had allowed myself to send her, I wrote probably the most revoltingly mawkish two pages I have ever indited. And what a heave it was to set them down.

My incredibly beautiful: It's the thirteenth of February, and I was considering buying a valentine for you when it occurred to me that of course there will be none on sale here. You're in Philadelphia, so tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day in Philadelphia only, and it's much more graceful for the rest of the world simply to forget its date.

But even if you were here, my beautiful, I should be so happy I wouldn't want a valentine just from me to you, or from you to myself. I should want a valentine for all the lovers in New York and all the lovers there will ever be in New York.

Ironically, the very thing is in preparation at this instant. It's snowing and I sit looking out at Gramercy Park. The trees are already trees cut from paper and the fence is a tinsel grille, while the statues and little fountains are so heaped with snow one cannot look at them and not think of Verlaine's verses:

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé,
Deux spectres ont évoqués le passé.

Tomorrow Gramercy will be an enchanted space of ground defying the tall materialism of the city about it. The sunlight will tint it with faint colors all day until toward sunset and then, suddenly, it will be rose—an unbelievable clear rose, traced with violet shadows.

If you were here we would enter it then. You would wear your mignonette cloak, and jasmine I had sent you, and you would carry a great blond muff and shelter your cheek from the wind with it. And I would walk beside you until darkness fell, and we would be so happy that we would never altogether leave Gramercy Park, though we seemed to go intact to our theaters and our homes, and through our whole less actual lives. Something of us would stay there, and on St. Valentine's Days of new snow two specters would come always to evoke the past in Gramercy—your lovely ghost and my adoring one.

If I speak of that old fallacy "always," it is because I find myself wishing the little-boy wish to do something to make the world realize forever how incomparably lovely you are. You must forgive me. Everyone who sees you must wish it in some degree. But if I only could! If I only could! As though what I did mattered.

We people of the stage must believe in an imperishability of beauty the rest of the world finds hard to credit. Of that fragile imperishability you are the loveliest evidence I have ever known. Though I believe in you utterly, I find myself wondering at the beauty of every memory. I want to be the shadowy lover in the intangible valentine of your legend. I want some of your glory to touch me, not because it is glory, not because it is reassurance; only because being away from you is so hard to bear.

Whatever I do, know that I want to build something worthy of your loveliness, and if I fail it will not be for lack of will, but that some strength is wanting within me—some strength your lover should have, and that I, helpless, would rather have been born dead than born without. I will do my best. I promise, not you but myself.

This is too solemn for a valentine. I love you.

As I recopy that letter I have the decency to blush. It gives the effect, which I have often seen in the very worst plays, of being so anxious to be eloquent as to become totally incoherent. It is the sort of thing about which one permits oneself to joke but which may not be mentioned by one's friends. It is a disgrace.

Fortunately most girls have not such fastidious literary taste that they resent letters of the sort; fortunately, because, as I've said, at the right moment it's a great relief to write them.

It was shortly after St. Valentine's Day that things began happening to my young

(Continued on Page 145)

NEW STYLES
IN GIRLS' SHOES
by

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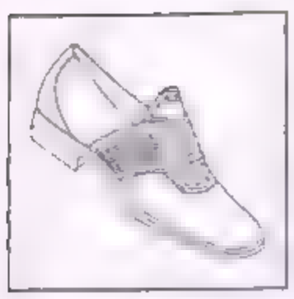
No. 3755—Girls' light, airy one-strap pastel parchment pump with attractive vamp and quarter underlay. Snappy vogue last and medium heel. Also in patent leather, No. 3756



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Five hundred generations have spent their span of years upon the earth since the glory of Atlantis . . . But human emotions remain unchanged.

From the earliest dawn of days man has sought to adorn his woman with *jeweled possessions* . . . . . and woman has thrilled to the touch of these treasured tokens.

Atlantis of dim antiquity, or Atlanta, Georgia; Athens, Greece, or Athens, Ohio, men and women despite calendar or compass are pretty much the same.

The Love Token of the Ages

Precious jewels seem, somehow, to have grown up with the world. Through all the ages men have counted on these tokens to whisper the story of their devotion . . . and women have listened and understood.

Modern Modes in Jewelry

Although color has come into the jewelry mode diamonds and pearls have lost none of their traditional desirability

for GIFTS THAT LAST

Consult your Jeweler

(Continued from Page 142

people with a vengeance. First, due to the unexpected release of a theater, Cynthia's play was hurried into town, opened on a Thursday night, proved disappointing to an audience of Cynthia's most devoted admirers and, because Cynthia's pleas to her management buttressed their own judgment, closed on Saturday night. The run was long enough for any play in which the heroine is spoken of as an elfin child. It was Cynthia's first encounter with failure, and she took it with a pale, tremulous-lipped gallantry which almost killed me.

"It was I they hated," she told me when I tried to comfort her. "I was no good."

"You said yourself, Cynthia, that this love business with Jack Hun had been bad for your acting."

Cynthia was but human. "And it was an awful play, wasn't it?" she pleaded.

"Terrific. I suppose Jack's been a great comfort to you."

"Oh, yes," Cynthia agreed. "Only, of course, he's been so busy with The Cur that I've hardly seen him."

"I suppose," I ventured, "that if The Cur is a great success it will make up to you in large part."

"It's got to be," Cynthia answered, and the fact that she had no suspicion that I was being sarcastic shows to what profoundness of gloom she had sunk. "We can't both be failures."

"That's a rather melodramatic description of a girl who's been on the stage seven years and has just met her first discouragement."

"I could feel that audience," Cynthia replied. "The public is just tired of me."

"What are you going to do next?"

"I don't know. I feel as though I never wanted to go on the stage again. They've been rehearsing a revival of Major Barbara with Ann Forbes as Major Barbara, and they don't like her in it. There's some talk of sticking me in it in her place."

"That," I said, "would be something like."

"Oh, it won't happen." Cynthia was superstitiously pessimistic. "Mr. Kanich just mentioned it to me to cheer me up. He was sorry for me. People are beginning to be sorry for me."

Sam Kanich has never been noted for a very exquisite tact, so I suspected that statement, and next day Cynthia was rehearsing Major Barbara.

With Jack Hun working at The Cur, which was to open cold and soon, for about eight hours every day, they weren't seeing a great deal of each other. That they weren't was just a sample of the magnificent streak of luck in which Jack was running, for, on the one occasion when he came to my room to extract some advice about a scene for The Cur which they were thinking of changing, he was so patronizing in his attitude toward Cynthia that I was sure had she been with him much she couldn't have failed to notice and resent it. He might have been talking about Clara Morris, so gentle and remote was his acceptance of the Ground Swell fiasco.

It was particularly annoying to me, because I could foresee, from the things he told me about The Cur rehearsals, a gigantic shoddy success. It was easy to imagine how he'd swank it over Cynthia when that came to him.

The reception of The Cur, however, was one of those things which renew one's faith in human nature. Every reviewer saw in it the possibilities I had sighted, and inveighed against them, and against the whole production, and against every performance in it, with unprecedented violence. But the public saw in The Cur a great bore. The third night played to 37, which does not inevitably follow bad reviews, as managers are pleased to point out.

"Ran just four performances," Jack sniffed, in the proud consciousness that The Cur had shivered through eight. "Wait till she tries Major Barbara though. Gee, I wish she'd refuse to go on with it! She's no highbrow actress."

"She's got an awfully good head," I reminded him. "Look at her letters."

"Humph!" Jack said. "Just wait and see. Gee, it breaks my heart to think how she'll feel!"

Jack was spared cardiac disruption. Major Barbara was a furor. Cynthia had never before had a part in which she could really set her teeth. She played it with the joy of an invalid eating a solid meal after a long liquid diet. I wasn't there, of course, but one of my friends among the critics called me up between the acts to give reports; and The Cur closed when its week was up.

I never saw the least trace of relief in Cynthia's conduct, but it doesn't seem human that she could have failed to feel just a little. She tried and succeeded in protecting Jack from realizing how abysmal the failure had been.

She renounced hours of almost essential sleep to be with him and distract his mind from the calamity.

"It comes to everyone," was her slogan. "One has to expect it. Look at what happened to me."

The only way really to have pleased Jack just then would have been to claim that he'd given a magnificent performance in an unappreciated masterpiece and that there was some cabal of the critics against him. Cynthia was too sincere in her loyalty to the theater for that.

Jack came to me quite grumpy about her. "She acts as though The Cur had been as bad a flop as Ground Swell," he pouted.

"From the accounts," I replied, "it seems to me that Ground Swell was a triumph by comparison." And Smith, of The Public Spirit, after he'd got off his copy, came to my place to tell me that our child had been magnificent. He was there when Cynthia arrived with Jack in tow. Jack was so unfortunate as to make one or two small suggestions as to changes in Cynthia's interpretation of her lines.

"Young man," Mr. Smith informed him, looking at him over his spectacles, "all Cynthia has to do is pray God that she can duplicate tonight's performance and avoid the advice of fools."

"Well, are you glad you lived through Ground Swell?" I asked Cynthia.

"Am I?" she said. "Why, this has been sweeter to me than anything that ever happened on earth." Then she spoiled it by adding, "Except Jack."

Two days later, however, Cynthia turned up again, alone this time, and looking pale and unhappy. She had, she announced, quarreled with Jack Hun.

"I tried not to," she asseverated, "because I do love him so much; but he just picked a quarrel. I know it won't last long and that he's nervous because he's been so hurt by everybody lately, but it makes me feel terribly."

"What did he pick a quarrel about?" I inquired, because doing so with Cynthia would be rather a feat.

"Oh, never mind," she said.

"Did he give you some more hints as to how you should interpret Shaw?"

"Oh, I wouldn't have quarreled about that."

"Then what did you quarrel about?"

"Nothing, really."

"But how am I going to write a letter if I don't know what you quarreled about?"

"I don't want you to write a letter," she answered, so quickly that it gave me a clew.

"So your quarrel had something to do with your letters," I ventured.

"I ought never to have mentioned the thing to you at all."

"Just what was it about your letters?"

"He'd been rereading them. He claims that I made fun of him all along. He said they sounded just like the reviews of The Cur."

I really was astounded that Jack should show the wit. "Did you tell him that I wrote them?" I asked.

"Of course I didn't. I'd perish of shame if he knew. And you mustn't tell. Promise you won't. It will come right in a few days anyway."

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"But you feel badly," I said.

"It doesn't matter. He'll forget about it and we'll be all right again."

"I'm sorry I made such a botch of things," I said.

"But did the letters make fun of him?"

"Perhaps, just the least bit. I'm sorry. I thought I was safe."

"He certainly never noticed before," Cynthia said, and she didn't reprove me, but I knew that she thought I'd betrayed her, and I had.

When she'd gone reflection on the part I had played made me feel even worse than I had when she was with me. Finally I called up Jack Hun and told him I wanted to see him at 10:30 the next day; then I telephoned Cynthia and asked her if she could stop in at the same time, not mentioning Jack's name.

"Of course I can, darling," she said. "And by the way, you needn't feel so badly about Jack and me. I've been reading over Jack's letters and it seems to me there's a little bit to be said on my side."

"Really?" I asked. "Why?"—and there was true astonishment in my tone. But Cynthia wouldn't explain over the phone.

Jack arrived first, very grumpy, but he was considerably cheered when I outlined the idea for a play which I'd been given medical permission to start and in which I thought there would be a part for him. When Cynthia was announced he looked guilty and tried to run, but I indicated subtly that if he left he'd get no part in a play of mine; and it was a threat which would have held him to face the devil just at that time.

"Oh, Jack is here!" Cynthia said at the door.

"Yes, he is," I answered. "I want to talk to you two children together."

"You're not going to tell him!" Cynthia cried.

I ignored her. "I understand you've been quarreling," I stated.

"Well, why wouldn't we quarrel?" Jack demanded. "You ought to see the letters she's been sending me. Every one of them has a sting hidden in it somewhere. I'm no fool, you know."

"Why didn't you speak of it before?" I asked.

"I just noticed it. I've been rereading them," Jack said.

"Now look here, Jack Hun," Cynthia interrupted; "don't think you're alone in your displeasure. I've just been reading over your letters myself and burning them. I never read such a lot of insincere, fancy, actory tosh in my life. They made me absolutely ill."

"Children! Children!" I scolded.

"Is that so?" Jack returned. "I suppose they're not well written even?"

I had never had it proved to me that my dear Cynthia could get angry. "They're not," she returned. "They're a lot of affected drivel you must have gotten out of some Ready Letter Writer."

"Children!" I tried to evoke calm. "There is no need to quarrel about those letters."

"But you don't know," Cynthia almost sobbed.

"No one on earth knows so well," I said. "I wrote every one of them."

"You what?"

"I wrote every one of them for both of you"

"For Jack too?" Cynthia gasped. "I never heard of anything so ridiculous. How absolutely like him!"

"Like me? How about its being like you?" Jack snapped.

"But it is like me. I admit that. It's like both of us. Oh, it's too completely stagy!"

"Some of my unfortunate personality probably slipped into all of them," I went on. "I'm sorry, but they're certainly nothing for you to quarrel about, and you will please stop quarreling at once and go for a long walk in the park."

"Well, she sent the letters," Jack said; "and they sound just like her anyway."

"Thank you," I bowed. "I pride myself on my mimetic faculty. It's essential to a dramatist."

They didn't hear me. "Well, yours didn't sound like you," Cynthia was saying.

"No, you've said once how badly they were written," Jack returned. "Of course that's a little hard on Denby. He's supposed to know something about writing."

"I won't be spoken to like that," Cynthia said. "Denby understood what I meant."

"Yes," Jack said, picking up his coat and starting to get into it, "I should think he would. It was pretty clear."

"He understands that I meant the letters were too lovely for you ever to have written sincerely."

"Trust you to squeak out of what you said somehow, when there's a playwright around," was Jack's final shot. "Good-by, Denby." He was gone, and I, who wanted to smash him, couldn't stir.

"The wasp-tongued little rat!" I said, and then I noticed that Cynthia was crying.

"Don't—don't," I begged her, but she went right on.

"We'll get him back somehow if you want," I promised frantically. "Are you really in love with him?"

"Of course I'm not," she vociferated. "Not one particle. If we were in love still do you think we'd have quarreled about a few letters? The thing's just dead—absolutely dead."

"And are you just crying because love dies? Oh, Cynthia! I wouldn't begin that at your age."

"No," she said, "it's not that."

"Then what are you crying for?" I inquired, at a loss.

"I'm crying because I burned your lovely letters. If I'd known, I'd have kept every one of them forever, and worn them night and day, if they made me look like a pouter pigeon."

"I keep carbon copies of things I type," I said, "and it was particularly essential with these, so I wouldn't get mixed up. Besides, one never knows when a thing will turn out to be good material. I'll give you a complete and unique set."

"Oh, please do," she begged.

"But you did say they were fancy," I reminded her.

"Coming from him, of course they were. But if you wrote them, and meant them ——"

"Who said I meant them?" I inquired.

"Oh, Denby, don't tell me you didn't. I couldn't bear it. I couldn't. I've been through too much."

"Don't play on my sympathies," I commanded her. "It doesn't matter whether I meant them or not. They weren't signed by me, and you can't use them for any chorus-girl proceedings against me."

Suddenly Cynthia smiled, looking very droll, because her mascara had made two brown streaks down her cheeks. Then she blew her nose in a businesslike way and stood up.

"When are you going to get well?" she demanded of me quite crossly.

"I don't know," I said. "They tell me I'm getting better. I don't know whether they're lying or not. Why?"

"Because I have an idea that you have scruples almost as badly as you have rheumatic endocarditis, and I'm going to wait to find out whether you meant those letters until you get over one or the other of those complaints. I think you're horrid to make me wait, but I will. I'll wait twenty years if it's necessary. Only, will you be so good as to hurry up?"

"I'll hurry up," I promised.

MARTHA'S BONDS

(Continued from Page 35)

out of sight of everything except other slim pines and palmetto. The only improvements consisted of one narrow, short, hastily made strip of shell road, and various stakes to show where the other streets would be and to mark the lots.

She liked Henderson, who was a country-bred young man, with a simple, evangelical earnestness. It didn't seem so far from town when he explained the advantages of the location. But above all, the lots were only $300 apiece and she could pay half down. She took six, so that half down didn't quite use up her pickle-factory windfall. Conservative. And she put the lots in Henderson's hands to sell whenever he could double her money for her. In the middle of April she went back to Michigan well pleased with her investment, but keeping it to herself, because the president of the First National Bank was a domineering old bear who disapproved of speculation for widows.

Simple Arithmetic

The last of May, Henderson wired that he had sold her lots for $700 each and was mailing the deed for her to sign. The letter containing the deed explained that he was opening a new subdivision, Palmcrest. Like Laurel Park, it was one of those small, compact propositions that are easily handled; and the location was excellent—only a little way beyond Laurel Park. The demand was so lively that he felt confident of selling all the lots in a few weeks, but he was reserving a block of twelve for her at $700 each, one-third down. Would she please wire him immediately whether she wanted them?

A little calculation showed that, buying six lots at $300 and selling them at $700, she had made a profit of $2400—almost two years' income in only a few months! And all she need pay down on the Palmcrest lots was $2800, or practically the amount of her profit. She wired that she would take them. But as she studied Mr. Henderson's letter over more carefully, pencil in hand and a perplexed line down her forehead, it became evident that buying the lots would involve her in an unpleasant predicament, for she would be obliged to raise some more cash.

She had bought the Laurel Park lots on a contract, paying half down. Mr. Henderson's letter said she should complete the payment on her contract and take a deed; then she could deed the lots to the purchaser and take a mortgage from him to secure the deferred payments. And she was to pay one-third down on the Palmcrest lots. Seven times twelve was 8400, and one-third of that was 2800; but in spite of patient toil with the lead pencil, she couldn't be sure just how much new money she would have to raise until Mr. Henderson's second letter made it clear, as follows:

DEBIT

To cash payment on Palmcrest lots	$2800
To second payment on Laurel Park lots	900
To commission on sale of Laurel Park lots, 5% of $4200	210
To extending abstract, recording mortgage, etc.	15
	$3925

CREDIT

By cash received for Laurel Park lots, one-third down	1400
Balance due	$2525

In terms of mere cash, then, all she had left of her pickle-factory windfall was $275, and the remainder of the down payment on the Palmcrest lots would have to come out of her bonds. Her profit was in paper—good paper, of course, secured by a mortgage on the lots. But she knew very well what the domineering old banker would say about it; so by a stratagem—honest woman that she is—Martha stole her own bonds out of the safe-deposit box at the rear of the little bank. She pretended that she was getting her solid silver forks out of the box and whipped the bonds into her hand bag when nobody was looking.

She thought at first that she would take only three, which would be enough to make the payment on her Palmcrest lots; but a wayward impulse moved her to take ten instead. She sold only three, however—going to a city thirty miles from home to do it—and left the rest on deposit with the city bank.

Profit on Paper

The first of December, Henderson wired that he had sold her Palmcrest lots for $1000 apiece. She had broken into her hoard to the extent of only $2500, and here she had sold property for $12,000. That was 1924 and everybody was talking about the wonderful real-estate boom in Florida. Northern newspapers and magazines featured it. People in her neighborhood who had been to Florida acquired a sort of distinction—something like having seen Mr. Rockefeller across the street. She went South two weeks earlier than usual, but found the town already overflowing with visitors, mostly talking real estate. There were real-estate offices everywhere. The newspapers were swollen to metropolitan proportions with real-estate advertisements. Building everywhere. Bustle everywhere, the air tingling with heady anticipations.

Buying Laurel Park lots the year before, Martha had hoped to make $3000 or $4000. Her ambition had hardly soared above that. But without knowing just how it had come about, she was taking far bolder views now. She wanted to make $50,000. She could think of $100,000 without losing breath. One got 8 per cent on prime first mortgages down here. Even $50,000 of capital meant $4000 a year income, and that would wondrously change everything.

On $1500 a year she could just live. But the boy was seven years old now. In a few years he ought to go to college, which would be very hard to manage on $1500 a year. But on $1500 plus $4000—why, she could have a little house of her own—say the Shelton cottage made over. They could travel. College would be assured. She could help poor Aunt Lizzie and Cousin Sarah. And if she made $75,000—or $100,000 ——

She felt an unwonted and uplifting confidence in herself. Already, with only the littlest stake, she had sold property for $12,000. She had made a profit of $2400 on the Laurel Park lots and $3600 on the Palmcrest lots—without bothering to deduct the commission of 5 per cent on each sale and the incidentals. That was $6000. But after all, $6000 wasn't much, and a whole year of the boom had gone by. Of course, it wouldn't last forever. A whole year of it gone by already; and a mere $6000 in 8 per cent mortgages meant but $480 a year income, which practically left her in the same old rut. She ought to have bought six blocks in Laurel Park instead of only six lots; twelve blocks in Palmcrest. Then she would have been out of the rut. She was impatient.

Her profit was still in paper. The purchaser of her Palmcrest lots paid only one-quarter down. The down payments were getting smaller, Mr. Henderson said; but that, he added, wasn't a bad thing for her, because with a given amount of cash she could control so much more real estate. She valued Mr. Henderson's advice, yet felt rather experienced herself. So she bought more lots—enough to make a real killing this time.

In July, 1925, Mr. Henderson wired a long night letter—that he had an offer of $45,000 for her Poinciana Boulevard property. He believed he could get $50,000 for

(Continued on Page 151)

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

—*the tremendous difference it makes!*

TAKE the now famous "Agitator" completely out of the machine, and the new Hoover still would be a mighty good vacuum cleaner.

But that is all it would be. And that is far from being what the new Hoover is—an electric cleaner whose plus efficiency starts where that of the vacuum cleaner leaves off.

The new Hoover cleans *deeper* and *faster* and *easier* because it has what no other cleaner ever has had—the revolutionary cleaning principle, "Positive Agitation."

So important and indispensable is this principle to the thorough and effortless cleaning of rugs, the new Hoover surpasses even the standard-design Hoover in these particulars:

1 For the first time it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floor coverings.

2 By actual tests, in the ordinary cleaning time, it beats out and sweeps up from carpetings an average of 131% more dirt.

3 It is an even greater rug-saver; the oftener a carpet is cleaned with a Hoover the longer that carpet will wear.

4 It is virtually service-proof, every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling.

5 It increases the efficiency of its remarkable dusting tools because of its 50% stronger suction.

6 Its exclusive new bag is made of the most efficient dust-and-germ-filtering cloth yet devised.

7 Its form and finish are of startling beauty; and every new feature insures greater operating ease.

You buy a cleaner to save time and energy—why not be sure you get the cleaner that saves them most?

Your Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver you the new Hoover complete with dusting tools for only $6.25 down, with the balance in easy monthly payments.

*POSITIVE AGITATION

as accomplished in the new Hoover is beating—the time-tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated above. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners · The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The New HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

Get more for your money!

Why is this Rubber from the United States Rubber Plantations especially strong and flexible?

RUBBER responds to scientific growing methods, just as wheat, cotton and farm crops do.

From first to last, rubber is grown for quality on these Plantations. Seed is selected for quality. The trees are bud-grafted—for quality. They are fertilized for quality—cultivated constantly and clean. Consequently, they yield exceptionally fine latex, which gives stronger and more flexible rubber, and better tires.

The United States Rubber Plantations enjoy an international reputation as the headquarters of scientific rubber cultivation.

UNITED STATES
ROYAL CORD
BALLOON
UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Built by the FLAT BAND METHOD

Answering some of your Questions about "Getting More for Your Money" in tires

Q. What do you mean by "More for your money"?

A. Beside Sprayed Rubber, which is stronger and more flexible, we mean *stronger cords*; more *intimate union* between cords and rubber; more *scientific methods* of building the tire.

* * *

Q. Do you mean that United States Tires are built of a finer grade of Cotton Cord?

A. Yes, just that. The United States Rubber Company produces cord for United States Tires in its own Cord Mill at Winnsboro, S. C.

* * *

Q. What do you mean by "More intimate union between cords and rubber"?

A. We mean the Web Cord process invented by this Company for United States Tires. Here is an intimate union between *natural* Cotton Cord and *natural* Rubber Latex.

* * *

Q. What do you mean by "More scientific methods of building the tire"?

A. We mean the Flat Band Method, also invented by this Company. The Flat Band Method lays the plies uniformly at precisely the right angle and tension. It makes a better tire.

* * *

Q. What is the value of Sprayed Rubber?

A. Sprayed Rubber is *pure*—it contains none of the chemicals or smoke common to old-style rubber. It is stronger, and makes a longer-wearing tire.

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

of SPRAYED RUBBER and WEB CORD

Tooth and Toe Nail!

"CATERPILLAR" TRACTORS

are sure-footed on soft fields or sandy roads...

Their extra traction means extra days of productive work in rainy Spring or early Fall...

It means an extraordinary ability to go most anywhere with a full load...

It means *extra profits* for road builder, farmer, logger or contractor.

Better · Quicker · Cheaper!

[THE PICTURE *shows the 2-Ton grading in the grounds of the Royal Hotel at... Waikiki, Hawaii*]

Prices

2-TON $1850
Peoria, Illinois

THIRTY . . . $3000
Peoria or San Leandro

SIXTY $5000
Peoria or San Leandro

There is a "Caterpillar" Dealer near you

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO.
Executive Offices. San Leandro, California, U. S. A.
Sales Offices and Factories:
Peoria, Illinois San Leandro, California
Distributing Warehouse: Albany, N. Y.
New York Office: 50 Church Street
Successor to
BEST (C. L. Best Tractor Co.) (The Holt Manufacturing Company) HOLT

CATERPILLAR

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it within six weeks. If it was his, he would hold it for that. Still, he put the offer up to her. Please wire. She wired to hold for $50,000. When she returned to Florida in December, Mr. Henderson reported that there was a sort of pause; buyers were holding off a bit at the moment; he expected the market would remain kind of quiet until the big crowd of Northerners came in after New Year's; then it would pick up livelier than ever.

Meanwhile there were second payments on the property she had bought the year before. She sold her other bonds, met the second payments and waited, very hopefully, for the market to pick up. It did not pick up, however. On the contrary, it picked down. In December, 1926, it was very flat indeed. A great many, like herself, wanted to sell; and only a few wanted to buy—at a bargain. She could not meet the third payments on her property. The creditors were very kind, readily agreeing not to foreclose for the present. Only, of course, she must pay the interest. She managed to do that. It left her with $240 in the bank, a little change in her purse. She has heard of some desperate holders who are offering lots on Poinciana Boulevard at only half last year's price, or only a third. But many of the lots are so heavily mortgaged there seems nothing to do except just wait.

If only she had her good 5 per cent bonds back again! But she is sensible enough and honorable enough not to blame Henderson. I know him and can affirm that he is as honest a man as you will find in a year's journey. He came to Florida from a village in Southern Indiana some ten or twelve years ago, clerked in an insurance office at first, then set up a little insurance and real-estate shop of his own. From the first he believed ardently in Florida. He is the kind of optimistic American who naturally does believe ardently in whatever locality he finds himself in. To him the boom was just a confirmation of his settled convictions. I am sure he never uttered a word about Florida real estate that he didn't firmly believe. He thought he was doing Martha a good turn, and is terribly sorry for her plight now, and ready to help her to the extent of his ability. But that doesn't go very far. His own balance sheet consists, on the right-hand side, of a staggering list of positive liabilities and, on the left-hand side, of equities in encumbered land.

Martha may salvage something out of her equities—after a while. With only $240 in the bank, she would take a job; but other people who were selling real estate last year, or cheerfully speculating in it, are looking for jobs too; while the collapse of the boom, shutting up many real-estate offices, reduced the number of jobs. If only she had her bonds back, or if she had stopped after Palmcrest, or if she had sold in the summer of 1925, when she had the chance to sell at a profit, or if —or if —— But all the ifs add nothing to the meager little bank balance.

Bait for Rogues

Now that the Florida real-estate boom is definitely over, many judicious words—wise after the event—have been written about it. But "Martha" is the only word that a sympathetic public need take to heart. Many persons, like her, who should not have risked their small capital in any speculation, did risk—and lost. That is pitiful. But mostly nobody in particular is to blame—unless you have the hardihood to cast the blame in their own blanched faces.

Easy money attracts rogues as surely as old cheese draws rats, and when Florida was the easiest money spot on the globe, plenty of rogues went there. Yet the cases of downright fraud are comparatively negligible. Many towns had a business men's vigilance organization in the form of a better business bureau, or a committee of the chamber of commerce, that honestly undertook to prosecute rascals. Generally speaking, fraud played a small rôle. Developments sometimes engaged professional come-along artists who would take a paralytic widow's last dollar for the first payment on a lot as cheerfully as a sand shark takes a mullet. But a great part of the people who sold lots believed their own prophecies; many of them put their earnings into lots. There is no villain in the play except human nature.

And the Florida boom is not essentially different from any other. Every boom, whether it is in subdivision lots, farm lands, stocks, wheat, cotton, oil wells or what not, mows down its swath of Marthas. Any big boom is a demonstration in mass psychology. One needs a hard head to keep cool in the midst of an excited crowd. A solitary spectator at the final game of a world's series would not think of shouting. He would watch the play in critical detachment. It's the crowd that goes wild. A crowd of speculators spreads the same contagion. People who should not be speculating get drawn into every big boom.

The Aboriginal Urge

Aside from such victims, there is nothing for the public to worry about in Florida. The state got some big solid gains from the boom, because an important part of all the money that was paid down on Florida lots went into permanent improvements—paved streets, sidewalks, sewers, hotels, dwellings, and the like. There was much waste in this, and much overbuilding; but much solid gain too. Some developers, promoters and large operators are in an embarrassed state, but that is a mere detail of their own personal experience that has no social importance. The leading industry of Central and Southern Florida is selling winter attractions to Northern visitors. Because of boom improvements, it has a larger stock of attractions to sell now than ever before. Rents, whether of houses, apartments or hotel rooms, are lower, which is good for the tourist. The boom widely advertised agricultural and industrial resources of the state that had received little outside attention before.

Apparently everybody in Florida is hard up just now, which shows how pervasive the contagion was. Sometimes a merchant may have invested his surplus in lots and trenched on working capital to meet the payments. But mainly the merchant's trouble is that so many of his customers' surpluses are in the highly unsatisfactory form of equities, and collections are slow. Sometimes he extended his shop and laid in a larger stock of goods. Everybody is hard up, and economizing is as fashionable as it was in wartime. That medicine has a sour taste, but is not unhealthy. Too many people with equities still flinch from looking a loss squarely in the eye—hanging onto forlorn hopes by any expedient that will stave off the day of reckoning. But all that will work out. There is really nothing to worry about—except Martha.

We build a beaver dam with savings deposits, life insurance, home buying, bond investments, and so on. It amounts nowadays to billions of dollars a year, a bulwark against the age-old affliction of poverty that has held the greater portion of mankind in its grip as far back as human records go. But we cannot make it watertight. Always there are innumerable leaks. A blue-sky thief gets the life-insurance money. The savings-bank balance goes into a wildcat stock. Martha's bonds melt away into equities. The higher the dam gets, the more gimlet-hole leaks appear in it.

We must presume that all the blue-sky laws of the past twenty years, and all the earnest warnings against fake and wildcat investments, have had an effect in stopping such leaks. Yet those who study the subject, and pretend to have some solid basis for their estimates, say fraud still takes a yearly toll of several hundred million dollars, or even a billion, mainly from people who can by no means afford the loss. Speculation that is lawful but reckless takes another large toll from people who cannot afford the loss.

The banker says there is really no excuse for it, because by this time the basic rules for safe investment are known to everybody capable of reading a newspaper. Surely those rules have been printed a million times in numberless mediums. First, there is a safe rate of return. In any locality that rate will be approximately the same as the going rate of interest on loans secured by first mortgage on improved, productive real estate that is worth double the amount of the loan; or for city property, where values are long established, at least one-third more than the amount of the loan.

That will be the rate at which people with topnotch security can get money. Such people will pay no more. If anybody offers more, it is because his security is less than topnotch in proportion to the premium he gives over the safe rate. In the big Northern market 5 per cent is approximately the safe rate. But that an investment offers only 5 per cent is no guaranty of its soundness. You must know something about it, or have an honest, informed adviser.

In fine, the basic rules are very simple and only two in number: (1) Don't expect more than the safe rate. (2) Seek expert advice if you don't know yourself.

The banker thinks anybody with sense enough to come in when it rains should understand those two simple rules and comprehend the advantages of following them. If everybody did follow them, leaks in the dam which all told must reach at the very least $1,000,000,000 a year would be stopped. But the banker is too prone to dispose of the whole subject by calling the losers incorrigible blockheads. They are not incorrigible blockheads. I have been a loser myself. Nine times out of ten the banker has been one too.

We must face the immoral fact that an itch to gamble is so deeply implanted in human nature that it comes near to being an instinct. Savages gamble, and philosophers. This aboriginal urge is not without its uses, either. If men hadn't been willing to take huge risks—or, rather, hadn't been eager to take them, hadn't been allured and intoxicated by them—what would have become of progress? If we had waited for a Leviathan to cross the Atlantic in, it wouldn't have been crossed yet.

Probably it is a common impression that plain old-fashioned gambling in the United States has mostly gone the way of the sword and the cocked hat because it is no longer on parade. But in fact an enormous amount of plain gambling on cards, horse races, prize fights and the like still goes on, despite all our laws and taboos and virtuous airs. Probably it will go on to the end of time. The bridge tables are out of sight, but not out of operation.

The Old Days With Us

Any aged Chicagoan in a reminiscent mood will tell you of the shirt-sleeve days when Mike McDonald's gaming emporium was one of the chief sights of the town, vying with the stockyards and the waterworks tower as an attraction to visitors, and as hospitably wide open. He will speak in a long-past tense, as though all that belonged to a vanished era, like Fort Dearborn or the wigwam. But probably more money is wagered on cards every night in Chicago now than ever passed into Mike McDonald's tills in a fortnight.

Collectively speaking, we still decidedly do gamble. If there were any official statistics to prove it by, one might confidently lay a moderate wager that more money changed hands in plain gambling transactions in 1926 than in any other twelve-month since the first settlers shook dice at Jamestown 320 years ago. Probably not more per capita, or in proportion to national income, but positively more, for there were more people with more money.

(Continued on Page 153)

KNAPP-FELT
HATS for MEN

THE welcome Spring comes smiling in with the Knapp-Felt hat for March. The inspiration of the new season is in the dash and sparkle of its novel design.

The Hat for March is the Paladin

On Friday, the Eleventh of March

the Paladin will be shown by the best hatters everywhere. It is made by the famous Cavanagh Edge Process which guarantees permanent style and long wear.

The new Knapp-Felts include styles and colors ranging in price from $8.00 to $40.00 each.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH — President
620 Fifth Avenue — New York City

"Stop!" Does *your* direct-advertising say that?

Now comes a new way to get Attention

This is your solution . . . "Stop!", that's the first thing that each of your mailings must say, "Stop!" Before it tells your story, before it sells your product —its first job is to secure Attention. Else, both your story and your product may forever be unknown.

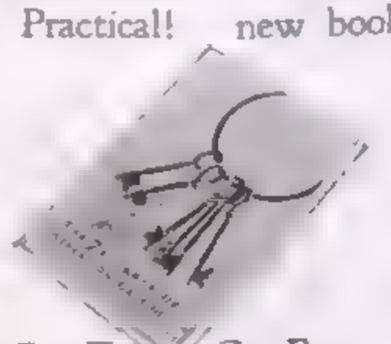
"Well then", you say, "what can I do for my mailings to insure their getting seen and read? Must I increase their size? Use gaudy colors? Employ expensive treatment?" No—those ways, once effective, are now old! But here comes a new way. Practical! Easy! So easy, in fact, that it has been reduced to the formula: *Simplicity and Strathmore Expressive Papers!*

What is so direct, so sincere, so convincing as Simplicity?

What is so arresting, so expressive, so compelling as Strathmore Papers?

These, then, are all you need to secure Attention for your mailings—to make them say "STOP!" Ask your printer to show you "dummies" made up of Strathmore Papers. In the four Groups of Strathmore Papers you will find *inexpensive papers for everyday use* as well as better papers for the finest printing.

Further, "The 7 Secrets of Attention-Getting", a new book, actually demonstrates the "how" of this new way to do direct-advertising. Write for it on your business letterhead, for the edition is limited . . . Strathmore Paper Company, Dept. 107, Mittineague, Mass.



PAPER IS PART OF THE PICTURE

THE EVERYDAY GROUP
Inexpensive papers. For Everyday Use. Books, Covers, Bonds, and Writings. These are quality papers at moderate prices for quantity runs.

THE PRESTIGE GROUP
For better or "Prestige" printing. In quality and price between the Everyday Group and the supreme Distinguished Group. Economical!

THE DISTINGUISHED GROUP
For the best or "Distinguished" printing. The very finest Strathmore Papers. Economical, too, for they lower your "cost per inquiry"!

THE DECORATIVE GROUP
Radiant colors! Delightful finishes! Novel effects! These papers, of wide price range, provide a Decorative background for your advertising.

Simplicity and *Strathmore* Expressive Papers

Bonds, Writings Books, Covers

(Continued from Page 151)

and a lot of people, having money, will always find something to bet on. How many adults, in this moral land, got through the past year without making some sort of bet?

If we look abroad, England pulls a long, doubtful face over the problem of finding enough money to keep her great cathedrals in safe repair, but cheerfully digs up a couple of hundred thousand pounds every year to bet on the Derby. The thrifty French tack a lottery feature to their bonds. In the sunny but poverty-stricken Latin countries you will see on every other corner a poor old woman selling lottery tickets to other poor old women. Gambling everywhere.

It was not lack of patrons, but the police, that shut up Mike McDonald's. It was not a lack of patrons, but prosecution, that shut up the bucket shops which used to flourish everywhere. Without doubt, a lottery, properly managed and advertised, could sell a couple of billion dollars' worth of tickets yearly in this country—if the Government would let it. The Government will not, so a host of people find some other method of betting. This gambling is not a good example to Martha. We must be chary of disposing of her case by simply calling her a blockhead. And plain gambling is much less than half the story. There remains the fancy gambling called speculation.

If we define gambling as a transaction in which the stake simply passes from loser to winner, and both, taken together, are neither richer nor poorer than before, then we should define speculation as a transaction in which the winner may win without anybody's losing, because an actual increase of wealth has occurred. You buy the lot for $5000 and sell it for $7500, but by increase of population or other causes the lot may be as well worth $7500 when you sold it as it was worth $5000 when you bought it. You gain, but nobody has lost. Single-taxers and socialists may say the public loses, but the public is too abstract a thing to weep over. No tangible human being has lost.

A Stable Rate

Unlike gambling, speculation is on parade, and nobody will deny its Brobdingnagian bulk. Last year 449,103,253 shares were bought on the New York Stock Exchange, mostly for speculation. At an average margin of ten dollars a share, that would come to nearly $4,500,000,000. There is no accurate record of speculation in wheat, corn, provisions, cotton, nor in land from Key West to Seattle. But it all comes to a lot.

This is a gambling country, a speculating country, and a country in which huge gains are made rapidly. An income-tax inquiry recently brought out that $28,000 invested in the Ford Motor Company in 1903 earned $375,927,275 net profits in sixteen years. On every hand one meets with other instances of astonishing profits. The store that covers a block or the plant that covers acres began not so many years ago on a shoestring. Everybody hears about that; so we all live in an atmosphere of easy money, whether or not we have any of it ourselves. The man or woman with $1000 to invest is teased by the knowledge that if he or she should pick out just the right thing, the little capital would grow like Jack's beanstalk. Other people's little capital has.

With a natural propensity to gamble, with much speculation, with phenomenal profits on exhibition in the show windows, it is not to be wondered at that temptation overcomes many a wayfarer. That a far greater number resist temptation is a tribute to their character and intelligence.

Five per cent or a stack of blue chips is, substantially, the banker's dictum to the small investor. Generally speaking, the investor must accept approximately the going rate of interest for his locality on prime first-mortgage real-estate loans, or take a risk that will be about in proportion to the premium he is offered over that rate. An enormous amount of money chooses safety first.

In the past five years long-term bonds floated by domestic corporations in the United States and tabulated by the Financial Chronicle of New York have amounted to $12,000,000,000. In the same period $8,000,000,000 of Federal farm loan and state and municipal bonds have been issued and sold. There is $20,000,000,000 on which the average rate was probably about 5 per cent, for the $8,000,000,000 of farm loan and municipal bonds generally bore less than that rate. Other real-estate loans, farm and city, would swell the total if we had any accurate count of them.

This safety-first money accumulates so fast that the common rate for it has held around 5 per cent in spite of powerful factors that might have been expected to bring a change. For example, thirty years ago the common rate for approved long-term corporation bond issues was about 6 per cent. But thirty years ago the price index was much less than half what it is now. In other words, according to the index number, which represents the prices of leading commodities boiled into one, goods that the investor bought for one dollar in 1896 now cost him $2.38. A year's interest on his $1000 5 per cent bond brought him 50 in commodities thirty years ago, but brings him only 21 now.

Diminishing Returns

Farmers declare that as a class they have not had a fair deal, because their income has not kept pace with income generally. Let us see how their case compares with the 5-per-center's. The index number that represents the price of all farm products in a lump was 55 in 1896 and 158 in 1926, indicating that thirty years ago a dollar would buy almost three times as much farm products as now. If the safety-first investor lent his money on a farm mortgage in 1896, he received usually 6 per cent interest. If he lends it on the same farm now through the medium of a Federal Land Bank, he may get only 4.5 per cent. So the return to the investor, if taken in farm products, would work out thus: 60 in 1896 against little more than 15 now. Surely it is not the investor who has gypped the farmer.

Increased cost of living raises wages and other income, but not safety-first income. Nor, in a long view, does increased demand for safety-first money raise the rate. In two years, to finance the World War, the Government issued about $24,000,000,000 of bonds and certificates. It was commonly said this would raise the rate of interest on investment capital for many years. But the common rate has long since been back at 5 per cent. One big corporation issue was recently sold near 4.5 per cent. New York City floated $60,000,000 of bonds the other day at a trifle more than 4 per cent. Some $12,000,000,000 has been invested in buildings in two years, and $10,000,000,000 more in the same time has gone into corporation and government issues, foreign and domestic.

Yet money accumulates so fast that the rate seems rather more likely to fall than to rise. Experience shows that it may fall just the same, even if cost of living rises. In remuneration for any other services—in wages, salaries, doctors' fees, dentists' bills, rent, street-car fares, travel by land and sea—fifty dollars now is by no means what it was thirty years ago, or thirteen years ago; but it is still the going remuneration for the use of $1000, with safety, for one year. If you don't take that, you must take a chance of losing the $1000. Profits generally are greater than they were thirty years ago, or thirteen. All other sorts of income are higher. The man with $1000 looks through the window at the Christmas tree and wishes he could butt in somewhere.

The banker says more than 5 per cent, or the going first-mortgage rate, denotes the presence of risk; but 5 per cent doesn't by any means denote the absence of risk.

The Alliance Agent is an insurance advisor

NOT only does the Alliance Agent act as a company representative through whom coverage is obtained and premiums paid—he also serves the assured as an insurance purchasing agent and advisor.

He will study the particular conditions existing in and about your property. He will point out reducible hazards that may affect your premium rate. He will help you inventory your possessions in order to determine the amount of insurance that is necessary to adequately protect you against loss. He will suggest an individual plan of policies that will give you the most complete protection on the most economical basis.

Call on your Alliance Agent and allow him to give you a new conception of insurance advisory service.

ALLIANCE
Insurance

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA
Sixteenth Street at the Parkway

Like Mrs. Greene, others are beautifying their homes with *Kyanize*

YOU, too, can find an endless variety of home uses for KYANIZE Varnishes and Enamels. So simple to apply that the amateur can't go wrong. KYANIZE Celoid Finish, for example, enables you to reclaim old, discarded, mismated pieces of furniture and transform them into beautifully tinted groups that will grace any room in the house.

KYANIZE Celoid Finish is an opaque, medium gloss enamel that is ideal also for tinting woodwork and walls. It comes in twelve delightful tints and colors ranging from Pale Ivory to Chinese Red—and you yourself can mix a wide variety of additional hues at home.

Celoid brushes on easily, dries quickly and leaves a rich, velvet-like surface—sturdy, elastic and waterproof. Even old black walnut or dingy oak is completely hidden with one or two coats of Celoid. There is practically no limit to the beautiful effects you can obtain with KYANIZE Celoid Finish, followed with KYANIZE Decals—dainty miniature oil paintings—and the surface is beautifully decorated.

Send 10 cents for our newest book, illustrated in colors, "The Charm of Painted Things." Tells how to accomplish delightful finishing effects at home.

Special $1.00 Offer

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and $1.00. We will forward, prepaid, a full pint can of Kyanize Celoid Finish (solid covering), a good brush to apply it, and new Book, "The Charm of Painted Things"—all for $1.00. State color desired. CELOID TINTS. Sunset Pink, Orange, Havana Brown, Granite Gray, Gulf Blue, Mellow Cream, Niagara Green Dixie Gray, India Buff, Pure White.

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
711 Everett Station
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

I recommend

Simply brush it on!

Kyanize

VARNISHES & ENAMELS *for Floors-Furniture-Woodwork*

There are poor investments at that rate. You must pick them out judiciously, seeking good advice if you don't know yourself. Insistence upon a low rate of return as the earmark of safety has misled many people into an assumption that anything with a low rate of return must be safe. By way of illustration, a Florida banker told me this:

Several years ago a Florida manufacturing concern issued $250,000 first-mortgage 8 per cent bonds. The banker recommended them to Mr. X, a Northern visitor for the winter, as a safe investment. But Mr. X firmly declined; 8 per cent was too risky, he said; Florida was too risky. Two years later a Northern syndicate bought the plant, paid off the $250,000 of 8 per cent bonds and immediately issued on the same security $600,000 of 6 per cent bonds—some of which Mr. X cheerfully purchased. They bore only 6 per cent; they had the Northern *cachet;* they must be safe. As it turned out, they were safe; but not because they bore only 6 per cent and were floated in the North instead of in the South.

The fact that a 5 per cent bond may be risky tends to impair somewhat that perfect sense of security which is the small investor's chief recompense for accepting so low a return on his capital. He may say, "In a risky world, why not take a risk boldly—and maybe double my capital? At least, why not risk some of the capital and put the rest in 5 per cents?" That temptation is always hovering over the valiant army of small investors.

There are as many opportunities for profit now as ever there were in the past. In fact there are more, for the winning idea in any line or branch of gainful endeavor has a bigger and freer field in which to expand.

Some concern that starts on its hands and knees this week will be twenty stories high in a dozen years. If only one knew how to pick it! The temptation is ever present.

Unfortunately, there is no rule for picking sure winners. But there is a simple, dependable, time-proved rule for avoiding sure losers. The stranger with the loud voice and brassy manner is always to be shunned. Usually, he doesn't come in person, but in newspaper advertisements and circular letters. If the advertisement shouts, if it assures you on its honor that you can't lose and are pretty certain to make large profits, have nothing to do with it on any account. It is either a rogue or a wildcat, and probably something of both.

Bootleg Bonds

And set the dog promptly on the gentlemanly canvasser who comes to the front door promising perfect safety and large profits. He may wear modest clothes, speak low and smile sweetly, but he is poison. In general, investments that offer big returns in display advertisements, in circulars and through door-to-door canvassers, are proper objects of suspicion. For one thing, to sell stocks in that manner costs the company anywhere from 20 to 40 per cent, which is ruinous usury. For another thing, it is a method employed by too many rascals. There is too much bootleg in it.

Don't deal with bootleggers. In this trade, even if you have the appetite, you are not restricted to bootleggers. There are reputable stockbrokers, reputable real-estate brokers, reputable grain and cotton brokers. If you are going to speculate, you can—by exercising a little of the most ordinary common sense—at least avoid having your money stolen under your nose. You can do that by putting it into the hands of an established broker whose financial responsibility and good character are avouched by your bank. Certainly, you can avoid handing your money over to strangers about whom you really know nothing except what they tell you. It would seem that anybody could grasp that simple little rule. Yet that one little rule, if universally applied, would stop a good deal of the thieving from unwary investors.

I might say, if you are going to speculate, be sensible about it. But just there is the rub, for only comparatively few case-hardened persons can speculate and be sensible about it. It's quite like alcohol. Most male adults know by experience that there is no harm worth mentioning in one drink of whisky. If a man could take one drink and still be as sensible about stimulants as he was before he took it, no temperance question or prohibition question would ever have arisen. But the first drink sets up a specious optimism, a fallacious self-confidence that impairs the man's judgment. After the third drink he has no more judgment than a greedy urchin in a candy shop.

Martha began by venturing $900 in Laurel Park. The money was a windfall. She could afford to lose it—that is, the loss would not have affected her living or her future in any degree worth mentioning. If she had stopped there, she would have been safe, sound, whole. In fact, she would have made a very agreeable little profit. If she had stopped with Palmcrest, she would have been safe and sound. If you should inquire among the disconsolate victims of real-estate speculation in Florida, you would find that a great portion of them began quite sensibly, with a small venture, risking a stake whose loss would not have affected their living to any degree worth mentioning. They went in sensibly, but they did not retain their sensibleness after they were in. The excitement of being in upset their judgment.

A Trading Axiom

That is the psychology of gambling, or of speculation, for psychologically they are both the same thing. Much like alcohol, it sets up a subtle excitement that changes the sober tone of the mind into something rasher and much less dependable as a guide to conduct. If you look at any gambling crowd—say, at Monte Carlo, to avoid the implication that you know where gambling crowds are to be found at home—you will see that many of the gamesters are not in a really normal state. They are rapt, intent, overstimulated. So far as the cool, cautious, weighing quality of the mind called judgment is concerned, they are as far off balance as the boozy, babbling crowd in a barroom. If you go into a broker's office and look at the people that are hanging upon the quotations as the boy posts them on the blackboard, you will see instances of the same thing.

Not in every face, of course. Habitués get used to it, just as the indurated drinker can toss in half a dozen drinks and show no effect of them. It is the novices who have least resistance and succumb quickest. They used to say on the Chicago Board of Trade, "Start a greenhorn right on a thirty-cent rise in wheat and he'll still lose his money." I don't know whether they repeat that axiom now, but it is still true. He will lose the capacity for standing off and judging his situation intelligently. He yearns to win. The febrile excitement in his brain upsets its balance. If he stood outside, he would have sense enough to say, "Stop here," just as the completely sober friend would say to the man at the bar, "Stop now." But being in, he can't see it.

That is one reason why bankers so sternly warn small investors against speculation. They don't want to have a lot of dipsomaniacs on their hands. Privately, at his club, a banker may advise a purchase of Blank Common, but when Martha comes in he prescribes 5 per cent. Sometimes restive small investors blame the banker for not showing them the more profitable investments, but usually the banker himself doesn't really know. When he gets away from 5 per cent he is taking a risk. Having experience, his guesses will turn out better than those of a novice; but he doesn't positively know. As soon as anyone can know positively that a given investment is

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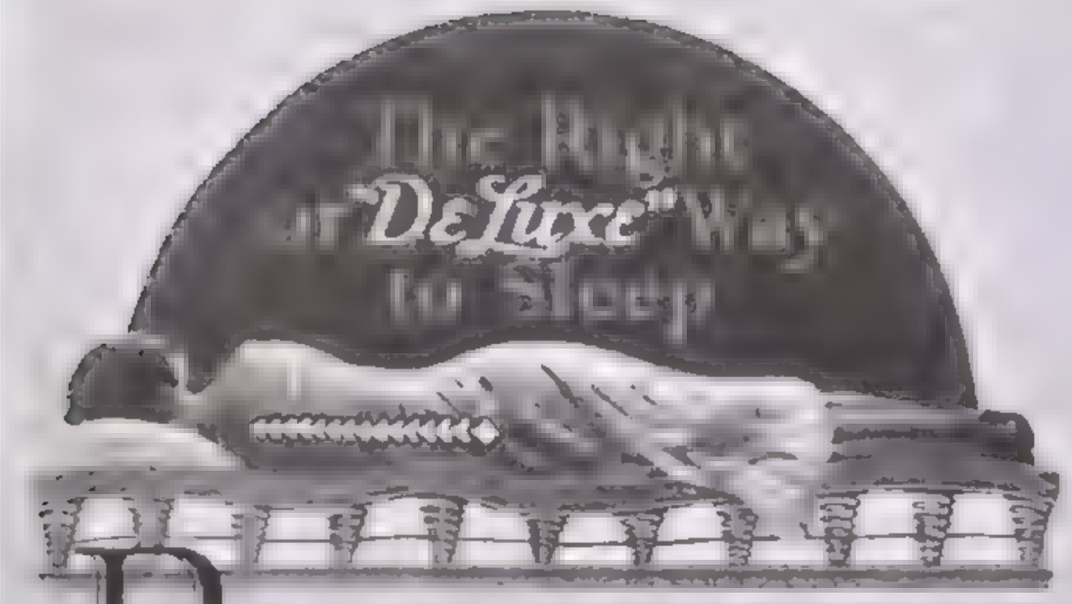
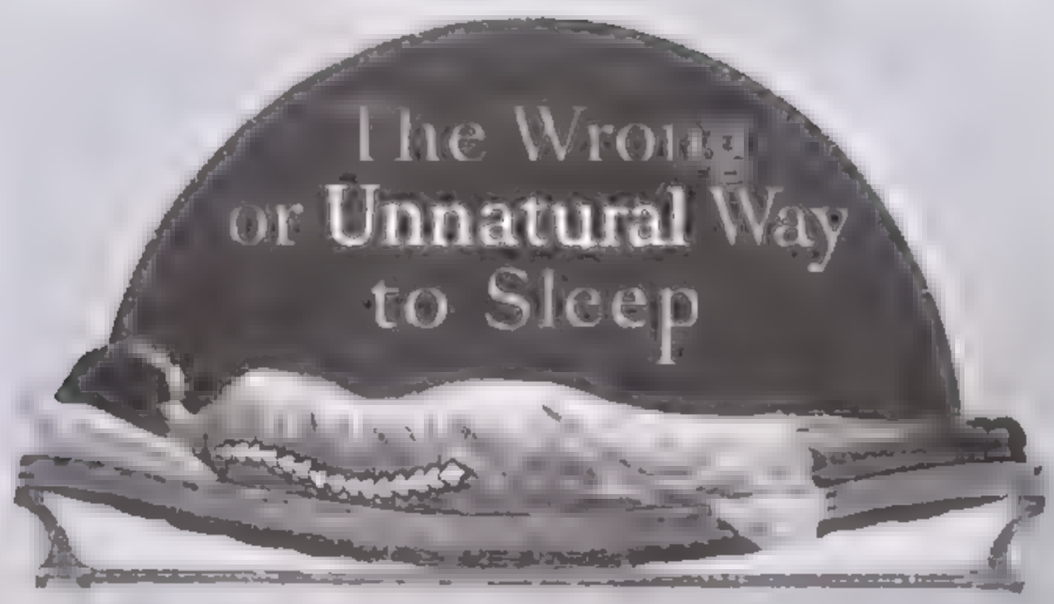




Built to fit the body - - -

this bedspring insures new comfort and deep sleep

It adjusts itself to every curve . . . holds its shape . . . and lasts a lifetime!

MEASURE your sleep by *depth*, not length. If you sleep deeply you don't need to sleep so long in order to be completely rested.

Deep sleep can come only with complete physical comfort. Then both body and mind can utterly relax. There is new energy for the day's work or play.

You have slept in beds that made you toss and turn before you found your angle of repose. You have had to adjust your body to ridges and sags and bumps and holes, before you found sufficient comfort for sleep.

Such effort is never required on a bed with a De Luxe spring. This bedspring makes the *bed fit your body*. You find perfect rest wherever you lie on it! Bodily and mental relaxation comes immediately.

This bedspring has no sidesway, and it is perfectly noiseless. It holds its shape as long as it lasts—and that's a lifetime. It is flexible . . . yielding . . . molds itself exactly to the contours of the body. Two persons, no matter what the difference in their weights, can sleep together in complete comfort without disturbing each other.

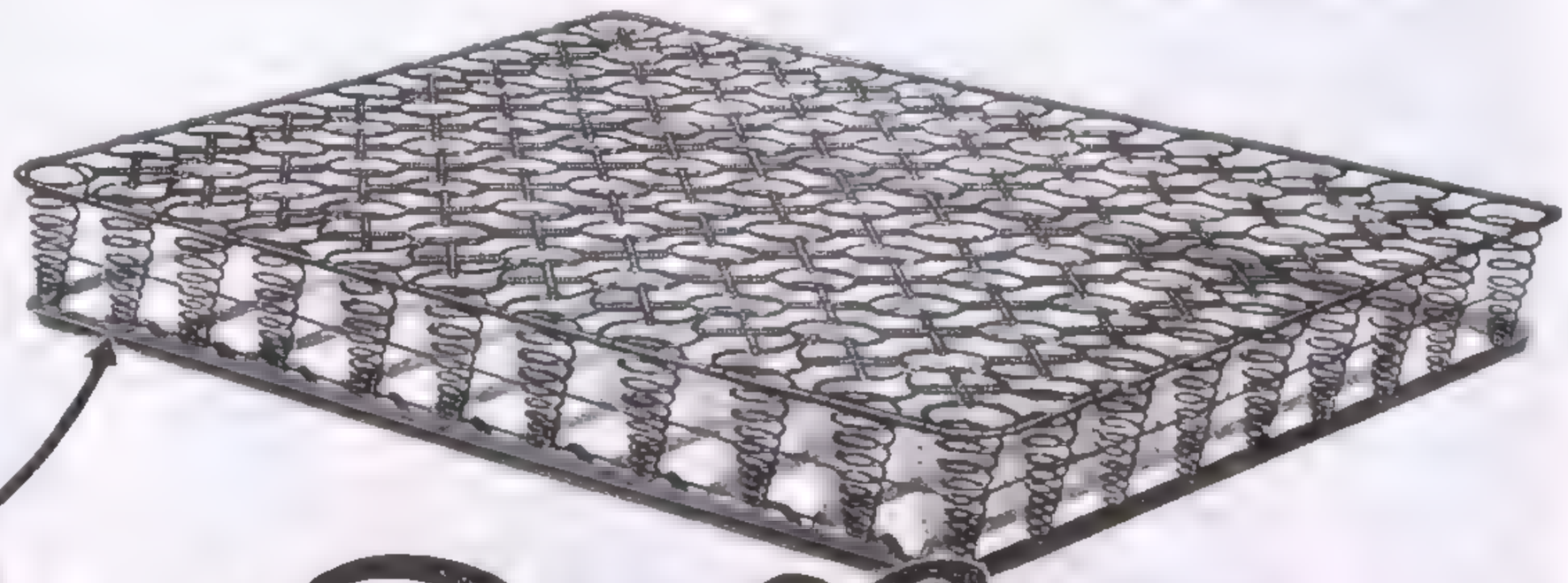
THE furniture or department stores where you usually trade sell De Luxe springs. For your protection ask for them by name. There are scores of bedsprings on the market, made in every conceivable type of construction. We ourselves make many different types of springs. But the comfort and lifetime wear that a De Luxe spring gives are found only in bedsprings that bear the De Luxe label.

We have made the De Luxe spring for people who want *comfortable* beds with springs that last a lifetime. Seventeen years of continuous production have convinced us of the wisdom of this policy. Hundreds of thousands of families endorse this policy every year by purchasing De Luxe bedsprings.

The ROME Company INC.

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON BALTIMORE ROME, N. Y.

Distributing Warehouses Everywhere



Your guarantee of getting all the quality points that only the De Luxe bedspring has, is the De Luxe label stamped on the side rail. Look for it and be sure!

ROME QUALITY

"DeLuxe"

– the Bedspring Luxurious

Strength . . the strength demonstrated by the cables that made possible the building of the Panama Canal and Culebra Cut . . is built in Cooper Armored Cord Construction

ARMORED CORD CONSTRUCTION
for greater tire strength
· · longer service · ·

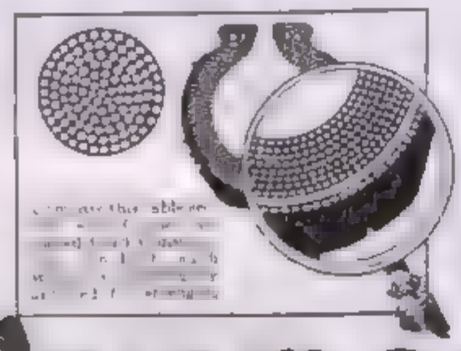
ENGINEERS who built the Panama Canal relied upon great cables to remove millions of tons of earth and rock. These cables, armored against the elements, were chosen for their super-strength.

Today, Cooper engineers have added this same super-strength to Cooper Long Service Tires by armoring each individual cord. Cooper Armored Cord Construction completely impregnates and surrounds the hundreds of cords with a protecting cushion of live, resilient, pure gum rubber . . . totally shields it from road shocks . . . prevents tire havoc before it begins.

Cooper Armored Cord Construction successfully withstands the bumps and bruises that destroy the ordinary tire carcass . . . reduces riding heat to an absolute minimum . . . eliminates disastrous friction . . . cords never touch one another as the tire flexes . . effectively creates an almost invulnerable wall of cord and rubber. Still, this soft, pure rubber cushion actually increases the flexibility and roadability of the tire itself.

This Armored Cord Construction is built in all Cooper Tires . . . both balloons and heavy duty. Your nearest Cooper Dealer will tell you about the increased mileage and the elimination of tire trouble.

DEALERS: The new Armored Cord Construction of Cooper Long Service Tires offers unusual opportunity for live dealers everywhere. Write for complete information regarding the valuable Cooper franchise.



Cooper
LONG SERVICE
TIRES

THE COOPER CORPORATION
Founded 1904
General Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio. Factories, Findlay and Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Continued from Page 154)

a bird in hand rather than one in the bush, then the biggest opportunity has passed, for the price of the investment has moved up to a certainty level.

Usually, the great profits have been made not by picking out any stock that was listed on an exchange, or offered to the public in any way, but by being in at the obscure start of a winning concern, or near the start. And always the greatest profits have been made by men who built up great businesses out of small beginnings—not speculators or investors, but makers of wealth. The founder and eleven of his acquaintances subscribed to the original 1000 shares of Ford Motor stock. The list of subscribers shows how hard it was to dig up $28,000 in real money for so reckless a venture as a horseless carriage. When the undertaking had established itself as a sure money-maker, the price of the stock moved up correspondingly. And when Ford's phenomenal profits became known, they were used as a bait to sell bushels of shares in automobile ventures that proved flat failures.

Don't blame the banker for not telling you how to pick the winners. Thank him, rather, for telling you how to avoid the losers. All the same, the industrious 5-per-center has a grievance. He doesn't always and absolutely avoid risk. Turning back thirty years, you will find a good many bonds, bearing 5 per cent or even less, that have fallen or faltered by the wayside—especially in the traction and Western railroad list. Cases of total loss to the investor have been rare; but there have been many cases of partial loss—impairment of market value, stopping of income during reorganization, and the like. And 5 per cent allows no margin for any loss. Even in this field, where the rate of income is based on safety first, the investor must pick with care. Meanwhile the 5 per cent nominated in the bond has shrunk sadly in purchasing power, and the lucky numbers have been so plentiful that any normally constituted 5-per-center may well be haunted by a vain regret that he didn't take a chance.

Only Half the Picture

True, if he did take a chance, likely as not he regrets that now. The tout never mentions anything but profits. That is one earmark by which you can tell him. The banker talks about losses too. In the prosperous year 1923—the latest for which full figures are available here—233,339 corporations reported net income of $8,321,529,000, which was about 8.5 per cent of their gross income. But 165,594 corporations reported net deficit of $2,013,555,000. The profitable corporations, lumping them together, showed no great margin of net gain on their gross business, and the unprofitable ones lost almost one dollar for every four dollars the winners made. In the unprosperous year 1921, 171,239 corporations reported $4,336,048,000 net income, and 185,158 corporations reported $3,878,219,000 net deficit, or nearly ninety cents for every dollar the profitable ones gained.

To overlook the manifold opportunities of loss, even in honest ventures, is to leave out half the picture. But when one begins to cherish exciting ideas of large, quick profits, that half the picture sort of fades out of itself. The banker who is worthy of his trade would restore it if one consulted him. One knows that, or strongly suspects it; therefore one doesn't consult the banker, but shuts one's eyes and wades in.

A man or woman who earns a surplus income and so becomes an investor must have some ability. Usually, I believe, he devotes that ability pretty exclusively to earning the surplus and depends on somebody else to tell him how to invest it. A grocer, dentist, salesman or what not knows that to succeed in his calling he must spend time and thought upon it, study it so as to know himself without having to ask somebody else what to do. Investment is a complicated business, to be studied as one would study groceries or dentistry, if one would know enough about it to be able to form independent judgments.

Oily Salesmen

Of the thousands of women like Martha who lose money every year in trying to speculate, not one would buy a ton of pig iron or a carload of lumber on her own judgment. They would say in a chorus, "Oh, we know nothing about pig iron and lumber."

But to form an intelligent opinion about the value of those commodities at a given time is a quite simple matter in comparison with the experience and study that are necessary in order to form an intelligent opinion of other things that Marthas do buy.

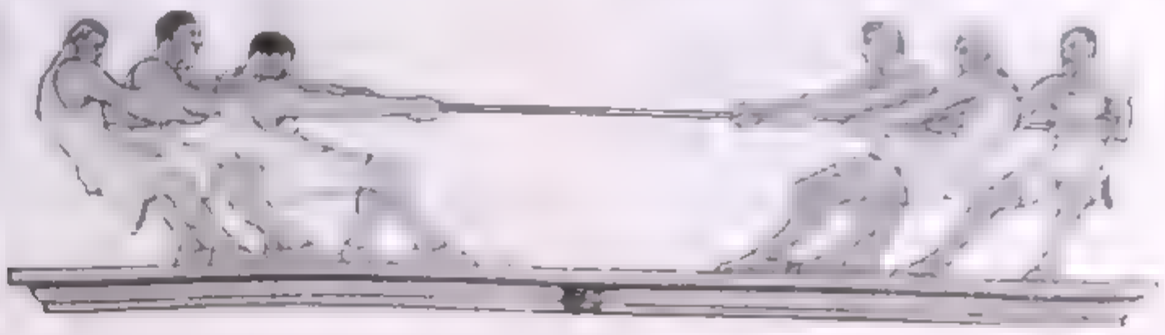
Oil prospects, for example. The big companies will not venture a nickel in an unproved field except on the advice, after careful investigation, of high-priced experts. But any plausible rascal can still get some oil money from people who know no more about the subject than they do about conic sections. The exciting suggestion of big profits adheres to the name of oil.

See if this rule does not sound reasonable: If you are going to act on anybody's say-so—if you cannot lay your hand on your heart and declare that you have studied the proposition so as to form an independent judgment about it, irrespective of what any interested person tells you—why, then by all means follow the banker's say-so. He has nothing to gain by misleading you and is your safest guide. I am sure you will agree that it does sound reasonable; but there remains the difficulty of keeping reasonable when temptation comes along.

One can use his intelligence in taking a risk as well as in his other affairs. Then he will never on any account deal with strangers about whom he knows nothing except what they tell him. He will bear in mind that the higher the profits he is reaching for, the apter the ladder is to slip. He will not risk his money without studying the subject sufficiently to form his own judgment about it, irrespective of any interested person's tips. He will remember that he is taking a risk, therefore may never see his money again.

It is doubtful that law can go much farther than it has already gone in stopping leaks in the dam. Sometimes, in surveying the yearly harvest of victims, all good advice on the subject seems quite thrown away, and an adviser is tempted to join the peevish banker in saying that the victims are just hopeless blockheads for and about whom nothing can ever be done. But that is mere ill nature and bad manners. Mostly the victims are of essentially the same stuff as everybody else, only with too little experience and subjected to a strong temptation.

Laws, generally speaking, can do no more. Calling names will do nothing. All honest hands should keep on ringing the school bell and trust to the slow effect of education.



THE SENIOR MORGAN

(Continued from Page 13)

known to the public. One example, now widely quoted, is of particular interest to me because it was made at my first meeting with him. At that time I was engaged in the practice of law in Chicago. I had been in New York on business, and as I was preparing to leave I met the general counsel of Morgan and Company. He informed me that Mr. Morgan was interested in the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern Railway, known as the Outer Belt Line of Chicago, and was desirous of acquiring a connecting railroad and that some difficulties had developed. Then he asked me to call on Mr. Morgan to discuss the matter.

When I had been introduced to Mr. Morgan as an attorney with considerable knowledge of Chicago conditions, the plan by which it was hoped to acquire the road was explained to me. Having information which was not in possession of Mr. Morgan or his legal staff, I saw instantly that the plan would not work.

"You can't do that, under the law," I explained.

"I don't hire lawyers to tell me what I can't do," was Mr. Morgan's retort. "I hire them to tell me how to do what I want to do."

"Perhaps," I said, "if you will explain just what you want to accomplish I may be able to suggest a plan."

Clearly and concisely Mr. Morgan explained what he had in mind. It meant economies of operation and a stabilization of industry for the whole region. There was not the slightest taint of illegality about what he wanted to accomplish and it was not a very difficult matter to point the way for him.

This incident has been misinterpreted by many who had no understanding of Morgan's methods. It is assumed that he was willing to do an illegal thing if a way could be found to do it safely, but such was never the case. His statement to me was merely typical of the challenging method he adopted at times. One was supposed to know that what he planned to accomplish was not in defiance of the law.

The foregoing incidents may give some inkling of the human side of J. P. Morgan, but most of the things I have recounted relate to business. One of the unfounded legends about him is to the effect that he could not take his mind off commercial matters. The truth is that some of his strongest attachments were wholly outside his work. It is not generally known that he was a deeply religious man, because he did not talk about such things, but it is a fact that he attended and participated in many religious services and conventions. The public is somewhat familiar with his benefactions, many of which it was impossible to keep secret. But I doubt if Mr. Morgan himself could have called the roll of his generosities.

Obeying Orders

Giving, however, was only one aspect of his human side. He was just as generous in his judgments. I recall being in his office one day while he was discussing with another man the reported actions of a third person concerning a deal in which all three were interested. Mr. Morgan was noticeably irritated and made no effort to conceal his displeasure. After he had given voice to several vigorous opinions the other man made a statement that threw an entirely new light on the matter. Mr. Morgan started to retract his words, and then suddenly his voice choked and there were tears in his eyes.

Ordinarily his emotions were well under control, but the belief now held in some quarters that he lacked these qualities of what we call heart are utterly without foundation. I recall particularly one morning at his home during a crucial period in the early steel negotiations. Something had occurred that required a conference of all present at the earliest possible moment, but several of the men were away from New York and could not get back until the morning. Mr. Morgan arranged to meet all of us at his home.

Breakfast was one of his hearty meals, and he never neglected it. He was attending to this, and at the same time taking in every word of a rapid-fire discussion in which several men were participating, when one of his small grandchildren came to his chair and tugged at his coat tails. At first he paid no attention, but the child was so insistent that after a moment he turned aside to explain he was busy. The child merely walked around the chair to the other side and continued to pull at his coat. Finally the interruption became so apparent that one of the group signaled to a servant.

"Just a moment," said Mr. Morgan, placing the child on his knee. "Now suppose you tell me what granddaddy can do for you."

"My nurse told me to tell you *bon jour*," said the youngster.

"Good morning, my dear, good morning," said Mr. Morgan. His features were transformed as if by an inner light, by that shy, half-apologetic smile which is the mark the world over of proud parents, and for a moment the biggest business deal in history was forgotten while he talked about his family. It may be said that this was what any man might have done, and that is exactly the point I am making. Morgan could and did unbend.

The Financier's Manager

I recall another occasion at his home when his daughter wanted to question him while he was in the midst of a conference. He did not like to be interrupted, but she evidently knew him well enough to know how to do it. She stood at one side until he was compelled to notice her. After he had answered her question, and without any trace of irritation, and she had left the room, he remarked, "There's the woman who runs me."

"I suppose you like to be managed, don't you?" asked one of those present.

"Yes," he said; "she has a great deal of sense."

In character and intelligence he was one of the most remarkable men of our times, but in the little human affairs of everyday life he was like every other man. That is really an understatement with reference to his family affairs. Most human beings tend to permit these relations to become perfunctory. This was not true of J. P. Morgan.

In his social contacts he was as dominating a figure as in his business relations. But he was too simple and natural at heart to be lionized. Many times I have been near him at banquets when the singing started, and the great J. P. was as much a boy as anybody. He could not sing well; he was frequently off key, but that did not keep him from trying to sing and otherwise joining in the gayety.

It may be of interest to note that Mr. Morgan attributed a great deal of his success in life to the advice of his father, Junius Morgan, for whom he always retained a feeling of deep veneration and respect. He was fond of quoting the father as saying that no man could fail to succeed who placed his confidence in the future industrial prosperity of the United States.

I sometimes think the extent to which Morgan followed this advice has been overshadowed in the public mind by the constant association of his name with money matters. Anyone who cares to examine the record, however, will discover that immediate profit was never of much concern to him. It will be found, too, that though he initiated many projects, his greatest service to the country was in the reconstruction on

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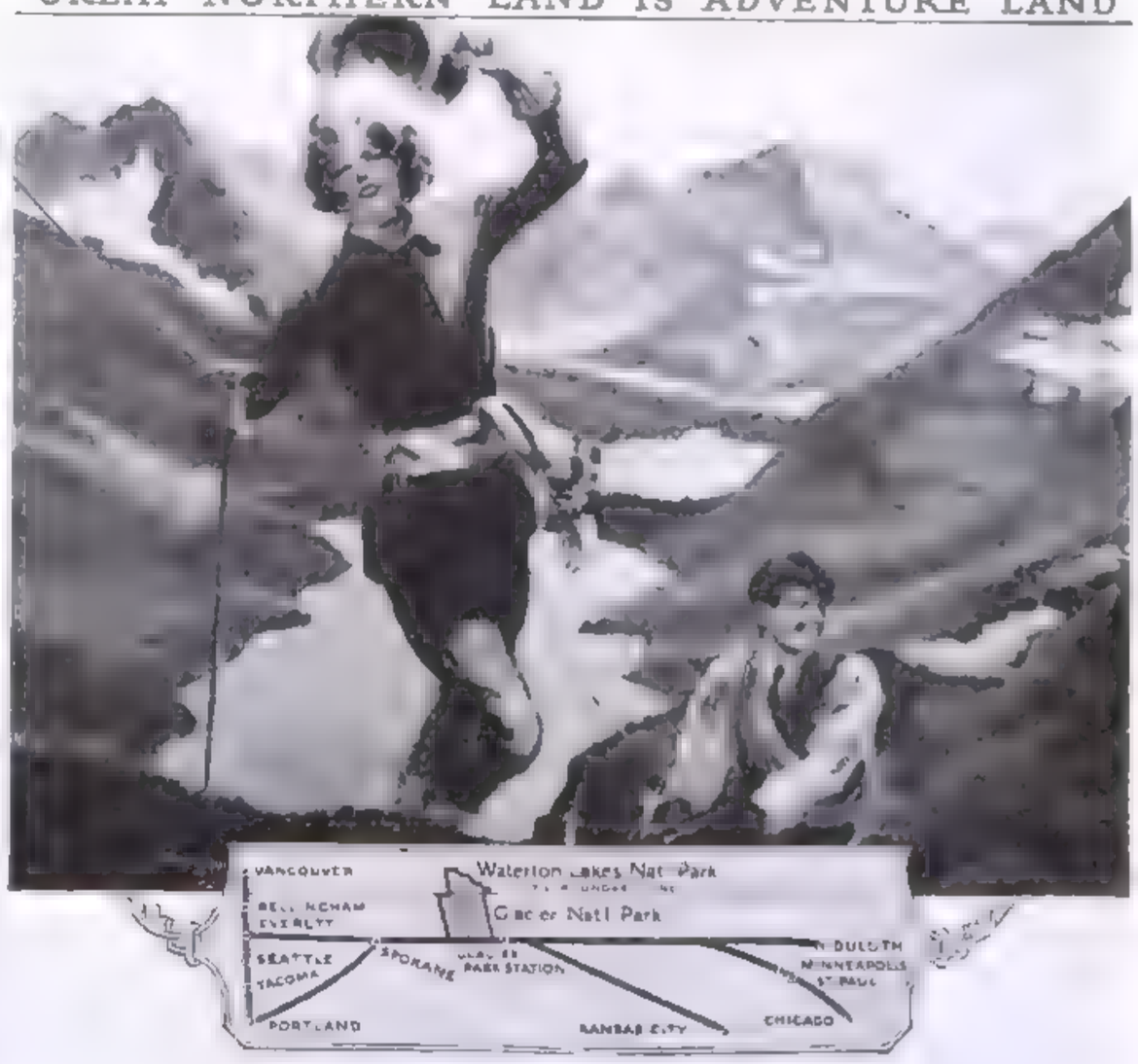
GREAT NORTHERN LAND IS ADVENTURE LAND



Mountain climbing—another glorious sport at

Glacier National Park

Open June 15 to Sept. 15

Come this summer to Glacier National Park and explore the famous Grinnell Glacier—one of the sixty glistening bodies of living ice high on the shoulders of the Continental Divide.

In this incomparable Alpine playground you can also swing along flower-fringed trails to Iceberg Lake—a fascinating vest-pocket polar sea; fish in the many lakes and streams of this last home of a vanishing race—the Blackfeet Indians; hike or ride horseback to colorful canyons and flashing waterfalls; shoot shaggy Rocky Mountain goats—with a camera; or enjoy impressive panoramas from comfortable motor coaches and launches.

NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED

de luxe service—no extra fare

This, the finest train to the Pacific Northwest, takes you direct to Glacier National Park. After visiting the Park see Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland; also historic Vancouver in British Columbia. Choice of go-as-you-please tours or Burlington Escorted Tours. Special low round-trip summer fares reduce the cost of the trip. Mail coupon for free books and information!

Ready during the 1927 season—the new Prince of Wales Hotel in Waterton Lakes National Park, virtually an extension of Glacier National Park across the international boundary into the Canadian Rockies.

GREAT NORTHERN

a dependable railway

GREAT NORTHERN

Mail the Coupon

A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager,
Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me free books about Glacier National Park. I am particularly interested in:

☐ *General Tour of Park.*
☐ *Tour of Historic Northwest Adventure Land.*
☐ *Burlington Escorted Tours.*

Name

Address

"HELLO, Uncle Ben!"

Uncle Ben works on the railroad, but he works for General Motors too. For General Motors is one of the railroads' largest customers. Last year it paid in freight bills $74,000,000, much of which the railroads passed on, as wages, to their 1,800,000 employes.

So all businesses are linked together. Money that you pay a dealer in your town for a General Motors car comes back to the town in many different ways. Every family, whether dependent on a railroad, a farm, a factory or a professional office, shares in the prosperity of every industry in the land.

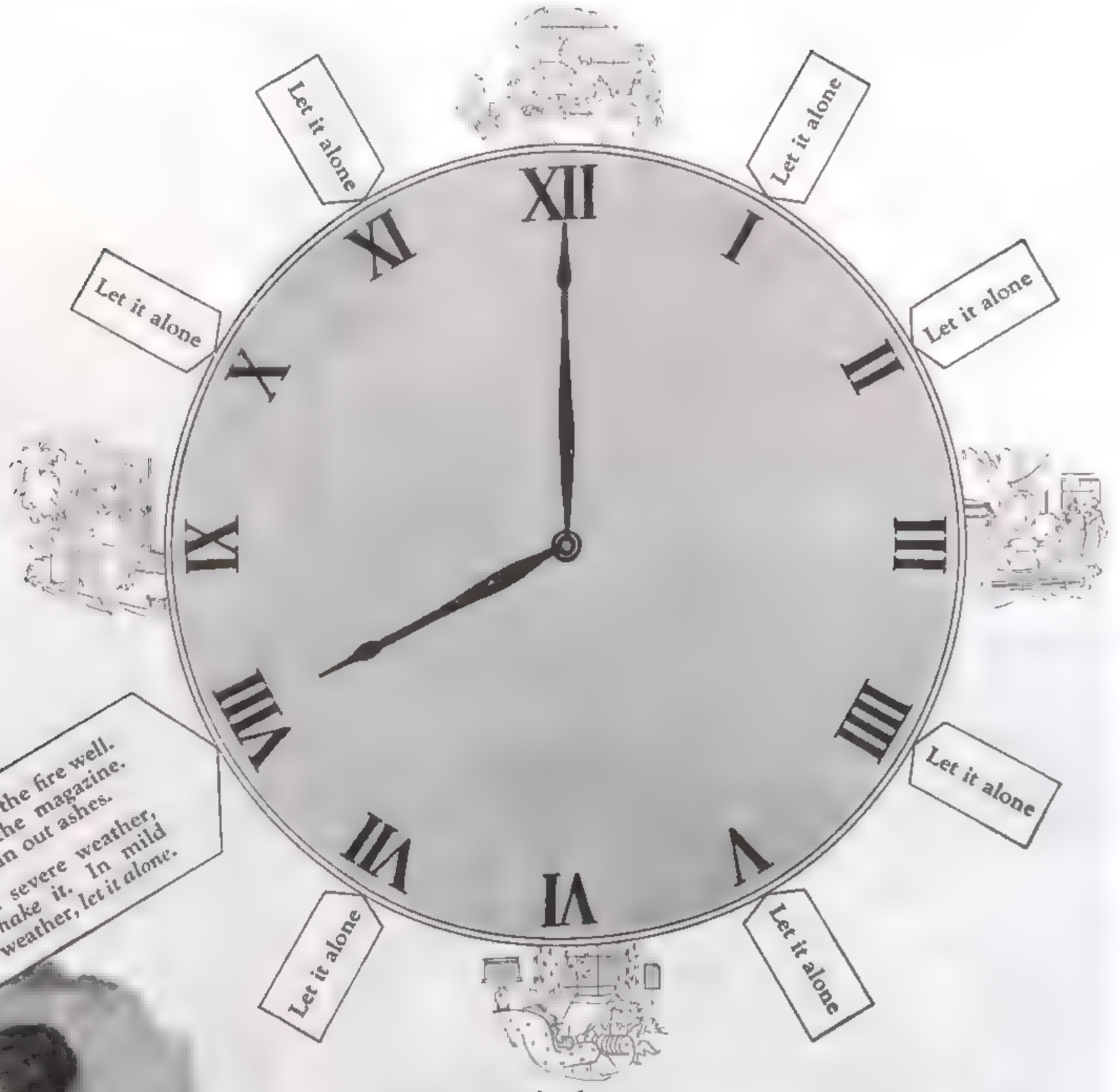
"A car for every purse and purpose"

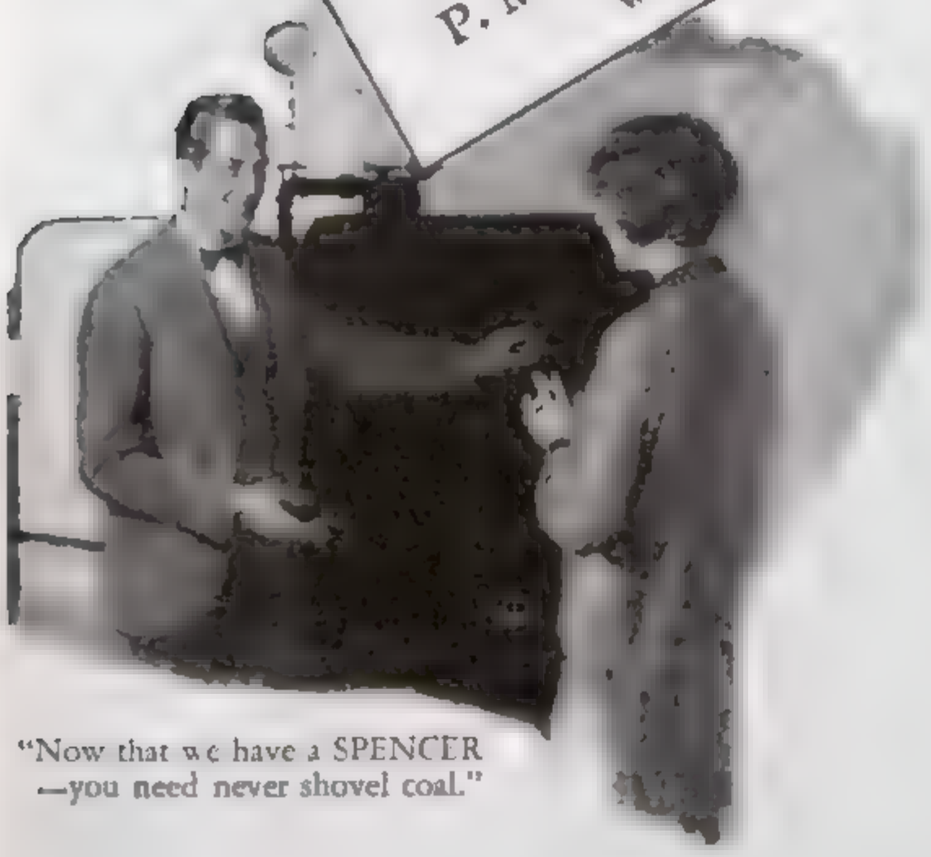
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND • BUICK
CADILLAC • GMC TRUCKS • YELLOW CABS, BUSES, TRUCKS

FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator

GENERAL

MOTORS





"Now that we have a SPENCER —you need never shovel coal."

. . . in addition to the money saved

NONE of the Spencer Heater's other advantages is quite so important as the fact that it is designed especially to burn No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite, which costs about half as much per ton as the egg, stove and nut sizes necessary for other domestic heating boilers.

But the fact that a Spencer requires attention only once in twelve to twenty-four hours is almost as important.

With Spencer automatic regulation, the low cost Buckwheat Anthracite feeds to the fire by gravity from a supply in the top of the heater sufficient to last around the clock—longer, in ordinary winter weather.

Meanwhile, no poking and shoveling.

Let it alone, and let it save an average of $7.00 per ton. Spencers have been doing just this sort of thing for thousands and thousands of others for over thirty years.

Tell us where we may send a copy of "The Business of Buying a Heating System", a really helpful book of heating facts which you will want to know if only for future reference.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY
Factory and General Offices: Williamsport, Pa.
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES
Division of LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

SPENCER FEATURES!

THE following features of Spencer Heaters are fully described in a valuable book, "The Business of Buying a Heating System", a copy of which awaits your request.

Saves an average of $7 in the price of every ton of coal used because it burns low-priced No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite and burns no more tons.

Requires attention only once in twelve to twenty-four hours, because coal feeds by gravity as needed

No blowers or other mechanical contrivances.

Even heat day and night, due to automatic feed.

Smaller radiators can be used

Equally successful for steam, hot water or vapor

Type for every need from small home to large buildings.

No night fireman required in large buildings.

Easily installed

Pays for itself by burning low priced small size coal

Spencer
steam, vapor or hot water
Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal ~ Averages $7 less per ton ~ Less attention required

(Continued from Page 157)

solid foundations of industries wrecked by less farseeing management. Only the larger and more spectacular of these came to public attention. Actually, however, Morgan was building all the time. The charges for his financial aid were often low and always conservative, even when he was admittedly the only man in the country capable of furnishing this service. But in nearly every case he insisted on having absolute authority to name the new management when he agreed to reorganize an industry.

It is not the money he was able to gather to put into such enterprises that made them successful; it was the management. In planning an enterprise Mr. Morgan dealt in propositions rather than in men. But when the negotiations had been completed he knew that the most perfect plan of operation was useless without the right sort of ability to direct it.

When Mr. Morgan, in his testimony before the Pujo Committee at Washington, said that character was the chief asset to be looked for in lending money, he was unconsciously revealing himself. He was not much given to conscious self-revelation, which is a pity, for the country could have profited more during his time, and could profit now, by knowing him better. If we could put all our business relations on the same high plane of fairness to all as that set up by J. P. Morgan, we should have no need to worry about the future. To any who doubt this I commend a review of his record.

Mr. Morgan was a great collector of art objects, investing many millions for this purpose, and he became remarkably well posted on their values. He purchased the very best examples obtainable. Also he assembled one of the largest and finest collections of books in the world, this library now belonging to the public, having been donated by his son.

Mr. Morgan was very fond of yachting. The Corsair, a beautiful and staunch ship, was well known all over the world and visited all the leading ports. During his active life Mr. Morgan was easily entitled to be called the first citizen of New York and of a much wider area. He was always a welcome visitor at the home or office of any man in the world, including kings and potentates.

PREPARATION FOR THE TRIPLE CELEBRATION

(Continued from Page 43)

practises neerly evry nite. i go down evry nite they play and stay until 9 oh clock. i have to go home then or father will keep me home the nex nite.

Friday, June 26, 186—evrybody is laffing about Pewt Puringtons father and the Union five cents savings Bank. well this is a new bank and they wanted a sine painted that reeched way acrost the front of the bilding. the Union Five Cents Savings Bank. so it wood maik a good show when peeple come to Exeter on the 4th and they are going to put flags up and colered paper lantens and things. they hired Pewts father to paint it in silver letters on a blue sine and all sanded elegent.

well when old Brad, Brad is Pewts father you know, finished the sine he told them to come down to his shop to see it and old Joe Hilliard and old William Perry Molton and old Gus Brown and old Josh Getchell went down to see it and they hollered and maid a auful fuss becaus he had maid it Five Cent Savings Bank and they sed he had left out the *s* and that they wasent running a 5 cent bank by a dam site and they wanted peeple to know it.

well Pewts father sed it was all rite as it was and it dident gneed a *s* and they sed it did and he sed it dident. well bimeby they sed it was their sine and they were going to pay for having it painted and he had got to do it the way they wanted it. so Brad sed all rite, if they wanted him to paint on a *s* or a *x* or a *z* or a *y* or enny dam letter he wood do it but it wood be all rong. he asted them if evrything else was rite about the sine and they sed it was splendid. so he sed he wood paint a *s* on it and hang it erly the next morning so that evrybody cood see it when they come down town to wirk and he gessed peeple wood see whitch done the best wirk, he or Kibo Marstin.

well the nex morning when they went down town there was a crowd of peeple looking at the sine and laffing. it looked splendid with the silver letters on the blue sine but when you read the wirds they read this way The Union Five Scent Savings Bank.

well when the direcktors of the bank saw this they fomed at the mouth and swoar terible and sent for old Brad Purington. well after a while Brad he come down and they all piched into him and shook their fists in his face. well old Brad he sed i told you it was rong but you wood have a *s* there and so i done as you sed. then they fomed sum moar and swoar terible and hollered you have put the *s* on the rong end of the wird cent and old Brad he sed do you want the *s* on the back end of the wird and to the rite and they yelled so loud you cood hear it 3 miles, of coarse we do you old idjit.

then old Brad he sed all you have got to do is to tirn the sine the other end to. well when he sed that old William Perry Molton set rite down on the stone steps of the bank and held his head in his hands and groned and old Joe Hilliard took off his stovepipe hat and throwed it as far as he cood and sum of the others looked as if they had taken leef of their sences, and old Josh Getchell fetched himself 4 or 5 auful slaps on his head.

well bimeby they got old Brad to paint out the *s* and paint in anuther *s* on the rite end of the wird so that it read rite and he maid them pay xtra for it because he sed if they wanted the *s* on the end of the wird cent insted of the beginning they had augt to have told him. how was he to know if they dident tell him. he sed sum peeple dident apear to have enny common sence.

i wish he had maid them pay 2 times as mutch. that bank played a meen trick on me and Pewt and Beany. the reson why they called it a five cents bank was becaus they wood let ennybody put in $.05 cents or moar but not less and give you a book with the naim of the feller whitch put in the money and the number of the book. so me and Pewt and Beany thougt it wood be a good thing to have a bank book and so we went down and put in $.05 cents apeace and sined our names and got a bully little note book eech.

then the bank man told us if we put in $.05 cents a day for a year we wood have 15. dollers and $.65 cents in one year. and if ennything happened to our fathers that wood keep the wolf from the door for a long time and it wood be a grate comfort to our folks. so we sed we wood do it because we dident want enny old wolf howling at our door, and we took our book and went off. Priscill and Nipper and Potter and lots of other fellers did the saim and kep putting in $.05 cents evry day and sum evry week. but me and Pewt and Beany only put in $.15 cents eech. we was afrade we mite become mizers whitch evrybody haits and dispizes moar than ennyone elce in this wirld.

well after we had put in the last $.05 cents we sed we woodent put in enny moar and wood leeve that $.15 cents there for luck and then we agreed to wright the wirst things in our books we cood think of. so we done it and Pewt beat becaus he cood think of wirse things than eether me or Beany. well after a while we gneeded our money and we went down to the bank to

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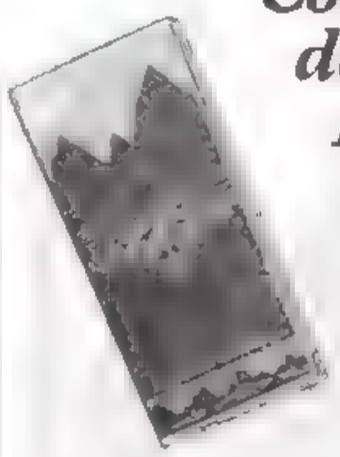

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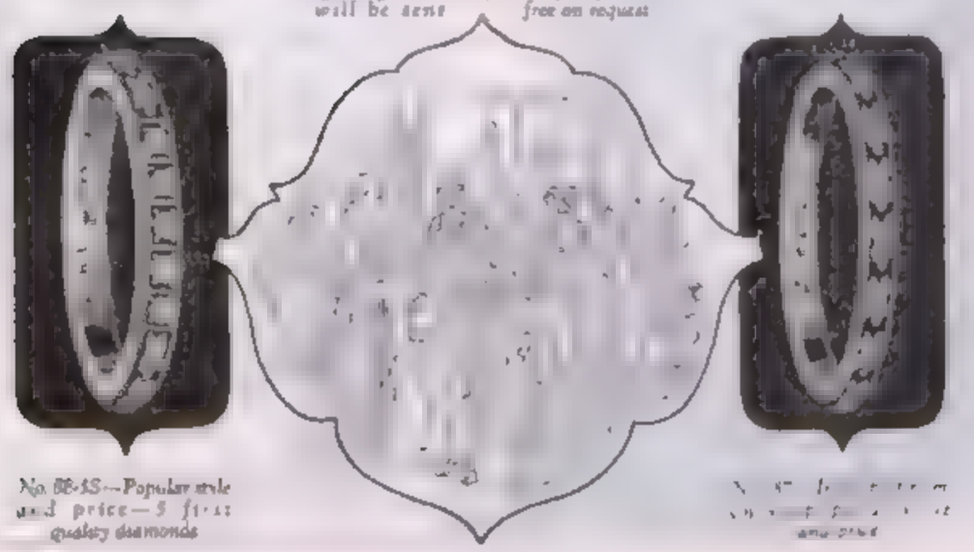


No. 88-18—Popular style and price—5 first quality diamonds

get it and the bank keeper asted for our bank books and we sed we dident have enny; then he sed i gave eech of you a book and we sed yes and he sed what have you did with them and we sed we had lost them.

then he asted us where we had lost them and we sed if we gnew that we cood find them and he sed we had better not be sassy and we sed we wasent sassy but we had lost our books and that was all there was about it. then he sed that wasent all about it becaus if we dident bring in our books we coodent have the money.

then Beany sed you got our money dident you. and the bank keeper sed yes and Pewt sed you havent spent it have you and the man sed no and then i sed then why aint it ours and the bank keeper sed it is yours when you bring in your books. then Pewt sed but we have already told you we lost the books. then Beany like a darn fool sed what becomes of the books when we have got our money. Pewt gave him a kick in the shin to stop him and Beany hollered darn it Pewt what are you kicking me for and the bank keeper gnew we was lying. Beany never did know mutch.

then the bank keeper sed we woodent get enny money until we brought in our books and we gneedent talk enny moar about it but we had better go home and read our books and see what it sed. well then Pewt sed i bet he has bougt that new neckty with our money Plupy and i sed i dont beleeve that neckty cost moar than $15 cents ennyway. Pewt and Beany was going to say sumthing when the man gumped over the counter and we jest had time to get throug the door befoar he got to us. Beany was the last one and the bank keeper give him one good kick as he went throug the door and Beany landed on the sidewalk on his hands and gnees. so that maid 2 kicks for Beany whitch sirved him rite for yapping about the books and prooving that we was liers.

so we dont know what to do. we dont dass to show ennybody our books becaus we rote so menny auful things in the books about what we had did most of whitch wasent so, but sum of whitch was and we woodent show the books for $1,000,000,000,000.00 dollers.

well then Pewt sed ennyway we got sumthing out of the big fool in the bank and Beany sed that he got a good hard kick but he dident see what else we got. then Pewt sed he told us to read our books so Pewt pulled out his book and it sed in printing, persons withdrawing money from this bank must bring or send the book. if a book be lost notice must imediately be gave to the casher of the bank and after du publicity in the Exeter News Letter a new book will be gave by the bank.

then Pewt sed we can get our names in the News Letter and maik Nipper and Priscill mad. i gess publicity in the News Letter that we have money in the bank is as good as publicity about being the best scolars, or not being absent or tardy for a hoal term like Nipper and Priscill do.

so we hipered down to old Smith Hall and Clarks and saw old Hall in the office and told him what we wanted and he rote out 3 notises and then sed $.75 cents strickly in advance. gosh i gess we wasent going to spend $.75 cents to get $.45 cents and we told him so and he toar up the notises and gumped up and told us to get out of there lifely whitch we done so lifely that Beany fell down the 2th flite of stairs bumping evry one. but as he was so fat it dident hirt him enny.

then we talked it over and finally we decided to go to old Joe Hilliard. so we done it and he rote a note to the casher and told him to pay us and maik us sine a receet and Beany asted him if he hadent augt to get sumthing for that auful kick he got and old Joe sed he gessed we had better not say ennything about that.

so we went back to the bank and showed the casher the note and sined 3 receets he maid out and he paid us our money. he was prety grumpy but i dont see why. we hadent done nothing but ask for our money. sum peeple are prety quick tempered i think. so we have never put enny moar money in that bank and we never will neether.

well there aint mutch to do now but wate for the 4th of July. all we can do is to go fishing and swimming and rassling and seeing fites and running errands and spliting wood and bringing it in and plugging cats with slingshots and dogs two sumtimes, and not verry often but sumtimes plugging a man in the hine leg when he cant see you but can see sum other fellers whitch is not far behine him. that is the only safe way to do. then all we have to do at nite is to race round playing red lion and cornstalks and gaimes like them. i ride horseback most evry day but the time goes prety slow and it seams as if the 4th of July never wood come.

Saterday, June 27, 186—last nite me and Beany tride to peek into old Head and Jewells carrige shop when sum of the fellers was wirking on sumthing for the 4th of July, but we was caugt and ducked in the water troth and we dident see ennything becaus they had tacked up sum blankits over the windows. so we had to put for home lifely to change our cloths. Beany got up into his room and changed his cloths and got out again without his mother finding out about it, but i dident. i went in the back way and up the back stares and ran rite into father with a little tin lamp in his hands. he goes to bed prety erly becaus he has to go to Boston on the 6 oh clock train evry morning.

well he asted me what the truble was and i had to tell him and he laffed and sed that is what hapens to peeping Toms so he gessed i got what i desirved. he wasent mad with me but he sed he gessed i had better go to bed and i had to go to bed at about haff past eigt. it was just my luck.

but this morning he waked me up and let me have breckfast with him. we had ham and egs and Johnny cake and coffee and he let me ride up to the depot with him on top of the hack with Jo Parmer the hackman, and i had a good time. father and Gim Lovering and old Abner Merrill and Danny Wingate and lots of other men went on the train. when we went back Jo Parmer and Mad Sleeper the poliseman whitch drives a hack for Charles Tole while Jo Parmer drives for Levi Tole, Ed Toles father, raced all the way down Front Street and Jo beat him. Charles Tole, which was riding in his own hack stuck his head out of the hack window and told Mad Sleeper to beat Jo if he had to kill his horses but Mad laffed and pulled his horses up and we beat.

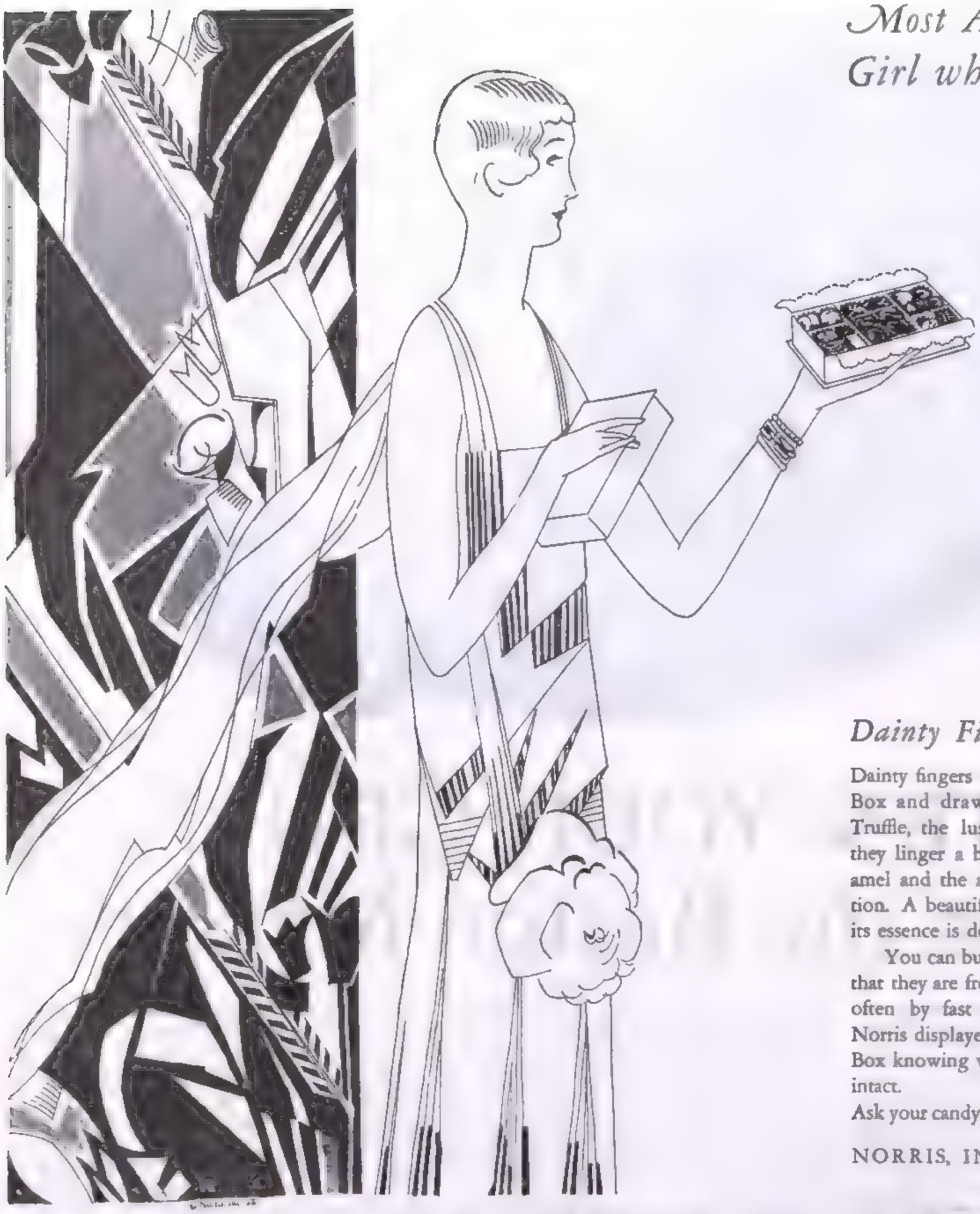
when Mad stoped to let Charles Tole out at the stable, old Charles dansed up and down and swoar moar feerful than i ever herd and told Mad he dident know enuf to drive a saw horse and told him to come in and get his pay and never to drive for him again and Mad laffed and sed this is the 3th time this week that you have discharged me. sumtime when i aint fealing prety good i shall taik you at your wird and you will have to shet up your old stable of crowbaits.

then old Charles dansed and swoar sum moar and Mad yawned and looked at his wach and snapped it shet and then sed get into the house Charles and shet up or i will help you, and Charles went muttering to himself what he wood do. Mad laffed and sed Charles dident meen haff of what he sed only he was gellous of all the other hackmen.

Polly Colkett has got sum snapcrackers in her store window. old Luke Langley has got torpedos and cannon crackers and red fishhorns. Land and Rollins has got chinees lantirns and rockets and sum hard red torpedos that sound like a cannon and when they xplode they fli in evry direction. it maiks a feller feal auful tickly inside to think of the fun he will have.

i herd Keene and Cele and Lillie Head talking today and i have found out sumthing. Lillie is going to be the stait of California in the percession and is going to have a gold dress and Keene is going to be Vermont and is going to ware a green dress.

(Continued on Page 165)



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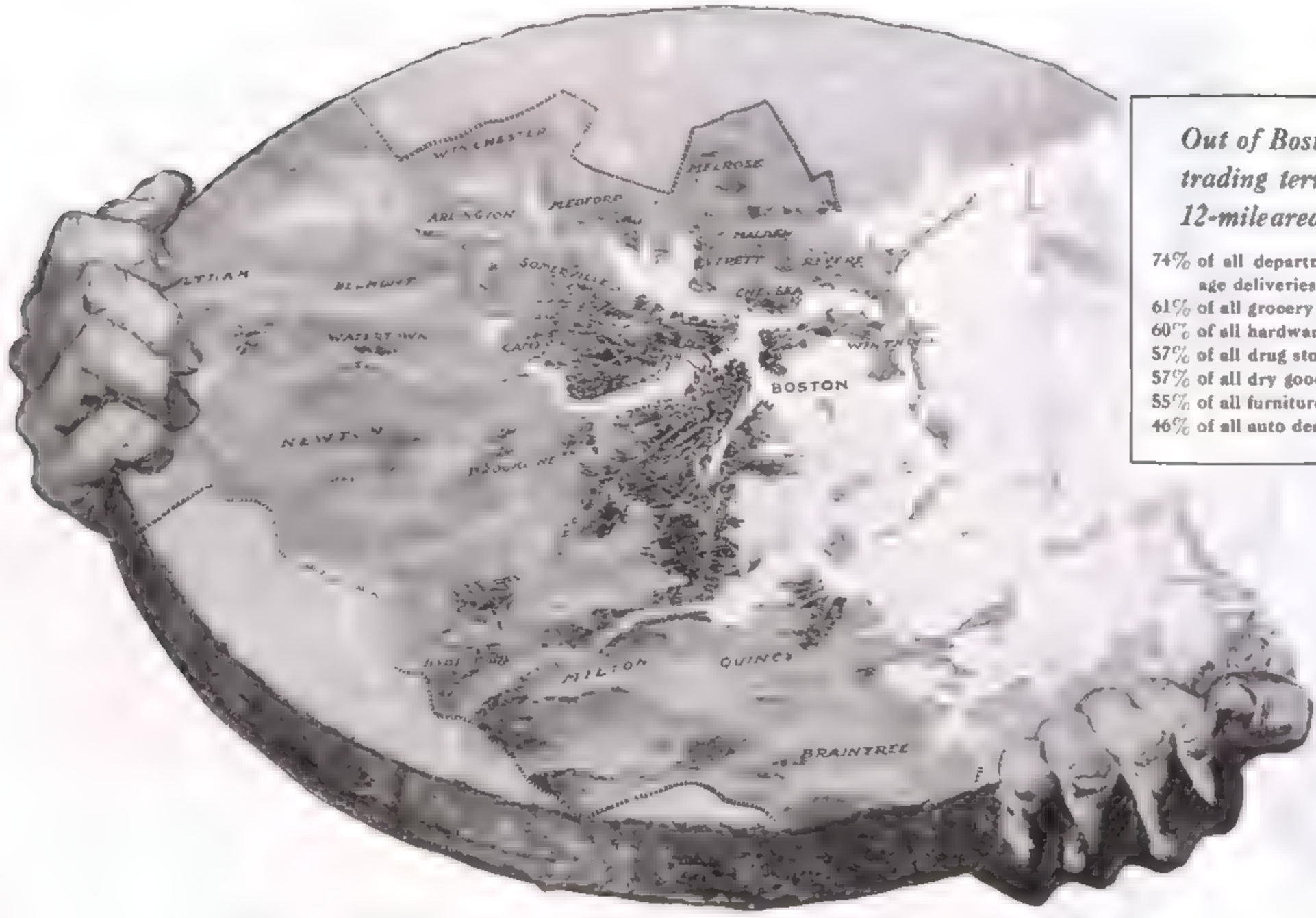

Out of Boston's total trading territory this 12-mile area contains:

74% of all department store package deliveries
61% of all grocery stores
60% of all hardware stores
57% of all drug stores
57% of all dry goods stores
55% of all furniture stores
46% of all auto dealers and garages

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SUCCESSFUL SELLING in New England depends chiefly upon the degree of concentration in the Boston Key Market. But first you must define that key market.

If your New England sales volume is not showing a normal growth—if competition is beginning to cut into the records of previous years—look at these startling facts.

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Boston's department stores recognize the Globe's dominating position in this market. The Sunday Globe carries as much department store advertising as the other three Boston Sunday newspapers combined. And in the Daily Globe the department stores use more space than in any other daily paper.

What are the reasons for this Globe leadership? First—the Globe's complete market coverage. Second—the Globe appeals to *all classes* of Boston people. Its readers represent a complete cross-section of the population, without regard to race, creed, or political affiliation.

The Globe appeals strongly to men because it is free from bias or favoritism in general news, editorials or sports. And its Household Department makes the Globe the daily counsellor and guide of New England women.

To put your advertising message before the people who make up Boston's Key Market you must use the Globe first.

Our booklet, "The Individual Home—the best market for any advertiser"—will give you a new viewpoint on the Boston Market. Write for it on your business letterhead.

The Boston Globe

The Globe sells *Boston*

Audited Net Paid Circulation for Year ending March 31, 1926 . . . . Daily 278,988 . . . . Sunday 325,324

(Continued from Page 162)

huh, she had augt to ware a black dress and a long crape vale becaus Molly Stark whitch come from Vermont come so neer being a widow and wood have if her husband hadent beat the British. Cele is going to be Connecticut and is going to dress like a nutmeg. i wanted to tell her she mite dress like a hen and keep saying cut cut cut connecticut over a big wooden nutmeg shaped like a eg. i bet i cood get up a good flote if they wood let me. gosh i hoap it wont rane.

Sunday, June 28, 186—this morning befoar breckfast me and father took sum sope and towils and rew the boat up to the gravil point swimming place and went in and had a good scrub and a good swim and when we got home we was as hungry as bares. gosh breckfast taisted good and father told us lots of stories.

father sed when he was a boy and a young man they was 4 classes of peeple in Exeter, the Bobs, the Tippy Bobs, the High Tippy Bobs and the High Tippy Bob Royals. he sed the Bobs was the wirking peeple that carried hods of morter and sawed wood and curried down horses and swep barns and drove hacks and tended bars and smoaked clay pipes. the Tippy Bobs were the peeple that hired the hod carriers and the men to saw the wood, and the men whitch had trades like carpenters and painters and plummers and stone masons and tin roofers and the store keepers and smoaked brier wood and meersham pipes whitch they filled out of little bags.

then the High Tippy Bobs was the perfessers in the Academy and the ministers and the lawyers whitch amount to ennything and the doctors except the horse doctors and the rubbing doctors and the corn doctors, and the agents of the factory and the carrige maikers. he sed the High Tippy Bobs most always wore shiny calf skin boots and stovepipe hats in fall and winter and spring and black broadcloth coats and trowsers sundays and pamleaf hats and yellow linin or seersucker suits in the hot wether and smoaked cigars.

then the last was the High Tippy Bob Royals whitch were peeple whitch had money whitch their fathers left them and never had to wirk. they was only a verry few of them thank God sed father. i asted father how their fathers and the granfathers maid their money and father sed they was most always sawmill men in the erly days of Exeter.

i asted him if they was verry mutch diferent from the other peeple and father sed the only diference was that they was lazier and their wifes carried gointed parasols. father sed a Tippy Bob never cood be a High Tippy Bob or a High Tippy Bob become a High Tippy Bob Royal unless he lived sumwhere elce. i asted him if a High Tippy Bob cood become a Tippy Bob and father sed if he had to go to wirk he coodent help it and if he kep store or wirked with his hands he went down still further and mite become a Bob. i asted father what he was and he sed he was a Tippy Bob but his father was a High Tippy Bob and his granfather on his mothers side was a High Tippy Bob Royal and had 2 nigger slaves, but he sed when his father faled in business most of the High Tippy Bobs and the High Tippy Bob Royals owed him money.

i asted father if he was sorry he was only a Tippy Bob and he sed hel no if he had a million dollers he woodent try to be a High Tippy Bob or a High Tippy Bob Royal. he sed he woodent mind being a Bob if he had a million but he woodent wirk hard enuf to gut the labor markit. he eether sed gut or glut i dont know whitch and i dont know what he ment.

but it is verry interesting to know these things and sum day if i dont be a circus man or a cornet player or a lawyer i shall wright the history of Exeter and it is a good thing to know all about the Pineys and the Hemlockers and the Bobs and Tippy Bobs and the High Tippy Bobs and High Tippy Bob Royals.

i forgot to say that i went to chirch today Beanys father doesent come to chirch since the buntches on his head and the cuts on his face have gone down and heeled up. so Beany can do ennything he wants to in the organ loft. so chirch is verry interesting. i dont know whitch the unitarials wood miss the most, Beany or the minister. of coarse they have got to have a minister. but they have got to have Beany becaus he has lost his gob about 40 times and befoar the nex sunday old Chipper Burley sends for him or comes round for him and so Beany goes back to do wirse things then ever befoar but auful funny.

Munday, June 29, 186—i have found out sumthing moar about the 4th. old Abner Merrill and Sons have advertised a lot of new stovepipe hats. they call them silk hats whitch sounds better but doesent describe them so well. well today i went down there to carry a note to them and John Taylor and anuther feller was in there and ordered 35 white stovepipe hats for the pipe shop gang. i herd him say that they had ordered 35 suits of Earl & Cutts.

Tuesday, June 30, 186—tomorrow is the ferst day of July. Bully.

Wensday, July 1, 186—tomorrow is the second day of July. bullyer or moar bully.

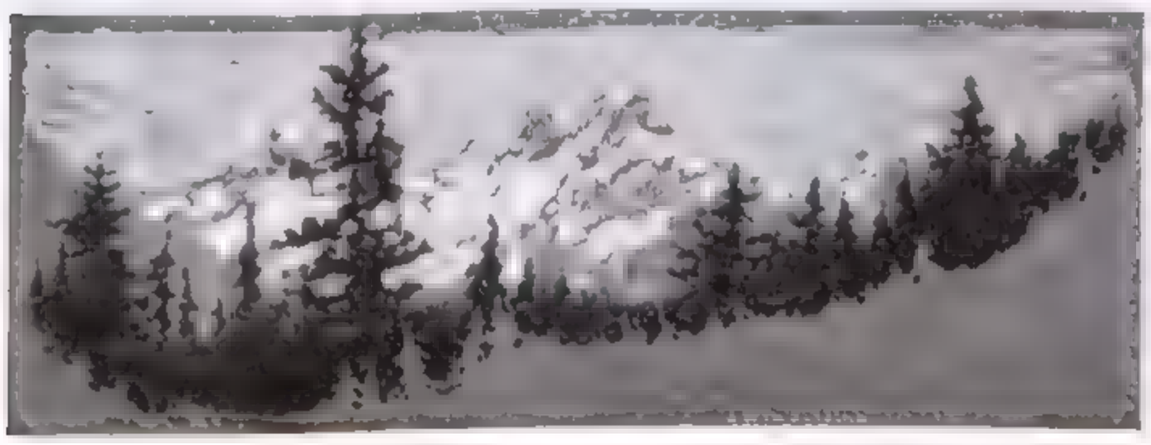
Thursday, July 2, 186—tomorow nite will be nite befoar the 4th of July. bulliest or most bully.

Friday, July 3, 186—tomorow will be the 4th of July. moar bully than most bully if sutch a thing can be. the hotels are full and most all the houses that let rooms have let them all. today evrybody was shaking hands with peeple whitch has come back. the front of the town hall is covered with flags. most of the storekeepers have washed their windows and swep the floors and have put their best gooda in the windows and have hung up flags and banners telling how long they have been in buzziness. there has been 10 new polisemen swoar in.

all the horses in Majer Blakes and Charles Toles and Levi Toles, Ed Toles fathers stables have had their fetlocks clipped and their maines and tales braded and all the buggys and wagons washed and the harnisses blacked and the brass shined up. Jo Parmer has got a stovepipe hat that goes over his head to his ears and a cockaid in it. Charles Tole hired a hack driver with a cock ey to get even with Jo. father sed that if Majer Blake wood hire Mike Prescott to drive his hack he wood probably get cocked before the day was haff over and then they wood all be even.

i promised father i wood go to bed at 9 oh clock and not go out befoar 5 oh clock in the morning. evry now and then as i am wrighting this i hear a fish horn blow or a torpedo go off and i dont see how i can sleap. tomorrow is the 4th. hooray hooray hooray hooray hooray hooray.

Editor's Note—This is the twenty first of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue



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SMOKADOR is the new idea in ash stands . . . when you bump into it, it doesn't tip over and spill.

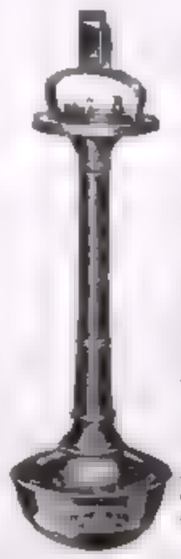
Ashes and stubs are always out of sight and out of smell. None of that smoldering of half smoked cigarettes. No ashes to spill or blow over rugs, table runners or furniture . . . perfect cleanliness.

And best of all, Smokador combines attractiveness with utility. It is a decorative note of color in any room. Many interior decorators use Smokadors as a distinctive touch in homes, clubs, hotels and offices. On limited trains and ocean liners . . . you see Smokador almost everywhere.

There is only one Smokador

Don't be misled into taking any but the genuine —look for the name, Smokador, on the matchbox holder and on the bottom of the bowl. This mark is a guarantee of genuineness, perfect workmanship and material. Sold by the better department stores, furniture stores, sporting goods, office equipment and gift stores, and other stores that carry smart things.

If your dealer can't supply Smokador, send the coupon and $10.50 for each Smokador—check or money order ($11.00 if you live west of the Mississippi; $15.00 in Canada). Your order will be filled through your dealer.



Made of durable metal.

Note the snuffer grips —two on each Smokador. They hold forgotten smokes and snuff them out.

Ashes and stubs fall through the bottom tray and bellow down to the bowl where they can't smolder or smell.

To clean, infrequently, disconnect stem by a twist to left and empty the bowl. No mess. No fuss.

Six Colors!
Smokador comes in six attractive colors . . . Mahogany, Dark Bronze, Willow Green, Chinese Red, Olive Green and Roman Gold

There is only one

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Smokador
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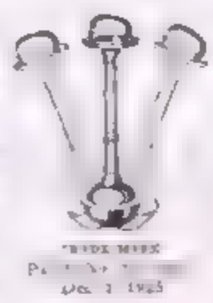

It cannot tip over and spill

Name
Street
City
State
Mahogany
Chinese Red

Smokador catalogue folder and name of nearest dealer mailed on request

OLD TOM'S one-night cure for *RADIOPHOBIA**

FOR a long time most of my radio fun was the sport of twitting some fussy friend about his alibis, and his run-down B-batteries.

"Putter around with them," I used to say, "but some day when the radio wise men of the world get time to do the job *right* for us, so that I can plug in a good set on a light socket, and let 'er go like any other up-to-date, fuss-proof machine, *then* I'll buy one."

Well, there's my new radio set—hooked up with a base-plug, and Raytheon did it! I was at old Tom Bailey's one night when he came in with a bundle, and a broad grin. That night he gave his worn-out B-batteries a decent burial—and me, my first real enthusiasm for radio enjoyment in my own arm chair. Cured a bad case of radiophobia, so to speak, with one Raytheon-tube treatment!

RAYTHEON—simply a long-life rectifying tube inside that little B-power box there. It changes (rectifies) regular home light current from alternating current to direct radio B-power. It banishes B-batteries and bother—gives better, clearer, truer reception night after night, right through the year without interruptions.

The Raytheon name stands for more than a dependable rectifying tube; it's a guarantee that every Raytheon-equipped B-power unit has been tested and approved by the Raytheon research laboratories.

More than half of all the light-socket B-power units in existence—hundreds of thousands of them made by more than twenty leading manufacrurers—are Raytheon-equipped.

The long life of Raytheon tubes (guaranteed for a year) and the simplicity of the patented scientific principle on which they are built, are responsible for this preference by the foremost radio engineers.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate for you a Raytheon-equipped B-power unit to replace your B-batteries—a permanent light-socket hook-up that needs no attention, and keeps reception always at peak-of-power perfection.

These Better Radio Power Units are Raytheon-approved and Raytheon-equipped

ACME B-POWER SUPPLY
ALL-AMERICAN CONSTANT-B
BOSCH NOBATTRY
BURNS B-BATTERY ELIMINATOR
BREMER-TULLY B-POWER UNIT
CORNELL VOLTAGE SUPPLY
CROSLEY A, B & C POWER
FRLA HUM-FREE B ELIMINATOR
GENERAL RADIO PLATE SUPPLY
MAJESTIC "B" CURRENT SUPPLY
ELECTRON CURRENT B SUPPLY
KINGSTON B-BATTERY ELIMINATOR
MAYOLIAN B SUPPLY
MODERN "B" POWER
NATIONAL POWER SUPPLY
SPARTON RADIO B-POWER
STERLING "B" POWER
VALLEY B-POWER UNIT
WEBSTER B-POWER UNITS
ZENITH A, B & C POWER

ONLY those manufacturers whose B-power units have been fully tested and approved by the Raytheon research laboratories are entitled to use the Raytheon rectifying tube or this symbol in connection with their products.

*RADIOPHOBIA——
Old fashioned anti-radio complex of the pre-Raytheon period

DESIGNED FOR USE WITH Raytheon LONG LIFE RECTIFYING TUBE

RAYTHEON MANUFACTURING CO.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

RAYTHEON IS THE HEART OF RELIABLE RADIO POWER

A COOK'S TOUR

(Continued from Page 21)

olive oil were poured into a very large pan. The pan was large enough to allow the slices of fish to be laid out in state without one piece overlapping the other. Two chopped onions were added to the heating oil. The fish was laid in, slice by slice, and allowed to smother for ten minutes, being turned over once to enable each side to become partly cooked.

The fish was then taken out of the pan and the slices placed on a dish. Half a can of tomatoes was poured into the pan and allowed to boil well. When the tomatoes were boiling, half a lemon, cut in thin slices, was dropped in, and over this was poured the pint of liquid in which the head of the snapper was originally boiled. This was seasoned strongly with salt and a liberal pinch of Cayenne. The whole was allowed to boil until reduced to one-half. Then the slices of fish were returned to their former resting place in the pan, great care being taken that the slices did not touch. In the meantime a demi-tasse spoonful of saffron had been chopped very fine, set in a small deep dish and a little of the sauce in which the fish were boiling poured over the saffron to dissolve it. When the fish had been boiling about five or six minutes, the saffron sauce was poured over it in the pan and—*bouillir—baisse!* It was done.

There's your *bouillabaisse*. It was snatched off the fire and each slice of fish was laid out in state on a separate piece of toast which had been fried in butter. The sauce was poured over it and it was served quickly. That seems a lot of trouble and, as the Irishman said about the ox-tail soup, that's going a long way back to get something good to eat.

For Plain and Fancy Cooking

But the finished *bouillabaisse* was well worth waiting and struggling for. It was served at Rector's every Friday night for years. You could also get it at Delmonico's and the old Brevoort. But the right way to make it was that used in the old Creole kitchens on the big rice and cotton plantations.

The pots swung on cranes in the huge fireplaces. The fancy cooking was done in a smaller room opening into the large kitchen. Bread was made on the flat top of a polished log and biscuits were thumped with a pronged stick. Waffles were browned in a long-handled pan shaped something like a broom. Everything was cooked and broiled directly over the coals. The aroma of Louisiana cooking was carried on the winds all over the South. The river boatmen up at Memphis and Vicksburg knew when the New Orleans housewives were preparing *brioche*, *pilou* and Creole *jambalaya*.

A man didn't have to starve in New Orleans if his nose was operating on schedule. You could actually smell yourself a good meal if the wind happened to be in the right direction. General Jackson's gallant defense of New Orleans in 1815 was due to the fact that Old Hickory had dined that day on Creole curry—a dish made up of Cayenne pepper, coriander seed, turmeric, onions, garlic, ginger root, cardamom, salt and cloves. That's enough to make any man fight.

Stewed in its Own Juice

This battle was fought after peace had been declared. General Jackson knew the war was over but wanted to get to New Orleans because he had inhaled a whiff of *poisson rouge au gratin* on the Southern breeze. It was a fearful battle, but Old Hickory had no visitors when he sat down that night to *sole à la Nouvelle Orleans*.

I have spoken of Creole economy in the kitchen. I will give you one example of it. They had 150 ways of preparing Indian corn. When they cooked a pig, they were as efficient as the famous Chicago packing house which boasted of utilizing all the porker except its last squeal. Their finest trait was their ability to soften up tough and sinewy meat by braising. Braising is one of the secrets of Creole cookery. It is a halfway process between baking and frying. The meat is in a covered saucepan, which prevents the moisture and flavor of the meat from going up in steam. Braising is exactly what you mean when you threaten to stew an enemy or business competitor in his own juice.

Deer, bear and other wild game were plentiful in the surrounding canebrakes. It was here that Audubon completed his

(Continued on Page 168)

Tobogganing at Lake Placid

ROSS STEERING

"The Ross Steering Gear brings new driving ease and comfort—

you may have it, too!"

YOU STEER every minute you drive—a real task with ordinary steering. But with Ross you handle your car comfortably—without conscious effort—your mind and body at ease. The Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear relieves the *strain* of driving—and thus gives you greater safety . . . . Ross *doubles* your ability to handle your car—under *all* conditions . . . . You can drive a Ross-equipped car through heavy gravel or over rough, rutted, pitted roads, and railroad tracks—with new ease and safety. *Your steering wheel stays firm in your hands—and your car holds true in its course!* Make this test before you buy a new car . . . . Notice the reduction in road-shock . . . . Learn, too, how Ross takes the work out of *parking* . . . . The secret of all these advantages lies in the long lever arm and variable pitch of the cam—exclusively Ross . . . . Already thirty-seven automobile manufacturers use Ross as standard equipment. Mail the coupon for a roster of Ross-equipped cars, buses and trucks, and an interesting free booklet on steering.

ROSS GEAR AND TOOL CO., Lafayette, Ind.
Please send me your free booklet "Efficiency in Steering"

Name _____

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Put a check after name of car if you are interested in the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear for replacement on
Ford ☐ Dodge ☐ Overland ☐ Chevrolet ☐

ROSS
Cam and Lever Steering Gears

EASIER STEERING--LESS ROAD SHOCK

It's cheapest to buy the best clippers — Ask your barber

If your barber or hairdresser trimmed your hair with clippers that cut ragged, tugged, and pulled, you would soon go somewhere else. So they are mighty particular about the clippers they buy.

Nine out of ten barbers and hairdressers use Brown & Sharpe clippers, even though they cost more than any other make.

Follow your barber's example when you buy clippers. Pay a little more and get a Brown & Sharpe. He has found that they are made with so much more care and precision that they cut smoother, stay sharp longer, and are easier to use. And they last so long that many a barber today is using a pair of Brown & Sharpe clippers bought so long ago, he's forgotten when.

The "Home Model" clipper is made with the same accuracy and care as the Brown & Sharpe micrometer that measures finer than the human hair. It has an ingenious attachment that catches the hair as you clip it.

BROWN & SHARPE

Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

CLIPPERS

(Continued from Page 166)

exhaustive study of bird life. The bayous swarmed with fish of all kinds. When the planter wasn't using his shotgun or revolver against another planter under the famous Dueling Oaks of New Orleans, he could take a few steps off his back porch and bring down enough venison to last all winter.

I will give you the old Creole recipe for *chevreuil à la chasseur*, or venison, hunter's style. This is the same recipe as the one for rabbit stew. You must first catch your venison.

Chop the venison into pieces about two inches square. Salt and pepper liberally. Drop two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan with the venison and allow it to brown slowly. When it is almost brown, add an onion chopped very fine and let this also brown slightly. Then add an egg-size bit of ham which has been minced well, one clove of garlic, two sprigs of thyme and two bay leaves which have been chopped fine. Stir in with the venison and allow to brown about two minutes. Add a tablespoonful of flour and brown several minutes longer. Pour in a pint of warm water and let it all simmer for another five minutes. Add about a quart of consommé and cook for an hour. Season again according to taste and add half a can of chopped mushrooms and the grated rind of a lemon. Again season to taste and cook all for another thirty minutes. Serve on a hot dish with *croutons* which have been fried in butter.

Eschew Your Neighbor's Venison

Although you may never have cause to use this recipe—and if you do, follow Charley Case's advice and don't shoot a neighbor's venison—I want to state that this *chevreuil à la chasseur* in the Creole manner is enough to make an Alps echo holler "Oh, boy!"

I could go on talking about New Orleans cooking forever, but I am afraid that you would not be able to procure the ingredients for the dishes. The Louisiana mammy could cook, but she had something to cook with. Although many an astigmatic Nimrod shoots a cow in mistake for a moose, the two animals do not taste alike in the stewpot. Quail, snipe and partridge ran riot in the Mississippi bottoms in the old days. But what is the use of talking about something we cannot get?

Let's put on our red coats, call the hounds, sound the bugle and shoot ourselves an egg in the Creole manner.

Escoffier claims to have enough recipes *des œufs* to cook eggs differently every day for twelve months. I can do the same thing myself if you let me off on Sundays, holidays and give me six months' vacation in the summer. I do know that the Creoles could prepare eggs in a hundred various styles. But this seems to be chefs' labor lost. No matter what you do to an egg, it remains an egg to the finish.

My favorite egg dish is the Creole omelet, an inheritance from the Spanish ancestors of the native Louisianian. Scald and skin a half dozen ripe tomatoes and chop them fine. Slice two onions into small bits and mince half a garlic clove. Add a heaping big spoonful of bread crumbs which have been fried with a small gob of butter in a saucepan until they are very brown and crispy. Then add the tomatoes and salt and pepper to taste. The Creole always uses a slight dash of Cayenne also. Let it all stew for at least an hour. Take six eggs, beat the yolks to a cream and the whites of the eggs to a froth. Then beat them all together. Place a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, and when it melts, add the omelet. Remember that the tomatoes and the eggs are in separate pans. As the omelet becomes set, pour the well-done tomatoes on it, fold the omelet over and cook for two minutes longer. Roll into a dish and serve hot.

Every time I visit New Orleans I make a rush for a Creole candy store which is my filling station for pralines aux pacanes, or pecan pralines. Only the finest kind of brown sugar is used for making this delicious candy. The ratio is one pound of sugar to half a pound of fresh Louisiana pecans. Set the sugar to cook and, as it begins to boil, add the pecans, which should be freshly peeled and cut, some into small pieces and others into halves and quarters. One spoonful of butter and four tablespoonfuls of water are enough to mix with the sugar and pecans before starting to boil. The water is sufficient to melt the sugar and the butter prevents it from scorching.

Let it all boil together until it starts to bubble; then take it off the stove. Ladle out with an ordinary kitchen spoon and drop the mixture into cakes on a moist marble slab or a buttered plate. Each one should be a small cake about five inches across and a quarter of an inch thick. Allow them to dry out and lift them from the slab with a knife. If you have been careful to stir the mixture while it was boiling, you will have the most delicious of pecan pralines. They are marvelous. Even now, as I am writing about them, my mouth waters so much that I have to wear water wings.

But you haven't heard anything yet. What do you think of *feuilles de roses cristallisées?* Never heard of them? They have been famous in the Crescent City for 150 years. That's a long time on any man's wrist watch. This is one time when your florist is your groceryman. Select one pound of the prettiest and nicest pink roses that have been freshly cut. Pick the petals one by one and drop them in water. Drain off the fluid and press the petals in your hands to bruise them gently. Set them on a sieve to drain.

Then take one pound of the best white sugar, add sufficient water to dissolve it and allow it to boil to a sirup. Clarify the sirup and then drop in the rose petals. Allow the sirup to boil up six or seven times. Remove from the fire and allow to stand until the cooling sugar forms a coating around the petals. Then drain them off and set the petals apart on paper until they are perfectly dry. The rose petals will be crystallized and should be placed in paper-lined boxes in a cool, dry spot. It is impossible to describe the taste. It is sufficient to say that one of these petals is enough to make an octogenarian buy a set of boxing gloves and start looking for Gene Tunney.

The Creole also treats plums, oranges, orange blossoms, violets, ginger and watermelon in the same way. This is where his love of beauty crosses the equator of economy. He can call on his girl on Wednesday eve, bring her a beautiful bouquet of flowers; then both of them can perch on the sofa and eat the bouquet together. Not a bad idea.

If you do not understand how to clarify sugar, here is a simple recipe: The white of one egg and a pint of water is enough for eight pounds of sugar. Beat the white of the egg to a froth in a dish with a cupful of water, which should be added slowly to the egg during the beating process. Put the eight pounds of sugar in a kettle and dilute it with half the egg. When it is thick, set it over the fire and allow it to boil up twice. Then skim it. Continue to add the egg by degrees until the scum on top is perfectly white. Add a cup of cold water to carry off any remaining scum. Take it from the fire and strain. The sugar can then be set aside for future use.

From Lafcadio Hearn

It is easy to imagine that a people existing on beautiful food would live in an equally æsthetic manner. There is no finer word-painting in English than the description of a Creole courtyard by Lafcadio Hearn, the author laureate of the City of Dreams:

> An atmosphere of tranquillity and quiet happiness seemed to envelop the old house, which had formerly belonged to a rich planter. . . . The great green doors of the arched entrance were closed and the green shutters of the balconied windows were half shut, like sleepy eyes lazily gazing upon the busy street below or the cottony patches of white clouds which floated slowly, slowly, across the deep blue of the sky above. . . . The great court, deep and broad, was framed in tropical green, vines embraced the white pillars of the piazza, and creeping plants climbed up the tinted walls to peer into the upper windows with their flower eyes of flaming scarlet. Banana trees nodded sleepily their plumes of emerald green at the farther end of the garden, vines smothered the windows of the dining room and formed a bower of cool green about the hospitable door. . . . An aged fig tree, whose gnarled arms trembled under the weight of honeyed fruit, shadowed the square of bright lawn which formed a natural carpet in the midst; and at intervals were stationed along the walks in large porcelain vases—like barbaric sentinels in sentry boxes—gorgeous broad-leaved things, with leaves fantastic and barbed, and flowers brilliant as humming birds.
>
> A fountain murmured faintly near the entrance of the western piazza, and there came from the shadows of the fig tree the sweet and plaintive cooing of doves. Without, street cars might jingle . . . but these were mere echoes of the outer world which disturbed not the delicious quiet within—where sat, in old-fashioned chairs, good old-fashioned people who spoke the tongue of other times, and observed many quaint and knightly courtesies forgotten in this material era. . . . The sound of deeply musical voices conversing in the languages of Paris and Madrid, the playful chatter of dark-haired children lisping in sweet and many-voweled Creole, and through it all, the soft caressing coo of doves. Without, it was the year 1879; within, it was the epoch of the Spanish domination. . . . A guitar lay upon the rustic bench near the fountain . . . a silk fan beside it. A European periodical, with graceful etchings, hung upon the back of a rocking-chair at the door, through which one caught glimpses of a snowy table bearing bottles of good Bordeaux and inhaled the odor of rich West India tobacco.

The Road to Yesterday

Lafcadio Hearn, among the most beautiful of writers, was extremely sensitive about his appearance and avoided strangers, who he thought might laugh at him. He found sympathy and friendship among the Creoles of New Orleans and, in return, lived in their section of the town and wrote the Creole sketches which are now slowly becoming known, many years after his death. Another good reason for his living in the Creole quarter was that he loved good things to eat and knew where to get them.

He doted on the baba—a round, porous cake soaked in wine. Also the *brioche*, which cannot commonly be obtained in this country outside of New Orleans. It was *brioche* that Marie Antoinette suggested to the starving Parisians when they complained to Her Serene Highness that they had no bread.

I have tried to avoid the mentioning of wines in the old Creole recipes, as I do not care to open up old wounds or older bonded warehouses. But wine played an important part in Creole cookery. It was poured in quite a few sauces and many cakes were soggy with it.

The Louisiana mammy was the graduate of no cooking school; she had no thermometer to regulate the heat of her oven and no scientific instruments to assist her in preparing food. She carried hundreds of recipes in her old crinkly head and learned others by word of mouth. The only cookbook in those days was a hot frying pan. There were no schools of domestic science and the Creole maidens learned their recipes right over the quaint old stoves. The mixture of Spanish and French was just the right transfusion for the invention of new dishes and the perpetuation of old dishes and legends.

Creole cookery is strictly a local New Orleans product. We have tried to transplant a shoot from the parent tree to the metropolitan cities, but have never been successful. When removed from its native heath the Spanish influence seems to wither and the French half predominates. If you desire to enjoy it you must board the bateau at St. Louis, travel down the Mississippi on a stern-wheeler, and when the Robert E. Lee whistles for the landing around the bend, take a quick look at your ticket and make sure that it is dated 1885, for we have been taking a trip on the road to yesterday.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Rector. The next will appear in an early issue.

Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Linoleum No. 6042

See it ··· Touch it ··· Walk on it
It is unlike any floor you know

OPEN your mind to an entirely new idea of floor beauty and comfort. Then examine with a critical eye this newest floor creation of Armstrong's designers. It has the beauty of a cut-stone floor. It has the lifetime wear of a built-in floor. Yet it is warm, quiet, comfortable to walk on—and can be quickly laid right over any old, shabby floor.

Rich, rugged ashlar—finished, square-edged stone—is the motif for the artistry in this new design. The design units vary in size from a small block to large flagstone effects. The color tone, too, is not repeated regularly but is freely blended to catch interest.

Furthermore, the natural mortar lines are actually pressed below the surface, embossed, to give this Armstrong Floor the "texture" that makes for true floor beauty.

This "textured" effect, called Embossed Handcraft Tile Inlaid, is an exclusive Armstrong feature (patents pending). It is now available in many different designs. All are beautiful. All make comfortable, foot-easy floors characteristic of Armstrong's genuine inlaid linoleum. All cost surprisingly little when installed—nothing at all as the years roll by.

These new Armstrong Floors, as well as a host of others, are on display at good department, furniture, and linoleum stores. The merchant will explain how quickly the floor you select can be *built-in* right over your old floor. And your Armstrong Floor never needs refinishing.

Right—A new inlaid design No. 3016
Below—Embossed inlaid design No. 6007

See them in model rooms

Hazel Dell Brown's new book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration," shows how the new Armstrong Floors look when laid in fine interiors. This book also brings you suggestions for home decoration and an offer of Mrs. Brown's free service. Sent for 10c. (Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2633 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A trademark on the burlap back

ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM *for every floor in the house*

PLAIN · · · INLAID · · · EMBOSSED · · · ARABESQ · · · PRINTED · · · JASPÉ

Rooms need not be upset *to entertain*

Use Stakmore Folding Chair and Table Sets. They are ready—zip! The artistic setting of your rooms is not disturbed. You need not ruin floors or tire yourself, yanking heavy furniture. You meet guests fresh, unruffled, smiling—a charming hostess.

Stakmore tables are rigid—no irritating "wobble." Patented corner anchorages prevent it. Stakmore chairs are upholstered and built for comfort because of a clever trick of retilting the back and seat.

For illustrated booklet and shop where you can see Stakmores, write your name and address on the edge of this page and mail to Stakmore Co., Inc., Dept. H-9, 200 Madison Avenue, New York City.

THE SOUTHAMPTON SET

The Southampton Decorated Set (finest of all Stakmore sets) Special carton holds four chairs and table in closet space 5 inches wide—(less than the span of your hand). An ideal gift for brides or birthdays. Be sure to look for the name Stakmore—it is your guarantee of perfect satisfaction

STAKMORE
Aristocrats of Folding Furniture

HELEN OF THE HUNDRED WAVES

(Continued from Page 40)

But I keep fit." His bare, shocking head was covered now; he looked more like an ordinary plantation manager, less like a man vulture, or—the simile sprang unbidden and astonishing into Rob's mind—like the sinister, queer Goblin Market figures in the museum.

"Your overseer died," remarked Helen Elizabeth. She was staring down at her small shoes, inspecting, apparently, the damage done to them by yesterday's salt water and today's dust and stones.

The manager sent a slow, sliding glance at her. It was noticeable that he seemed little taken by this girl, whose red-gold hair and amber eyes had nevertheless made their impression on many a heart.

"My overseer had perfect health," he replied. "Perfect. A fine man." There was an odd satisfaction in his voice. "But he was a careless fellow; he went bathing once too often and the sharks got him. Plenty about here. You'd better keep off bathing," he went on in a sudden hurry. "They really are dangerous, you know."

"They won't touch me," said Helen Elizabeth, still examining her pretty shoes. Undoubtedly one toe was badly scuffed.

"That's true," contributed Telford. "No Pentecost was ever taken by a shark. There's a sort of hereditary ——"

"Are you a Pentecost?"

"I beg your pardon. I thought I'd—my name is Telford; no relation, only a friend."

"Do be careful, then; there's a good chap. We can't afford to have things happening to our guests. I hope Miss Pentecost will take no risks either." He seemed to have forgotten about Charles. "Keep on shore, both of you," he entreated. "We'll find plenty of amusement. We must keep you amused. In these wild places," he explained a trifle patronizingly, "the white man deteriorates unless he keeps up plenty of interests outside himself. You would never believe the stories I could tell you—never!" He seemed to savor the stories. "But for today—how would you like a sail on the trucks? Something new, that, hey?"

Without waiting for a reply he scurried off toward the working, grubbing boys. His guests, watching in the distance, saw him directing a gang to push one of the trucks up from the jetty, run it along the rails, and set the sail. He even lent a hand himself, to hurry the lumbering vehicle. He seemed to be all energy, all good will.

The three watched in silence. Over the faint creaking of the truck and the distant sounds of the manager's voice droned high the humming wind; echoed continually the pick-pit, pick-pit of the working boys. Presently Charles and his sister spoke, almost together.

"I hate him," from Helen Elizabeth.

"B'gad," from Charles, "he looks like the sort of beggar who takes drugs."

Telford gave a shout. "You've hit the nail on the head!" he cried. "I was puzzling to know what it was. That expression—sort of Aha-I-know-something-you-don't-know kind of look."

"Horrid glee," put in Charles.

"The very word. They do look like that ——"

"Huggin' their secret. And buttered with greasy kindness, too, for fear anyone would suspect. Yes."

"Well, he has been very kind," allowed Rob compunctiously. "One hardly likes to accuse him behind his back of such a thing ——"

"You needn't worry," said Helen Elizabeth coolly. "He doesn't."

"Doesn't what?"

"Drug."

"Well, I dunno," said Charles, with the odd, worldly wisdom that so often surprised people who did not know him well. "Maybe. But he doesn't drink—wish he did! Might be a chance for me—and he don't seem to have any pretty housekeepers about. And a man alone on an island's got to have something to amuse him, as that New Hebrides chap said—remember?—when his bride jilted him and he had to ask the captain of the Induna to fetch him up a gramophone next voyage instead. . . . There, he's comin' back. Let's go and try the bloomin' merry-go-round."

It was good fun, as even Charles the worn-out and burnt-out allowed. One got onto the truck that the boys had pushed far inland, sat down on the high seat and, when ready, hoisted sail. The fierce southeaster did the rest. Roaring like the very loom of time, one tore along the little railway, hair combed by the wind, clothes flying; guano pits, work gangs, store sheds and stark iron houses running away in a long blur to left and right. When one neared the jetty it was necessary to lower sail and clap on brakes, so as to slow down in good season. Then, summoning the eager boys—who seemed only too glad of a change in their monotonous work—one sat still while they pushed, pushed for fifteen or twenty minutes against the stiff breeze, urging each other on with yelps and cries. Then all over again. Tobogganing wasn't in it.

They were extremely cheerful when they went back to lunch. The seven weeks' stay did not loom so long ahead. After all, one might have been much worse off; and if their host wasn't exactly a likable fellow, no one could say that he did not mean to be kind.

The weeks went by; time "like a wounded snake dragged its slow length along" from tiresome day to day. They had read all the manager's books. They had walked over most of the island—all of it, save a rocky gorge at the far side, where a long thatched building could be distantly discerned; the manager had told them that was the quarantine shed, and for the sake of discipline he had put it out of bounds to everybody, even when it wasn't in use. Charles had enjoyed a dip or two in the shallow harbor water without seeing anything of the ferocious man-eating sharks that had devoured the overseer. Helen and Rob had wanted to join him, but the manager, after giving easy consent, had suddenly retracted it.

"You never know," he said gravely. "You tell me the Pentecosts aren't taken by sharks—well, that's as may be. Still a shark might come in and might take you—or Mr. Rob, who has no protection—and what a terrible thing that would be! No, we won't run the chance."

There was a certain quality, hard to name, about the manager's conversation that sometimes made Rob feel confused and puzzled. He felt puzzled now. The man was talking as if no one had ever been taken in the harbor, as if the chance of sharks were negligible, and yet he was clearly anxious to protect Rob and Helen from even that negligible danger. But he didn't protect Charles. And he was no admirer of Helen's in the ordinary sense; a queer, cold, fishy little man, he seemed utterly immune to her beauty and her charm. Why—why—why? Rob found no answer.

Later, in the strange mauve twilight that fell upon Blenkiron when the sun was down, Rob strolled with Helen Elizabeth along the truck line. They had dropped into that habit of late. Charles suffered a good deal from the absence of drink, and hid his sufferings—often worst toward evening—with the unselfishness that was still part of his wrecked, kind soul. His little bedroom, locked for hours, hid misery that he would not, for the world, have displayed. So it came that Telford and the girl were thrown much together.

"That manager is a queer kind of bloke," Telford offered, as they stepped high and disposedly from sleeper to sleeper of the rails. The boys had knocked off work and gone to supper. Through the thin dusk tomato-colored lights shone from the boy-house doors, and a low grumbling noise of talk came out. Peeping and squealing sounded from the rookeries, where the gulls were settling to rest. The wind was down a bit tonight. One could hear upon the rocks the prisoning sea keep up its sentry march about Blenkiron.

Helen made no answer; but she seemed to wait for him to go on.

"He's sulky about those curios of his; he's always getting sulky about something. I don't want to touch them. I know it wouldn't be the least use trying to buy them from the fellow, even if I could afford it; but I did want to take a photo or two; you know, they are most remarkable—probably from the far interior of New Guinea—and he wouldn't hear of it. That was weeks ago, and I hadn't said anything about them again till the day before yesterday, when it struck me, somehow, that he might be willing to let you photo them—people don't often refuse you anything you ask; I've noticed that. Well, I hardly had time to open my mouth about it before he jumped down my throat. 'Certainly not,' he said. 'Has she been meddling with them?' he said. 'Pawing them about?' I snubbed him pretty well; I told him to speak differently when he spoke of you, or I'd be liable to forget he was my host; and he climbed down about it, and we didn't say anything more. But I can't say it made me love him any better."

"Are you sure he said that?" asked the girl presently. "About my pawing the things?"

"Yes; it was like his ——"

"Have you seen the curios since?"

"No. He's kept the door tight locked, and there are no windows. I did venture a remark, and he not only didn't answer it, he wouldn't speak when spoken to for about half the day. That's why I say he is so sulky. But, after all, what does it matter? I suppose it's rather rotten, talking about one's host like this."

"Odd," said Helen. "There are natives—natives—who would say that my touch polluted everything and made it useless for—what it was meant to do. But the manager ——"

"Can't make him out. I suppose there's something in what he said about white people deteriorating in these out-of-the-way places. . . . Are we going to have a run on the trucks tomorrow? You've been rather off it of late. Tired?"

"No," said the girl. "I like it; it keeps one from thinking too much. But—I don't think I'll go."

They had almost reached the house now; its bulk stood up before them in the dark like a barren rock washed by a sea of stars. Something in the look of the place brought back, through sheer contrast, to Telford thoughts of another island, fairest and richest, perhaps, in the Pacific world.

"Do you often think of Man-o'-War?" he asked gently.

"Always," said Helen Elizabeth, no least quiver in her voice.

"And you'll never give up hope of getting it back?"

"Never."

"Never take interest in anything—or anybody?"

"You go too far!" cried Helen Elizabeth sharply, drawing away from him.

Like this, always, if he ventured within a hundred yards of the fence she had set up. Like her great kinswoman—if the family tales were true. If they were true, then Helen Elizabeth was bound to have her soft spot somewhere.

"Do you suppose ——" said Rob Telford, standing still before her. "There's the moon coming up out of the sea. Look, even this place is lovely at night! . . . Do you suppose you can go through all your youth without ——"

"What, sir?" She was fronting him, her amber eyes bright as a cat's in the waxing moonlight; angry as a cat's, too, if he did not mistake. His anger kindled at hers.

(Continued on Page 172)

Home of F. F. Rowe, Rockford, Ill., with side-walls and roof of Creo-Dipts. Architect, Jesse A. Barlogo. Creo-Dipt Service Department is glad to help plan stained, thatched roofs, or unusual special roofs like the one in the picture above. Leading lumber dealers everywhere carry Creo-Dipts in stock

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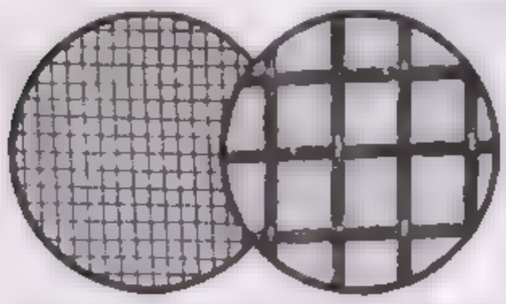

The left-hand circle is from an actual photograph of Copper Screen Cloth, heavy grade made by The New Jersey Wire Cloth Company, which has been exposed to salt air for more than thirteen years.

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He dropped the impersonal word he was about to use, and jerked out boldly:

"Me."

He saw her hand, milk-colored in the moon, rise as if to strike him, then drop. She turned round and walked away from him without a word.

On the threshold of the house she paused, waited, and seemed about to speak. He caught her up eagerly. What was she going to say? Would she

"Don't ride on the trucks any more."

She was gone. Telford, feeling as if something had struck him on the head, walked out once more into the wash of stars and rising moon, fumbling for a cigarette, and trying to think. What on earth? Why?

The cigarette was drawing; it calmed his mind. One thing stood up clear. She might have been trying to snub him; she might have been giving him encouragement, though he did not think the latter was likely. But, whatever her enigmatical sentence might mean, it could not be ignored. Helen Elizabeth was unique among women in that she never wasted words. A word with her was a coin, a sentence, a check. All carried sterling value.

The wind blew out his cigarette as he stood thinking. He tossed it away, felt for another, felt for matches. There wasn't one left.

Well, the boys' quarters were only a hundred yards away; he'd go there for a light. Somehow, he felt as if the house would stifle him tonight.

Telford was wearing rubber-soled shoes; he made no sound as he neared the boy house. Just for a moment he stood unnoticed on the threshold, looking in. There was a small fire in the middle of the floor, set native-fashion upon a bed of ashes. Black shiny backs and woolly heads were gathered round it despite the heat. A hurricane lamp, on the ground, cast orange rays mingled with smoke-blue shadows, like the lights in old pictures of the Nativity. Shelflike bunks, piled tier on tier, ran round the walls.

All this he saw in the one second before a native turned head, saw him, and sprang up with a fearful yell. Like a bomb filled with human shrapnel the group round the fire exploded over the room, howling. Only one figure kept its place; the odd, curved shape of Udu, who, standing by the door, watched with inscrutable expression the flight of his companions.

Telford walked into the house. "Here," he shouted, "what's all the row? Stop it!"

The boys stopped, stared, began to bunch together again.

"My word, marster," faltered one naked creature, "we been think you one devil—devil belong overseer." He eyed the white man; he had a long red feather stuck through a hole in the tip of his nose; it wavered violently with his trembling breath.

"Give me a light," demanded Telford. Somebody handed him a brand; they all watched him light up and smoke. The action seemed to calm them. The boy with the feather explained, "Long time ago dis overseer him go finish along truck; all-a-time night-time him walk about. All-a-same man you, him big man, him 'trong man, him havem white close. Me tinkem you debil—debil belong him."

"What do you mean?" asked Telford, puzzled. "The overseer was killed by a shark, not a guano truck."

A ghost-seeing effect in the face of the boy with the feather caused Telford to turn sharply and look behind him. There was nothing there save Udu, bent over the horny sole of his foot, which he seemed to be examining with interest.

"Yes, marster," agreed the boy quickly, "one-fellow overseer, him go finish along shark."

"And you thought it was his ghost—devil-devil belong him?"

The boy hesitated again. Telford, he did not know why, kept watch on Udu, who never raised eye from the thorn, splinter, whatever it might be, that occupied his attention.

Of a sudden the boy made up his mind. In a long drone he burst forth, "God he good God, marster, no leavem debil-debil to fright one boy. Dere is no ghost, dere is God Almighty an' his preachers."

It was clearly an outburst from some almost-forgotten mission teaching, and, quite as clearly, meant little to the one-time pupil. How, on terrible Blenkiron, should a half-enslaved Polynesian remember such things?

"Camouflage," said Rob, walking out again. He had almost reached the house before he remembered to ask—why?

There was no answer; but he consoled himself with the thought that things would straighten out. They were bound to on this tiny stage; no room here for misunderstandings or mysteries. He told the incident to Helen. She nodded; she seemed to see something in it.

It was five weeks since the wreck. There were yet two weeks to go before the calling steamer could be expected. Almost, it seemed as if the uninvited guests, at first so welcome, were beginning to weary the manager of Blenkiron. He was nervous, silent and talkative by turns, late for meals, and cross when he did arrive. Charles, whose room opened out of the manager's, reported that he slept so badly as to disturb himself not a little.

"His special poison must be running out," suggested Telford. Helen Elizabeth looked curiously at the young journalist. She had not stored up his late imprudence against him. It seemed she cherished short memory for lapses of the kind, once they were fitly punished.

"You're probably right," she said.

"Ah," said Rob cheerfully, "you're coming round to Charles' view and mine."

"Do you notice," asked Charles in a told-you-so kind of voice, "that he's kept the museum room always locked, ever since we came?"

"Udu has the key," was all that Elizabeth answered; and this, of course, was equivalent to a give-in.

It was not often that anyone got the better of Helen Elizabeth. Rob Telford felt quite cheered up.

A day or two later, on a morning when Charles and his sister had gone away to bathe, the manager appeared out of his room, where he had been tramping restlessly up and down for an hour or more, and joined Rob on the veranda.

"Feel like a run on the truck?" he suggested. "There's a bonzer wind today. We won't get much more like this. It's liable to slow down a bit during the next two months. I've had the seat fixed with a cushion, and the brake overhauled. I'll get the boys to take her up to the far end of the island, and we'll let her go rip-snorter. She can beat a train when you give her space enough. Of course you have to be careful, but the brake's a good one."

Rob had risen to his feet and dropped his book. The wind was certainly high today. A thin dull haze hung always over the guano workings and the sack-piled stores, but out of that cursed region the air was blown into diamond clarity; shadows were blue, below knife edges; lights on high rocks were chiseled gold. Down the rail track bits of bent and scraps of gull shell came flying like live things; the loin cloths of the laborers slatted and streamed. And always the high drone of the southeaster sang, monotonous yet strangely gay, roaring across the little island from, and toward, the limitless sea.

Nothing better on a day like that than a rush from end to end of the long line—why, the very wind was asking you!

For the moment Rob had forgotten Helen Elizabeth's command. He followed the manager, whistling cheerfully. The manager was whistling too. It seemed that this brisk, breezy day was pleasing to him, soothing to his worried nerves. He beamed with geniality as he set the new cushion on the seat of the truck. The cushion was silk, the seat had been freshly planed and sandpapered. Rob noticed, as he had not

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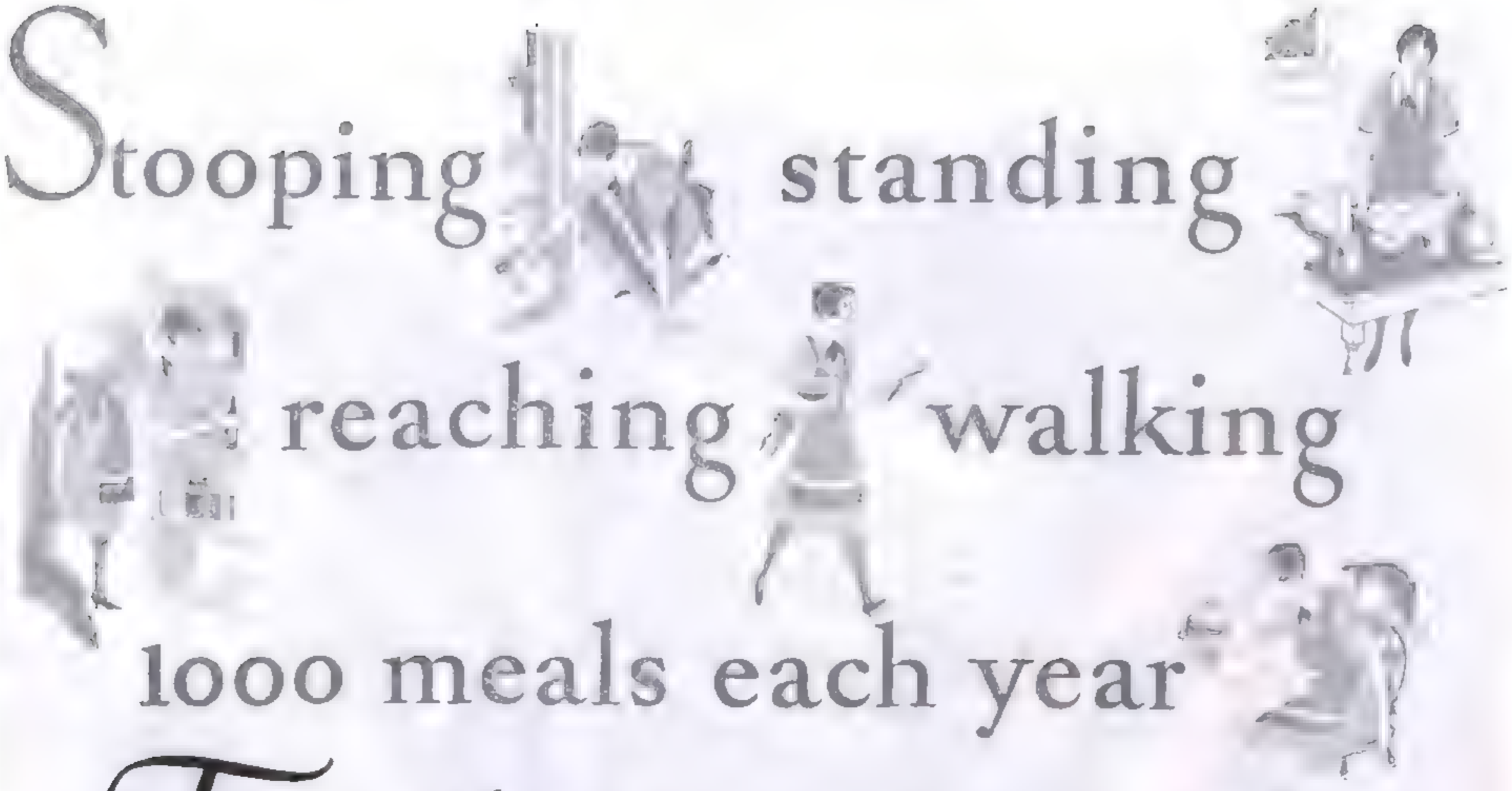

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WHEN IN PITTSBURGH BE SURE TO VISIT THE HEINZ KITCHENS • H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

(Continued from Page 172)

noticed before, that it was set, not in the middle of the truck but at one side. He wondered why. It didn't seem worth asking about.

Then, just as he was buttoning up his flannel coat to make ready for the run, into his memory sprang the thought of Helen Elizabeth and her command.

The manager was waiting; boys had just arrived from the digging pits, and were taking hold of the truck, ready to push up the line. Rob noticed, casually, that one of them had a red feather thrust through a hole in his nose tip.

"Poor beggars," he thought, feeling in his pockets for some stick tobacco he had brought as a tip. "They'll miss this if they don't get it. . . . Here!"

"If you want to give them anything—it's not at all necessary—but if you do, wait till they've done the work," suggested the manager. "After your run."

"I've changed my mind," said Telford. "I'm not going."

"Not"—the manager suddenly turned his face away; busied himself, stooping, with the mechanism of the truck. It was quite half a minute before he stood up again, and said equably, "but why not?"

Suddenly, Rob found himself lying. "Sorry, but I don't feel up to the mark," he said. "Touch of sun or something."

Without further talk he marched away. "Now I wonder," he thought, as he strode the sleepers, "what made me do that? I'm not afraid of the beggar." It seemed somehow necessary to tell himself this—he, whose faults had never run in the direction of cowardice or lying. It was also necessary to say that the manager did not seem at all put out. But why should he be?

He was following, by and by. He came alongside of Rob and suggested medicine. His manner was charming, but his face certainly seemed very red, and he breathed quickly. Yes, one might almost have thought, he was a little vexed. Well, after the trouble he had taken ——

Rob, feeling awkward, plunged into the first remark that occurred to him.

"Did you hear the row over the ghost last night?" he asked.

"What was that?"

Rob told him. The manager listened silently. They had stopped to talk; the wind went yelling overhead; small dry bushes, lying down to it, seemed to shiver.

"What boy did you say?" The manager's short, white eyelashes were very steady, but he did not look at Rob.

"I don't know," answered Rob, suddenly impelled to lie again. They went into the house, and nothing more was said.

It was about eight next morning when their host, who had gone out before breakfast, appeared on the veranda, taking off his sun helmet.

"I hope you didn't wait," he said. "I've been busy. Sorry to say, there's been an accident."

Rob caught an instant leap of two amber eyes toward himself. They flashed and were withdrawn so quickly that one couldn't be sure. But his head began to swim as if the coffee in his half-emptied cup had been brandy. For a moment he hardly noticed what the manager was saying.

"Cliffs on the other side—fell over—good boy, sorry to lose his work. We're almost short-handed as it is."

"B'gad, that's too bad," remarked Charles.

"I may have to let you amuse yourselves for a day or two; something has to be done about that cliff; it's too dangerous. I shall set a gang at work cutting away, and maybe I'll camp till—well, the day after tomorrow. All right?"

"Quite. Sorry, old chap. Good-by."

"What boy was it?" Rob Telford felt impelled to ask.

"A boy I couldn't well spare. That fellow who wore the red feather in his nose. An intelligent, useful lad. Too bad." The manager was gone.

Something seemed to have sickened Rob; a haze crept over the day. He wondered what it was, till he became conscious that Helen Elizabeth was staring at him and that her face was indistinct. With a tremendous effort he steadied himself, drove away the haze. "This must be the way people faint. Well, it won't be the way I shall," he told himself, and stamped viciously on his own toes under the table.

Charles seemed uncommonly, almost suspiciously, cheerful that morning.

Breakfast cleared, he went into his room and locked the door. After an interval a dull, wailing song began to creep forth:

"—— *in sunlight the waters are sleeping,*
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
Though ——"

Telford and Helen Elizabeth looked at each other, and the same thought rising in the minds of both.

"He always sings that when he's—he's"—she said despairingly. "I wonder—no, I don't ——"

"So do I; but I can't imagine why the manager did it."

There was silence, and again the gray eyes and the golden met one another, gradually filling with the same unspoken, formless fear.

"Wanted to keep one of us quiet," Rob heard himself saying.

Then the slim shell-white hands of the girl went up to her face, and for the first time Telford saw her unimaginable, heart-shaking tears.

"God forgive me!" she sobbed. "That boy! It was my fault."

"Your—no, how could it?"

"I was too proud of myself. I wanted to have it all ready before I spoke. And because he could not get you"—her voice was changed, dead.

"Tell me the whole thing! I feel as if we were all going mad!"

She pointed to the tram line, down which the manager's truck was flying fast, a beetle diminishing to an ant, a pin point, nothing at all.

"Come out and see," she said. "Come down to the trucks, and bring a sack of guano with you, a big sack."

Telford obeyed.

"This is our truck, isn't it?"

"Yes. He hasn't taken it away."

"He wouldn't. There's another for him—a different kind. Heave that sack up—up—put it on the seat. Yes, right on the cushion. Now hoist sail and let go!"

"What do you ——"

"Don't talk! Look!"

The truck, escaped from their hands, went, as so often it had gone before, roaring away down the line. It gathered way, made speed. They watched.

"Helen Elizabeth did not speak, but she clutched Telford's hand till her nails sank into the flesh.

The seat, with the sack on it, had suddenly, smoothly turned over and flung its burden on the line. Over the sack went the huge truck, tilting up ever so little as it passed.

Then down the line it flew, bringing up with a fearful jar against the buffers placed at the end.

The sack lay on the line crushed and ripped open, with the guano spilling out; just as something else might have lain there, crushed and—it would not do to think of it.

They followed the truck down the line, and looked for what they knew they would find. A well-oiled bar ran under the seat, supporting it. The bar was held in place by two wing nuts, ordinarily screwed tight. If these nuts were loosened the seat would remain steady until the vibration of high speed began; then it must, without warning, capsize.

"How did he prevent it swinging back?" asked Helen Elizabeth.

"He thought of that," Rob pointed to a catch.

"If you had forgotten what I told you, and gone on the truck the other day"—said the girl.

"I don't understand yet. Why should he wish to murder me? And if he did wish to, why just now and not before?"

They had turned their backs upon the Juggernaut car, and were walking again toward the house.

"I think you know more than you suppose," said Helen Elizabeth; "but I'll answer you. Smash that store-room door."

There was an ax in the yard. Rob smashed the door and Helen Elizabeth watched him with appreciation. He could certainly hit.

The door was down. Helen Elizabeth, standing with her face to the distant sea, remarked, as if she had had eyes in the back of her head, "There's nothing there."

"I don't know how you know, but there isn't," said Rob, staring at the empty unwindowed room, which even yet smelled of native curios—the strange odor of ashes, moldy wood, damp fibers, forest herbs, that scents tambo houses, dubus, ravis, singsing houses, all over the Western Pacific. "Where on earth have they gone to?" he asked wonderingly.

"If you said where in hell, you might come nearer to it," was the girl's astonishing answer.

Rob thought his ears must have misled him. "I suppose she means they've been burned," he thought. "But it was an odd way to put it."

"If you don't want me to go mad," he said with sudden determination, "you'll explain all this. Of course, I know that you know more about natives than any moldy old anthropologist who ever poked about graves, but for the life of me I can't see what that sort of thing has to do with a white man—and that little vulture of a manager is white anyhow."

"I'll tell you everything," was her answer, "but not just this minute. I want you to see for yourself. If you didn't, you'd never quite believe me; even in spite of the car. Say nothing to anyone, and don't be seen with me, but meet me after dark—there's no moon—on the tram line just beyond the last of the pits. Don't use your torch, but guide yourself by the line till you come to a place where a big pile of rocks stands up on the right; it's the only one. You can't miss it. I'll be waiting there against the nearest rock, and I'll take you to where you'll see everything. About ten o'clock would do. Keep away from the manager—you can't control your face enough—and keep away from me, whatever you do. Put on boots; we'll have some hard walking." She added this as an afterthought, turning away into the dusk that now was almost darkness.

Strangely enough, it was this trivial request that, of all that she had said, stuck tightest in Rob's mind when he found himself once more on the veranda of the house. In one corner they had made up a sort of bedroom for him, with a bed, a chair and a table, at which he had been used to write. He flung his long limbs on the chair so violently that it creaked beneath him and almost fell. On the table he dropped his head and, running perplexed hands through his brown furry hair, tried to think. The manager was a murderer; had certainly killed his overseer, and done the business in such a way that nobody who wasn't in the secret would ever see anything in it but an accident. The manager had, as certainly, killed the luckless boy with the red feather. What had either of these done to him, and what had he, of all people, done, that he should be ground to pieces under the roaring wind ships of Blenkiron?

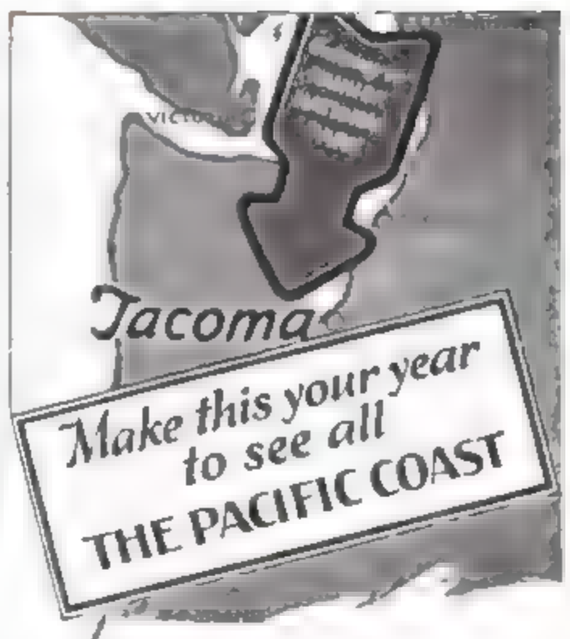
It seemed he was to find out. He got his boots from under the bed—commonly they all went about in rubber-soled sand shoes for comfort and coolness.

He fastened the laces. "Hard walking," he thought. "That's odd."

There were so few places on Blenkiron where the going was tough, unless one went right down on the stony beach, and the tram line wasn't the way to the beach.

Ten o'clock, she had said. It was half-past seven now. Say half an hour to get to the rocks, allowing for delays of any kind.

(Continued on Page 177)



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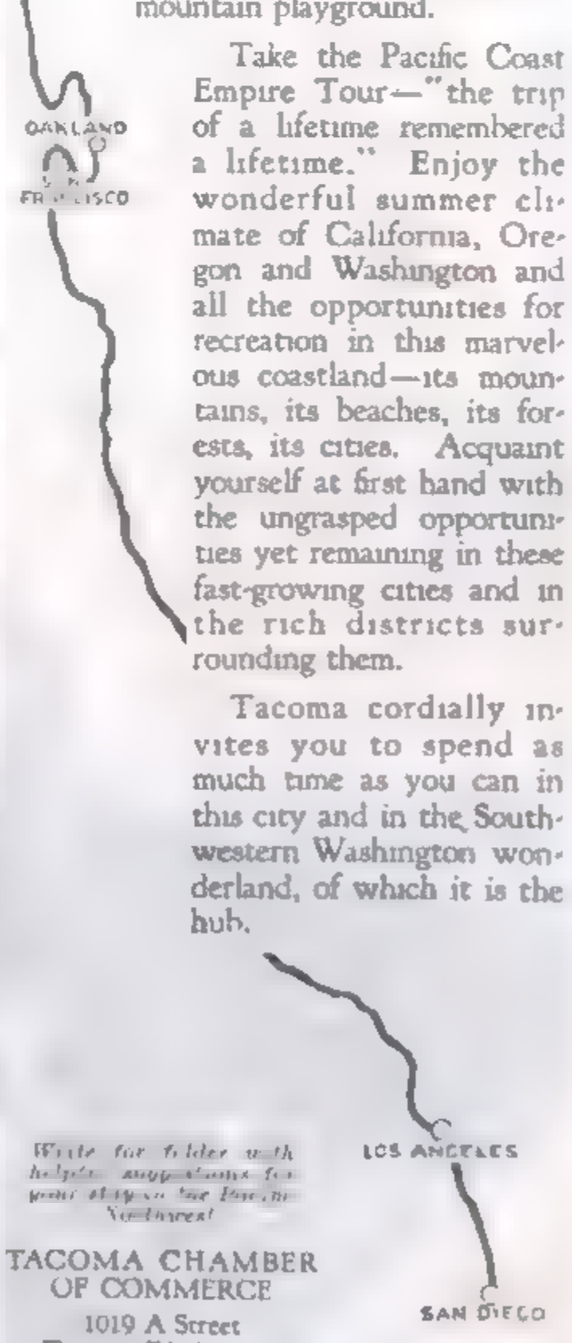

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(Continued from Page 175

Start at half-past nine. Two hours. What was Helen Elizabeth doing with herself all this time? She was too venturesome. Girls, no matter how clever they were, never knew when to stop when it came to danger. You couldn't get them to realize that an adventure—any adventure—might turn the wrong way up, that life wasn't polite ——

Rob Telford had dozed a little, uncomfortably, harried by wild dreams; had got up again, listened at Charles' door, and heard nothing but drunken snores; had gone to the front of the house, to the back, stared strainingly through windy dark, and marked where oblongs of missed stars showed the forms of the guano trucks standing motionless on the line. It was strangely black, strangely silent, even for Blenkiron.

Usually you could catch a certain stir about the cookhouse, near at hand; farther off, could see glimpses of light at the boys' quarters, like tiny marigolds of fire. Tonight there was nothing. Blenkiron seemed dead.

Dead! The word struck sharply. Only for the keen wit of Helen Elizabeth, he would at this moment have been lying himself, an ugly corpse, outside under those cold stars. Death was stalking tonight. Where was she? What mad fancy had made her forbid him to follow her?

He rose to his feet, looked at his watch. Almost he decided to ignore her wishes and start at once. What was the time? Nine o'clock only. Half-past nine. He would wait no longer; he would go.

It was farther than he had thought. The wind was down. The stars seemed larger and paler, through the undispersed dust haze that hung about the pits. The night had grown hot, breathless; a bad night; a night in which things might happen—any kind of thing. Rob drove himself hard down the line; he was streaming before long, and his lungs ached, but he spurred himself to go faster. Why hadn't he realized the distance to the rocks? It was hard to guess distances in such a place as Blenkiron, an island, naked, bald as the manager's head, but he ought to have remembered the look of the line in general. Thank heaven he had started early. He must have been going more than half an hour. It was dark tonight, dark as the mouth of hell; one's eyes didn't seem to get used to it. Where were those rocks? That was the rookery off there to the left; he could hear a faint peeping of birds. He should be nearing—yes! The rocks.

The rocks, indeed. But no one was there. Was he late?

Kneeling on the ground, with a big stone to shield him, Rob cautiously flashed his torch. Five minutes past ten.

Instantly the conviction came upon him that something had happened. He did not argue with it. He had lived long enough in the world's wild places to know that instinct, at times, speaks truer than reason. Reason told him that he was only five minutes beyond the hour agreed on; that girls were always late; that Helen Elizabeth was somewhere near at hand, and would turn up all right if he only waited. Instinct said, loud and clear: "They've got her."

Rob rose to his feet, pocketed the torch, felt in his hip pocket for something else, and shoved it down the waistband of his trousers, where it would be handy. He was quite cool, cool as the stones about him, from which the heat of day had passed. So heat of anxiety, uncertainty, had passed from the lover of Helen Elizabeth, leaving in their place the settled courage that comes of dreadful certainty.

"Boots—hard walking. . . ." He remembered what she had said, and was in no doubt where to go. The rocky gorge at the far end of the island, where the manager had told them that the quarantine station was situated—that would be the place. Rob was a journalist; it was his business to guess, where he did not know. During those tedious hours of waiting he had come to certain conclusions. They did not tend to lessen the fear that lurked, like a Minotaur at the end of a dark labyrinth, in the last recesses of his mind. But he kept the monster back—back.

Using his torch with caution, he examined the stones and their neighborhood. Time pressed, but it would not do to neglect any possible clew. He found one. A shoe—Helen Elizabeth's shoe. It had not been undone; the tongue of it was strained and the lacing almost burst. As clearly as if he had seen her do it, he knew that she had worked it off one foot with the toe of the other, and let it drop—for a signal. "She was being carried," he thought. "How long ago?" He worked it out that she was, in all probability, not more than twenty minutes ahead of him. But to make up a twenty minutes' start, in the course of two miles or less, in the dark, in country scarcely known ——

Rob knew that it could not be done; yet he was none the less resolved that it should be.

He found himself standing in the middle of the line, holding his head with both hands, like a man in a picture. He was trying, with an effort that shook the very roots of his mind, to think of something—something that floated—eluded. The wind—the wind. What had the wind to do ——

"Ho!" shouted somebody, suddenly and much too loud—it might have been himself. He didn't stop to think about that. He had got what he wanted. Back, back along the line, running, stumbling over sleepers, picking himself up again and going on, but always facing the wind, the new, wet-season northwest wind that had broken only tonight; that blew from the harbor to the gorge.

There was a truck at last—a common guano truck, seatless, battered, empty, but more welcome than the smartest of motor cars could have been, to Rob. He knew how the sail was set, how to work the brakes. He knew, too, that there were no buffers at the far end of the line; one must be careful. The manager had made a great point of that, when he told them not to start their runs farther back than the man-o'-war rookery. The line went right across the island. No need to consider noise now, to creep and spy. To hurl oneself across Blenkiron as fast as might be was the only thing that mattered.

"Gosh, there'll be some going," muttered Rob with a glance at the darkness behind him, as he sprang on the truck. He knew what a northwest squall meant, and at the back of everything he could see the stars being wiped out by squads and companies, the sky turning blacker than black. The cloud of the squall, immense, umbrella-shaped, was rising so fast that he felt a whiplash of rain across his neck before he was well away. After, the wind and he were one, and he was only conscious of the roaring truck, the line of light cast by his torch upon the rails ahead, the rocking and the pitching, and the wild, terrible exhilaration of it all. For surely never on Blenkiron before had truck run as this truck was running. "Squall?" thought Rob to himself in jerks. "Tail end of a hurricane, more like. I hope to Heaven she doesn't jump the rails; if she doesn't I'll be in time for sure."

In time! And if not?

"If not—eight shots before they get me—and him first!"

Then it became impossible to think. He could only hold to the brake and the halliards, and try to manage the truck so that it would not leap from the line to sure destruction.

It was two or three minutes before a light ahead told him that he was close on the gorge. He could not spare more than half a look for it. All his strength and nerve were in fee to the necessity of controlling this flying dragon of a truck on which he had horsed himself. If he couldn't get it stopped before the end of the line came, what would happen? There was a stony plain before, ending in a slope toward sea. The truck would upset if it hit that rough ground at such speed. He set his teeth and hauled on the halliards. It was like fighting a gale off Cape Horn, but the great clumsy square of canvas came down at last, and with its fall the speed of the truck slackened. Rob jammed on the brake and jumped while still going at good speed. He saw, without seeing, the car slide away into the darkness ahead; stop, and stand shivering on the rails, barely held by the brake from flying off again. Then he was stumbling, with long leaps, down the glacis of loose stones that sank away to his left; into the rocky gorge where, orange, sinister, shielded by semitransparent mats hung curtainwise, there burned the lights of that which was assuredly no quarantine house. The wind favored him. Up on the level it was making so much noise that the sounds of his approach were masked. He was able to creep unobserved to the house—a queer brown structure running up at one end into a projecting horn—and find a spot where, between the panels of plaited matting, he could peer in.

He saw a dusky cave, imperfectly lit by a couple of hurricane lamps slung high in the roof. He saw ornaments on the walls—carvings of men like lizards, pigs like men; nightmare faces molded in fiber and paint, images of beasts, life-size, but resembling nothing known to life.

He saw, too, the carved and painted harrow that they had all noticed—how many years ago?—on the day of arriving at Blenkiron. Then it had been stowed away in the manager's secret room. Now it was swung aloft, stretching clear from wall to wall of the house; and on almost every one of the erect wooden teeth was set a human head. The wind outside moved the harrow; it swung slightly, and with the swinging the heads seemed to come alive; their dried hair waved, their eyes of mother-of-pearl and cowrie shell glittered. Rob saw among them two white heads, smoked to yellow pallor. One he took to be the overseer's, about the other he never knew, or guessed, anything. There were perhaps a dozen native heads in the grim row. The nearest was quite fresh; it had, he noticed, a hole in the tip of the nose, and a long red feather thrust through.

These things he saw in the second glance that he cast round the interior of the house. The first had assured him that Helen Elizabeth was not there.

About the middle posts of the building—posts curiously painted with figures of bodiless beings, all head and legs, and with stray grinning heads, beyond conception vile—he saw a group of seated figures. One he did not recognize; it was an old man, no doubt chosen from among the mass of the laborers on account of his age and cunning. The second was Udu, naked save for a snakeskin girdle. Feathers crowned his furry hair, and his face was painted to the likeness of a devil. The third—Rob did not for a moment understand what it was, and then he felt the skin of his scalp prickle and his hands grow cold, for he knew, with horror unspeakable, that he was looking on a white man who had lost his race. It was the manager, painted, decorated, snakeskin-girdled even as Udu; his pink bald head gleaming hideously in the midst of a crown of red and gold paradise feathers, his body streaked in patterns with crimson ocher, wood ashes and soot. The man's face was strangely rapt and shining. He, and the two beside him, seemed to await with passion some astonishing incident. Winds of the unknown blew across the civilized, skeptical spirit of Rob Telford; he remembered things dropped by Helen Elizabeth, that compendium of savage lore, in days of island wandering; things at which he had all but laughed.

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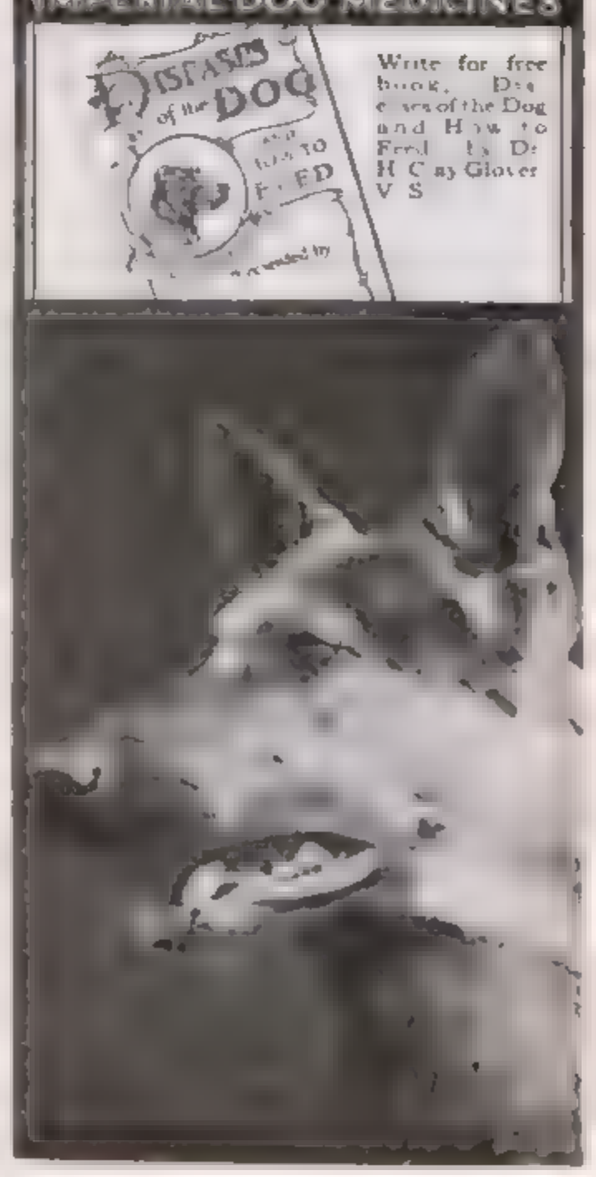

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human heads; old ones and new ones both."

"You don't believe that," he had said; and she had looked at him, laughed a little, and quoted the old saying: "There are more things in heaven and earth ——"

It was because he had been determinedly skeptical that she had made up her mind to convince him for once and all, by showing him what the manager was really about; what dark flood it was that had seized this lost creature by the feet, dragging him down to depths infernal. Rob knew well what the passion for spiritism could do, even among whites, held back by scruple, by public opinion, if necessary by law; how it changed fine minds, broke up homes, filled asylums. Among the head-hunter crowd picked out of Blenkiron's variegated labor it might well turn out to be hell let loose.

"Well, I've seen all I want to see," thought Rob, beginning to draw back with care. "There's no helping the poor chap with the feather in his nose, and I'll take good care that no one else suffers. I'll get away before they're fairly started with their mumbo jumbo, and find Helen. I reckon, after all, that she's only ——"

He stopped, petrified. In at the door of the farthest end had come two brawny laborers, and between them, hands and feet lashed to a pole, they carried Helen Elizabeth.

"I was only in time after all—if I am in time!" he thought. He looked round at the rows of dark bodies cramped against the walls. There were full thirty men in the room, and beside them lay not only savage spears and clubs, but the far more effective, more modern weapons of picks and shovels, taken from the pits. Nobody stirred, except when the men carried Helen Elizabeth into the center of the room and laid her down on the floor before the two black sorcerers and the white. Then a little shiver ran suddenly through the crowd, like the touch of wind passing over reeds. The curtain of the drama that they loved was about to rise.

Thereafter things happened thick and fast, and Rob had no time for thinking, less for feeling. He remembered, long after, that the eyes of the girl were closed when they laid her down, and that her head fell back on the mats as if she were already dead. He remembered a blue bruise on one temple that accounted for that. He recalled the look of her white throat sloping down to the stretched chin, the shine of her red hair spread about the floor. Above all, nights and years after, he recollected the look of the three-foot clearing knife that the manager took in one hand, rising at the same time and setting his bare, knotted feet well apart upon the mats.

Rob knew himself an uncertain shot; knew that he dared not risk all upon an aim that, in that uncertain light, might fail altogether, if it did not result in striking Helen herself. With all the strength that was in him he tore apart the wall of mats and saplings, flung himself through the gap, and with one leap was beside the black sorcerers and the white, firing his automatic right into their bodies. Udu rolled over onto the mats, the nameless old man collapsed into himself like a puppet from which the fingers of the puppet master have been suddenly withdrawn. Only the manager, staggering, declined to fall; with incredible viciousness and fury made a fierce cut at the head of the girl on the floor.

Then the waiting spectators—half of them, at least, the other half having fled—seized picks, shovels, clubs and spears, and for a moment things looked bad. Rob had kicked the manager back from Helen; it was easier to kick than to shoot at that moment, safer, too—he had fired at random among the crowd of threatening blacks, and dropped three; counted swiftly, and reckoned that six from eight left two—two shots only left. He couldn't put his back against the wall, because that would have been to invite a stab through the mats from outside. The sight of a tall canoe paddle gave him an idea; he seized it, knocked down with one blow the two hurricane lamps that hung above the central pillars and reduced the house to darkness. He got Helen round the waist, and, kicking freely with his nailed boots upon the sensitive shins of the dark people who milled around him in the gloom, succeeded in dragging her outside. She was feeling for her feet before he got her fairly into open air; she seemed to realize the state of affairs almost instantly, but, tied as she was, she could not walk.

"Hold on," panted Rob, "I'll loosen you in a minute. Where did that manager go?" He had seen a gleam of something like white flesh mount, through the darkness, up the sides of the ravine. The natives were scattering; without their leader they had lost heart. Rob stopped long enough to cut the cords that tied the ankles and wrists of the girl and, followed stumblingly by her, climbed the slope.

The manager, not mortally hit, had seen the outline of the high-sailed truck on top, and was making for it. "Stop him," panted Helen. "If he gets away on that to the boys' quarters, he'll raise the lot of them against us." But they had delayed too long cutting the cords. It was impossible, struggle as they might, to reach the top in time. The wind was still blowing hard; Rob couldn't tell from what quarter—it had shifted several points in the past few minutes, and he saw that the manager might conceivably get the truck to run harborwards. "Shooting's too good for him," panted the young man, "but if I can catch him up ——"

A fierce gust of wind hit him full in the mouth and almost choked him. "Gosh," he said, struggling upward when it had passed, "that's a snorter; hold on to me, Helen, or you'll be thrown down. There it comes again. There it ——"

It had come with trebled fury. The northwest season was indeed breaking tonight. No more steady southeasters, running like a river through clear skies, carrying the burdens of the island lightly and kindly. The cruel hurricane time was upon Blenkiron before due season, and the first of its grip fell upon the truck and upon its wild, naked rider. The manager had just raised his sail, let loose his brakes, when, with a shout, the wind whipped round, seized him, seized the car, and sent them flying up, not down, the line.

No human power could have stopped them. If the white savage shrieked—and Rob thought he heard one cry like a lost soul—it was mingled inextricably with the yelling of the wind, that drove him on and swallowed him before there was time to say "He's gone." Before there was time to think about it a noise of crashing and grinding rose above the wind, broke into one tremendous splash and ended.

"What's out there," shouted Rob into Helen's ear, shaking her in his excitement, "beyond the level ground?"

Helen shouted back, "Cliff and sea!"

"Deep?"

"Out of soundings!"

"God be praised!" said Rob.

"The devil has got his own!"

"How did they catch you?" asked Rob, in the long walk back to the house that was safe for all of them, now.

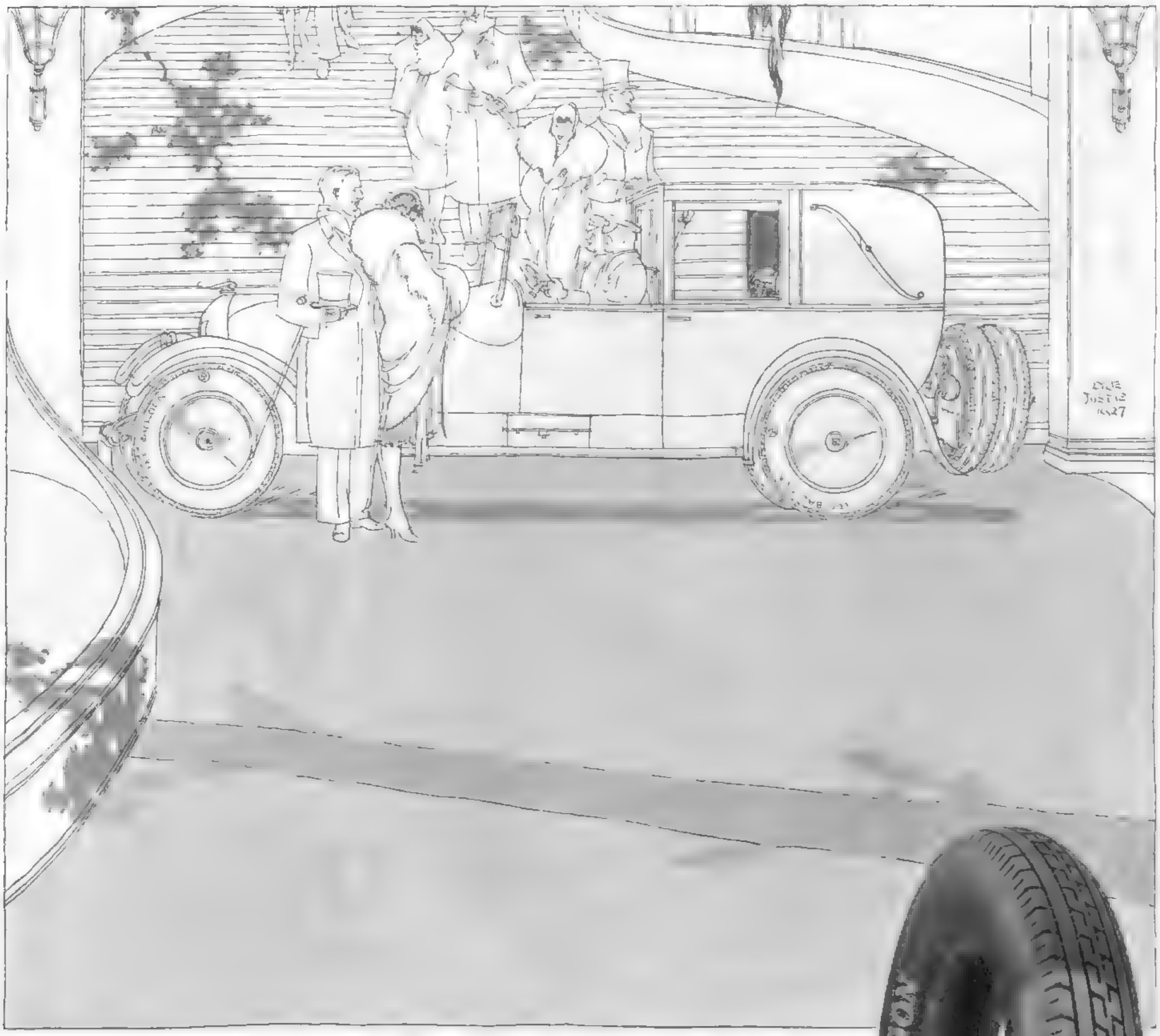
"It seems," said Helen Elizabeth reluctantly, "that they changed their minds. From what they let drop, I judge they knew I had warned you, and thought you might be too much to tackle. So they decided to take me instead. You know, a woman's head is never worth a man's to head-hunters, but red hair is so valuable it sets the matter even."

"Did they track you?" he asked.

"Not much. Tracked you, which would be easier—about as easy as tracking a cow out of a mudhole. They seemed to think that where you were I might be found. Watched you, and got there first."

"Did you know that I'd find your shoo and come?"

(Continued on Page 181)



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As an ornament its rich bronze frame and the quiet tones of its ornamental cone are an addition to the decorations of any room.

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(Continued from Page 178)

"You are generally late for things," allowed Helen Elizabeth, "but I do notice that you manage to get there in the end."

There was something in the words, curt though they were, that went to Telford's head.

"This place will be vacant now," he said hurriedly, his sentences tumbling over one another. "There'll be whips of money to be made by anyone who can get in an application right ahead, and run the pits properly. It's on lease—I could apply to Fiji, and get in first. If I did I could buy back your island—do anything——"

"The only person who buys back Man-o'-War," steadily answered Helen Elizabeth, "will be a Pentecost."

The lights of the house were shining out ahead.

"I have to thank you," said the girl, "for saving my life."

"Evens," deprecated Rob. "You rather saved mine, I think. Where are you going when the steamer comes in?"

"Going on," said Helen Elizabeth.

AGED ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY

(Continued from Page 23)

Is you de one what says dat Mr. Fry an' Mis' Fry and daughters May an' Susie dey is spendin' de day in Yo'k?"

"I sometimes put in items like that."

"An' dat de wife of de Lawyer Petah, she give a pahty wid refreshments? An' dat de Mrs. Preacher Gooddell, she visits in Biglerville? An' dat de President was heah from Washington an' So-an'-So guided him roun'? Dat yo' wo'k?"

"I do some of it."

"Well!" Flo fumbled in a pocket which reached to the bottom of her dress. "Well!" she said again. She drew out a tiny blank book, and opening it, exhibited a yellowed slip.

"I was in de Stah papah. Read it out loud"

Rand did as he was ordered:

AGED NEGRESS FALLS DOWN COURT-HOUSE STEPS

Flo Porterfield tripped on the courthouse steps this morning. She suffered contusions, but insisted on making her way home.

Flo nodded her head like a wire-necked doll. "Dat's what it says. I didn't mind de 'tusions, so long's I in de Stah papah."

Rand looked about to see whether he was observed. He was a friendly soul, and ambitious to write. This would make an item for his notebook against the distant day when he had learned the art which he had once considered simple.

"How old are you?"

"How old you reckon?"

Flo pushed back her sunbonnet. Rand almost said, "About a thousand," but gallantry restrained him. She was probably ninety, but he reduced his estimate by ten.

"Eighty."

"Eighty!" repeated Flo scornfully.

"Seventy-five?"

"You goin' de wrong way, boy."

"Ninety?"

"Ise a hundred an' twenty. I goes back befo' Abraham Linkum. I could 'a' heard de bells ring when he was bo'n—if dey ring'd de bells. I lib in slave times, when dey dribed 'em wid whips. I comed from de Souf wid de bloodhoun's on mah track."

"Were you married?"

"Oh, yes," said Flo cheerfully.

"Any children?"

"Yes," said Flo. "Lots ob children."

"Where are they?"

Flo shook her head. "Daid, I guess. Ain't none of 'em roun' heah."

"Did anyone try to get you back to your master?"

"I guess dey did! But de Gettysbu'g ladies, dey nevvah let me go back. Ise too good a wo'ker."

Rand regarded her tiny frame skeptically. "Did you work?"

"Did I wo'k?" By a mighty effort Flo moved from the realm of invention to the realm of fact. "Do you see out de street all de big houses? Deah's whah I wo'k. I scrub de flo's, I wash de clothes, I answah de do' when dey has pahties. I"—Flo closed her eyes as though to recall a long list—"I dus' de pahlo's, I clean de kitchens, I wait on de sick. I help bring de babies in de' wo'ld, and I tends 'em when dey is heah safe. I wo'k 'bout fo'ty yeahs in dat big hotel. I clean de rooms, I clean de lobby. I clean de basemen' wheah de legalitues plays dey faro."

"Faro! Did they play faro?"

"You bet dey plays faro! Dey has a oilcloth on de table wid de ca'ds painted on it, an' dey sits roun' wid ca'ds in dey han's. Dey gits a man from Baltimo' to call de ca'ds. No Gettysbu'g man can call de ca'ds. An' they shouts, 'I puts it on de jack!' 'I lays it on de queen!' Deah's whah I cleans up de nex' mo'nin' aftah dey's gone home 'bout eight A.M. I nothin' but bones in dem ol' days. Now I takes mah ease." Suddenly Flo turned her head so sharply that Rand feared some sort of spasm. "Heah dat?"

"Hear what?"

Flo jumped to her feet. "De bell. Don' you heah de bell?"

"You mean the college bell?"

"I means de college bell. Dat means dat de Gettysbu'gs is beat de Dickinsons and de Franklins. Dat means dat we is won."

"Does that please you?"

"Please me? Now de town wake up befo' wintah. De tourists is gone, de guides is in dey holes. But now we has de night-shirt parade."

Flo walked rapidly away and Rand followed her. People were appearing from every direction. Someone shouted "What's the score?" and someone answered "Twenty-nothing!"

"What he say?" asked Flo.

"He says the score is twenty-nothing."

"An' our boys is against bof de Dickinsons and de Franklins," said Flo, still moving away. "One to two."

"Franklin and Marshall," corrected Rand. "It's one college."

"It's all de same," said Flo. "We's de bes' man."

"This year," called Rand. "Last year they beat us."

Flo waved her hand. "Can' talk no mo'," said she. "Ise goin' home to get mah night-shirt ready."

II

FLO was putting on her shawl when there came a knock at the door and a voice calling, "It's me, Aunt Flo! I have supper for you." With her shawl trailing, she went to slide the bolt and turn the key and undo the chain. Heralded by a cold wind, Annie Garrett entered, a slender, well-made negress, paler in color than Flo. Flo smiled at the covered dish which she carried.

"I spec' youse got stew."

"That's what it is. Eat it right away."

"I eats it when I comes home," said Flo. "Stan' it on de stove, an' when I comes home I licks de plate."

"You're not going out!"

"I is going out."

"What for? Hear the wind! You don't have to go."

"I has to go."

"What for?" insisted Annie.

"Ise got to go to de parade."

"The parade! What parade?"

"De college parade. We is beat de Dickinsons an' de Marshalls, and dis is de parade." Flo pinned her shawl with a tremendous pin and reached for her sunbonnet. "It's de las' parade befo' de winter

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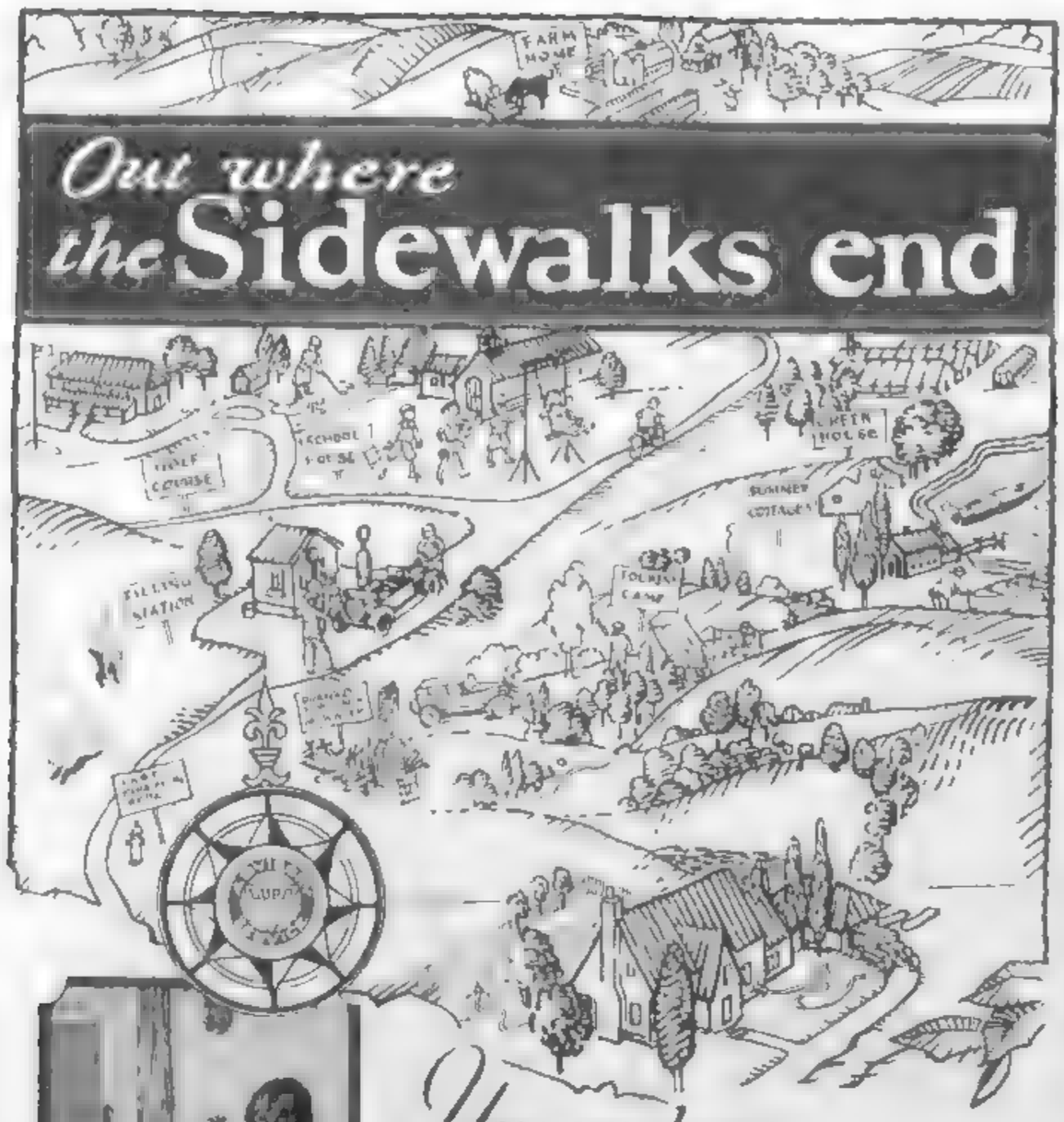

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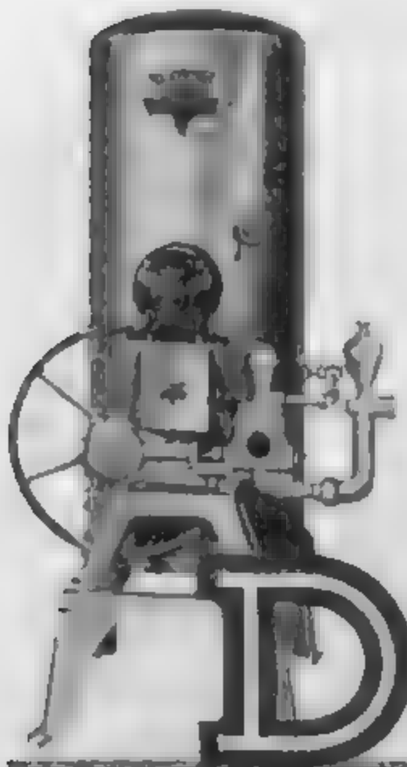

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shets down. De tourists is gone, de guides is gone." Flo took her staff. "From now on de boys begins to study till dey stahts play-actin', and den de baseball. Tonight, when dey has de nightshirts on an' is all ready fo' bed, a spirit gits into 'em and dey lights out." Flo took her basket. "De president himse'f, he can't hold 'em. Dey prances roun' like de demons from—you know whah, Annie."

"You have a cold," protested Annie. "You're hoarse."

"Dat's nothin'. Dat's from sittin' in the square conversin' wid a young man. I gets over dat when I hurrahs."

"Your eyes are too bright, Aunt Flo."

"Yo' talk like Red Ridin'-hood to de wolf." Flo advanced toward the door. "My eyes is always bright; dat's what scares de colo'd folks and 'tracks de white folks. Go home, Annie, and when I comes back I tells 'bout de parade."

Annie forced her way out against the wind. "It may be the last time you'll ever go."

"Dat's so," said Flo. "When you lib one hundred an' twenty yeahs, you can't tell what's goin' to happen.

"Dat's so," said she again, bending double and helping herself with her staff. Turning the corner, she was driven so hard by the wind that she had to hold to the fence until she could get her breath. She looked up and down the street.

"Whah's de people?" she asked. "Dis am de night. Is dey goin' to let de boys stick?"

Sheltered by the houses, she made good progress. When she reached the street which led toward the college, the wind caught her again and she inserted her staff in a crack of the pavement and propped herself against it.

"Don' heah no sound no' motion," she said. "Why, yes I do! Deah's de bell! Come out o' heah, ol' cane!"

With difficulty she extracted her cane from the crack.

"I goes to de squah, whah I has de advantageous place."

The bell was now loud, now soft, as the sound was carried by the wind. Doors were opening and the citizens of Gettysburg were appearing.

"Hi there, Flo! You out?"

"Cou'se Ise out!"

"Flo, what's it all about?"

"De Gettysbu'gs beat de Dickinsons and de Franklins and de Marshalls."

"All at one time?"

"You bet! Dey come at de Gettysbu'gs like tigahs."

"You don't look very mighty, Flo."

"Ise always mighty when dey's a parade."

But Flo was not mighty. The square seemed very far away.

"Mah bones is like hot sticks," she confessed to herself. "But on I goes. My Lawd!" She turned and looked round. "Heah dey comes, nightshirts an' all!"

With a little skip she reached the center of the square and sank upon a bench.

"I rises when dey comes," she said "But now I sinks down."

Up the street came a rout of five hundred boys, clad in white, led by a band. The music was wild, a syncopated tune played by hopping musicians. The students pranced six abreast, their arms intertwined, weaving from side to side. In the rear was another band with louder instruments, the object of which was to produce noise and not music.

Flo rose to her feet, helping herself by the edge of the bench.

She tried to wave her stick, but she lost her balance and sat down.

"Hello, aunty!" said a young voice close by.

"I don' know you," said Flo, looking up.

"Don't you remember talking to me today?"

"No, I doesn't," said Flo.

"Remember telling me about slave days and faro?"

(Continued on Page 185)

"De College Parade. We is Beat de Dickinsons an' de Marshalls, and Dis is de Parade"

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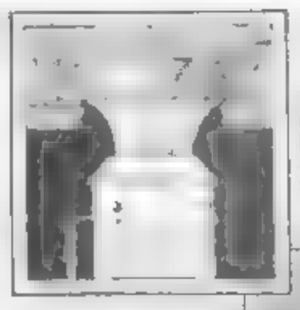
[with the blue gas contact flame] *Kerosene* COOK STOVE



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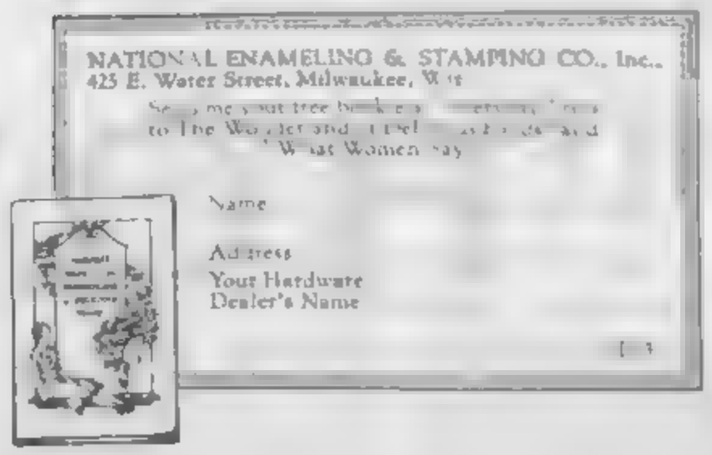
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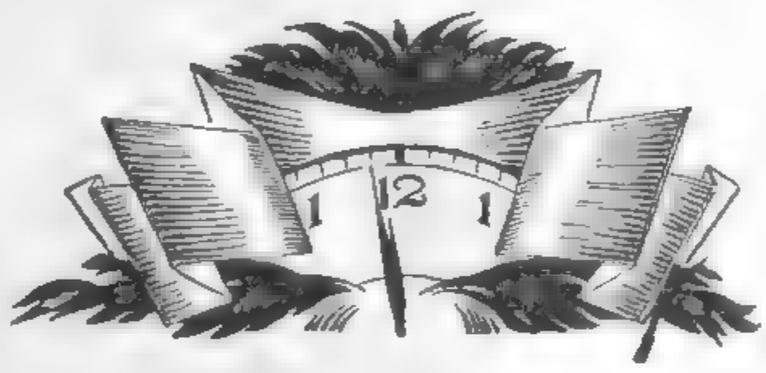

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(Continued from Page 182)

"I 'member de slabe days and de faro, but you I don' 'member. You don' take it ha'd, does you?"

"No, indeed," said Rand. "What do you think of this celebration?"

"Grand," said Flo. "I spected I'd jine in, but mah bones give out."

The rout swept past Flo in her grandstand seat. She uttered a feeble crow. "Dat's de bes' I can do."

"If I were you I'd go home. Got a warm place?"

"You bet I has a wahm place, an' Ise got a dish o' hot stew." She stood swaying, then she stepped down, looking behind her as one might look at the train of a skirt. "Mah tail feathahs ce'tainly does drag," she said with amusement.

III

FLO lay in bed, propped high with one pillow and many substitutes for pillows, among them several folded quilts and a trousers leg stuffed with straw. Her face was gray, her breath came hoarsely. Annie Garrett waited upon her, and Annie was rapidly growing terrified as Flo grew worse. She was most alarmed when Flo ceased to talk and lay motionless, her hands clasped across her breast. After a long silence, Annie called her with a little shriek as though she were far away: "Aunt Flo!"

Flo opened one eye.

"Look out and see the snow!"

"Ise not lookin' out," said Flo. "Ise lookin' in. Mah time's come."

"That's nonsense. You were as sick as this last year and you got up to see the celebration. Don't you remember the airplanes and the balloon?"

"I 'member," said Flo. "But I gets up no mo'."

"You got up then by will power, an' you can get up now." Annie's voice trembled. Night was not far away and the thickening snow darkened the room.

"Ise a hundred an' twenty," said Flo. "Nobody ought to ask to lib mo' dan a hundred an' twenty."

"You're not a hundred and twenty. You can't be. Nobody lives to be a hundred and twenty."

Flo had closed her eyes; now she opened one. "Methusalem," said she. "How 'bout him? One thousand yeahs, he was."

Annie rose and lighted the lamp. There were footsteps at the door and she hurried thither to welcome with relief whoever came. Without stood three women, and others could be seen vaguely.

"How's Flo?"

Annie spoke in a loud whisper: "She's give' up. She says her time's come. If we could rouse her she'd get well. But there's nothing going on."

"We'll rouse her," promised someone. "You let us in."

So eager was the voice, and so excited did the visitors appear, that Annie was frightened again. The three women pushed past her and the others hurried after them. Annie imagined wildly some noise-producing instrument. But the visitors had neither horn nor fiddle; the instrument by which they meant to do their reviving work was a newspaper.

"Flo!" called a voice. "Look here, Flo!"

Flo opened one eye.

"Your name's in the paper!"

Flo closed her eye.

"I know dat. It say, 'Aged negress falls down co'thouse steps.'"

"It's in the paper again. Look, Flo!"

Flo opened both eyes.

"Here's the paper. It has a piece that covers a whole page and a picture of you sitting in the square. It's a Sunday paper. It tells of how you were a slave ——"

"She wasn't," said someone in a whisper.

"And how you worked ——"

"That's true enough," said several voices.

"And how you watched the lawyers playing faro."

"What's faro?" asked a young voice.

"And how you cheer for the college."

Flo took the broad sheet in her trembling hand.

"How old does it say I is?"

"One hundred twenty."

There was a snicker at the back of the room.

"You hold your mouf," commanded an outraged voice. "If it's in the paper it's true."

"Annie," said Flo, "you put yo' hand in mah pocket and get mah little book."

Annie felt beneath the bedclothes. Flo's clinging to everyday apparel encouraged Annie to think that she would cling to life.

"You get dat papah in de little book. You wraps dat little papah in de big papah and you puts 'em in mah coffin. Nobody can gainsay de Stah papah. Dis week I dies."

There was a concerted shriek. Flo folded her hands across her breast. "You can fetch de white folks," she ordered.

"You mean the doctor?"

"De doctah to help me go easy. De civil nurse to help de doctah. De jedge fo' to write mah will an' testament. De undertakah to get mah directions."

There was conviction and consternation on every face.

"And Reverend Nestle, who was so kind to you?"

"No," said Flo positively. "Ise got to keep mah courage up. Reverend Nestle, he gets de remains."

"Does you trust de Lawd, Flo?" asked an almost hysterical voice.

"I does," said Flo. "Ain't He looked aftah me one hundred an' twenty yeahs?"

IV

SITTING at his desk, the judge opened a letter which bore the Denver postmark. It began, "Dear Cunningham," and he looked at the signature, then he called his wife from the next room.

"What amuses you?"

The judge read his letter. "This comes from Will Lewis. He's been a physician in Denver for forty years."

Dear Cunningham: The Denver papers have copied from the Eastern papers a story about an aged negress, Flo Porterfield, dying in Gettysburg at the age of one hundred and twenty. This is absurd, of course—she may have been ninety. When I was a child she was a young woman, full of vigor. I never knew any living being who worked as she did, and with such cheerfulness. I don't suppose she had saved anything. I'd like to buy her tombstone; if there's no other provision, you have a decent one erected and send me the bill.

I hope you're alive and prosperous.

Yours,

W. A. LEWIS.

"Is that the third or fourth tombstone?" asked Mrs. Cunningham.

The judge took three letters from a drawer and laid the new letter with them. "The fourth."

Sitting at her desk in the courthouse, the Red Cross secretary unfolded a letter. It read:

Dear Sir: As you will observe from my stationery, I am a teacher in the University of California. For many years I have gathered data upon a subject important to the whole race—longevity. I have seen copied into the San Francisco papers an account of a negress of your city who had reached the age of one hundred and twenty years. Will you please fill out the inclosed blank, which has space for all related details, make an affidavit before a notary public and send it to me together with a statement of any expense involved?

Very truly yours,

THOMAS WILDER.

The editor of the Star tossed a letter to the desk of his cub reporter.

"There you are—Number 12."

Young Rand looked at it and smiled. "Not 12—14."

"Let's hear it."

AGED NEGRESS DIES

From Gettysburg, the otherwise unimportant village made notorious by the battle, is reported a time-worn chestnut. This aged negress was not one hundred, or one hundred and five, or ten, she was a hundred and twenty. If the story is intended as a joke, the perpetrator should be informed that the joke was old at the time of Methuselah; if it is intended as serious news, he should be jailed. His qualifying statement, "Negress says she is one hundred and twenty," does not exonerate him. While such articles

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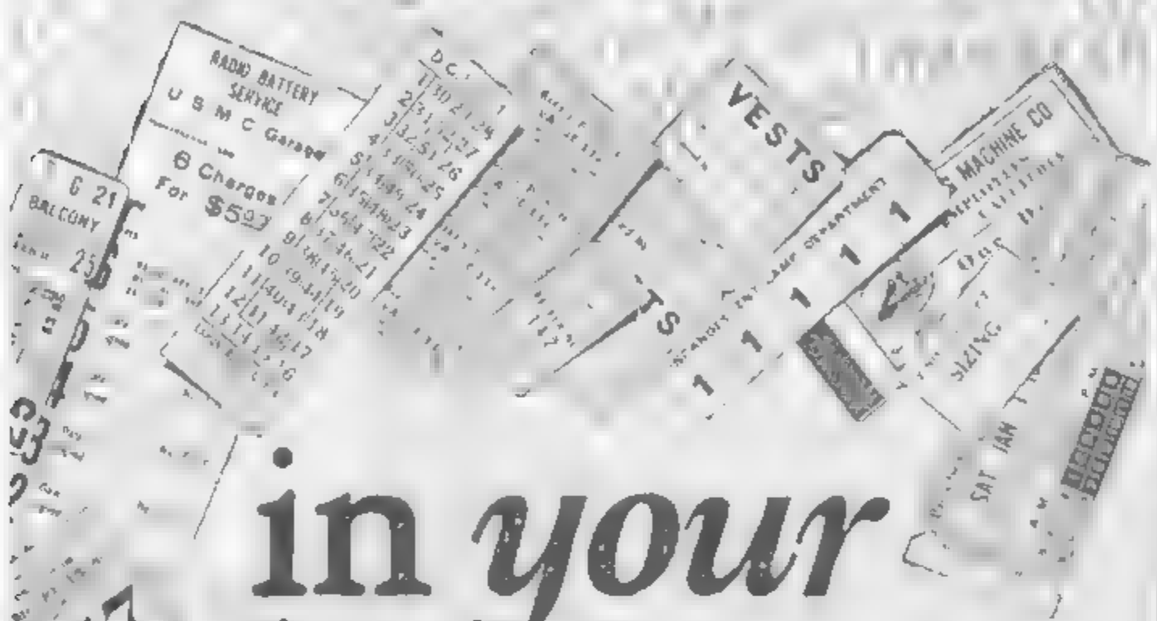

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are published, the honor of the press cannot be defended.

"Editorial?" asked the editor.

"No, a communication from Pro Bono Publico. It's printed 'Bobo.' I wish I'd said a hundred and fifty!"

During Christmas week the judge visited the colored cemetery, a lowly spot with evidences of careful tending. He walked from one grave to another, looking at those marked only with wooden slabs, and was disturbed to see no slab with Flo's name. His eye was attracted by a bright new stone and he walked toward it. Astonished, he read:

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY
OF
FLO PORTERFIELD
AGED
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY

He looked gravely about, as though the small stones or the withered flowers could help him in his dilemma. "Wonder who did it!"

Brushing his hand across his eyes, he walked out of the inclosure. At the shop of the marble cutter he made inquiry: "Who put up the stone for Flo?"

"A young man who works in the Star office."

"Why did he do it?"

"Don't know."

"Is it paid?"

"Yes, sir—fifty dollars. I gave him a low price. I wanted to do something myself for the old creature."

At the Star office, the judge asked for Rand.

"He's not in, sir."

"You tell him to come to see me this evening."

At seven o'clock Rand walked out the street. He meant to go round the block and look into the judge's dining room to be sure that he had finished dinner. He was nervous, and fortunately the time between the mysterious summons and this moment was not long. The dining room was dark and the rooms at the front lighted, and he rang the bell.

The judge came into the hall to meet him, and helped him off with his coat. Mrs. Cunningham was in the library and Rand blushed as he remembered his shabby suit and his poor shoes. He was both disturbed and relieved when the judge bade Mrs. Cunningham remain and she took up her knitting. The judge talked about the weather, then about the football season and the prospects for baseball.

"What I wanted to see you about particularly is this, Mr. Rand: I went today to arrange for the placing of a tombstone over the grave of old Flo Porterfield, and I found one already there. They tell me you ordered it and paid for it, and I believe you wrote the article about her. For one thing, I have funds for a tombstone; and for another, I'm curious to know why you're so interested in Flo."

"I can tell you that very quickly, sir." But Rand did not speak quickly; he swallowed and blushed. "On Thanksgiving she was sitting on a bench in the square and I talked to her. She was so tiny and so old and so pathetic and so funny and so amiable that I couldn't forget her. My ambition is to write, and I had begun to be fearfully discouraged, and that night I was sitting in my room working at a plot about"—young Rand blushed—"a movie actress. I've never known an actress, or even seen one in real life. The story wouldn't go."

"No," said the judge.

"Then suddenly I saw this little old woman with her basket and her stick. I couldn't write fast enough. I didn't go to bed all night. My article was accepted, but I shouldn't have worried if it hadn't been—I'd learned the trick. I got fifty dollars, but I couldn't use it, and I spent it for a tombstone."

"Flo's friends have sent me money," said the judge in an unnatural tone. "You let me reimburse you."

Young Rand shook his head. "Oh, no, sir, I couldn't. I'd never prosper."

It was ten o'clock when Rand rose to go. Mrs. Cunningham had knitted many times across her scarf. She was as easy to talk to as the judge; when Rand looked at her, his eyes shone. A barrier in his heart seemed to have broken; he had talked freely and with confidence. He was amazed and embarrassed when the clock struck ten.

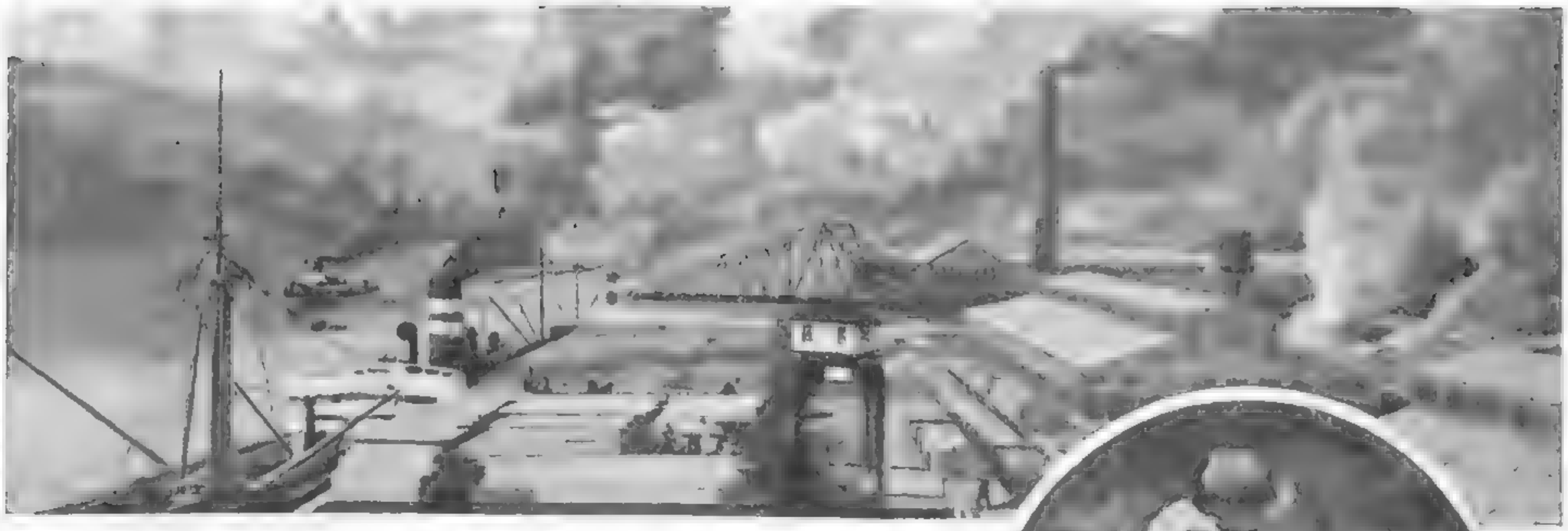
"Come in on Sunday and have dinner with us," invited Mrs. Cunningham. "Come whenever you're discouraged."

The judge helped Rand into his coat and kept his hand on his shoulder as he walked with him to the door. The coat was thin not nearly adequate for December.

"You'd better let me give you that money."

"No," said Rand. He turned and looked at Mrs. Cunningham, standing in the doorway. He saw another face, wizened and black, and a toothless smile. "When de quality meets," Flo had said, "de compliments pass." He blushed; another barrier broke suddenly. "If I owed old Flo fifty dollars before I came here, I owe her a great deal more now," he said with both confusion and courage, and walked happily away.

Tense Moments in the New Baseball



The romance and growth of a great industry

ONE hundred years ago the first sawmill in a Douglas Fir forest—a water power mill—was set up on the Columbia River by that doughty old Hudson's Bay Company factor, Dr. John McLoughlin.

Twenty-four years later came the first steam sawmill—brought around Cape Horn. In 1888 the first transcontinental railroad across the north began to open the markets of America to Douglas Fir.

With the building of the Panama Canal, another great market territory was opened to the West, and the close of a hundred years sees ten billions of feet of lumber each year being shipped to every market of America—and the world—from that vast storehouse of timber—America's Permanent Lumber Supply.

And yet in this century of production barely 30 per cent of the original stand of timber has been brought to harvest—the 700 billions of feet remaining will not be gone before the end of another century—and before the last tree of the present stand is gone, a new crop, equal in amount to the old, will have grown to take its place, assuring the claim of a lumber supply for all time.

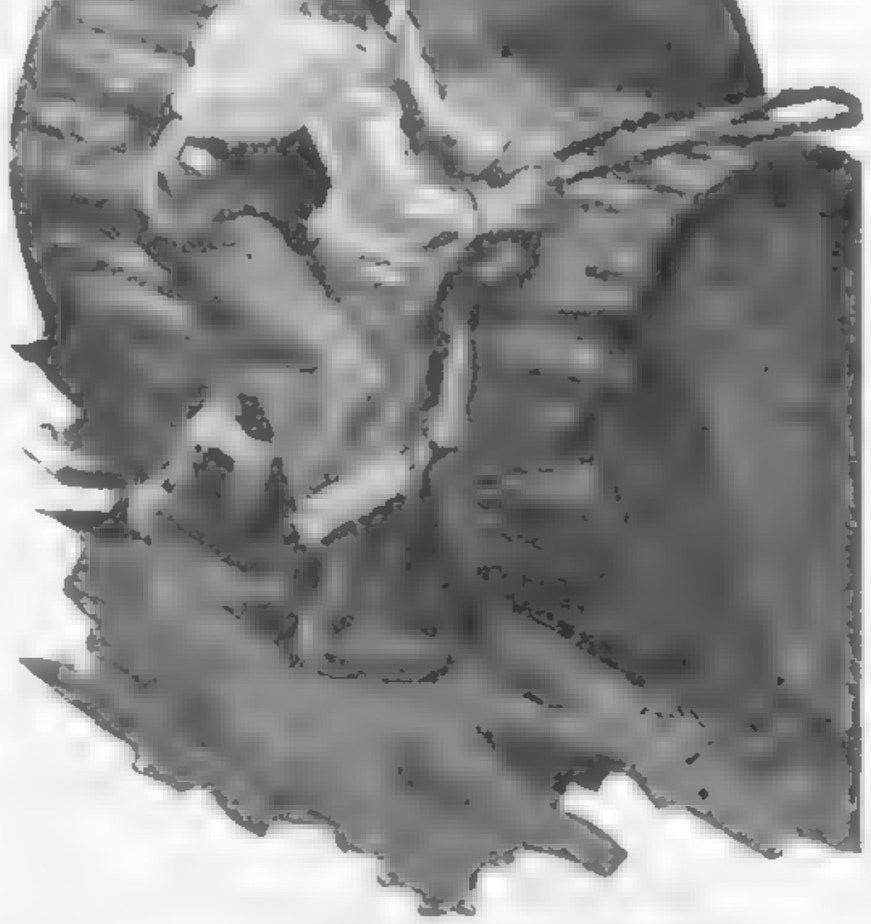
The first logging was done with crude tools and little equipment. Only adjacent to good sized streams could logs be shunted down the mountain side or dragged down the pole road by yokes of powerful oxen. Gradually there was developed the donkey engine—first the steam donkey and then the electric donkey. Also came the high line and the high lead cable to ease the great logs over the rough ground.

Railroads were laid out, bridges built and tunnels bored—far into the heart of the forest covered mountains. Towns were established—and schools and churches and places of entertainment. And there is no more romantic or dramatic engineering operation than that in a West Coast logging camp.

The mills have kept the pace—increasing size, speed, mechanical equipment and accuracy of production, and involving huge investment based on the assurance of timber available far into the future. And just as in the forest there is no more impressive engineering operation, so in the mills there is no more interesting or efficient industrial process.

And from these mills comes the *Douglas Fir*—from the soft, clear, old-growth finish to the strong, stiff structural timber; *West Coast Hemlock*—clean, bright, free from pitch and shake; *Sitka Spruce*—for many highly important special uses—the Government standard for airplane and ladder stock. *Western Red Cedar*—soft, durable—the predominant shingle wood.

We will be glad to furnish further information about the West Coast forests—the stand of timber—the development of reforestation—the lumber products of the forest. Booklet sent on request. *Address*, West Coast Lumber Bureau, 5562 Stuart Bldg, Seattle, Wash.



Setting the "choker" cable on a Douglas Fir log. This work requires great skill and courage.

Topping a "high lead" spar tree. This is a very dangerous feat. The man is 185 feet above the ground; and has just severed the 64-foot top of the tree

Loggers placing skeleton trucks under a 42-foot Douglas Fir log, held suspended by engine and rigging—note standard size railroad.

Dumping West Coast logs from the cars into the water at the boom

Douglas Fir
America's Permanent Lumber Supply

WSLP

Buy West Coast Woods from your retail lumber dealer

The kind of beauty that thrills

WOMEN have found that there's a most unusual kind of beauty about these Iron Clads—a fascination that holds your glance, and makes it hard to look away. It's not the kind of beauty which calls attention to the loveliness of the silk. But rather a mysterious quality which glorifies the wearer's own shapeliness and grace.

That is the kind of beauty that thrills. *Nature's* beauty. Beauty of form that's clothed in such a charming way that all its natural loveliness is revealed.

It's in the texture and the silk. And in that silk there's something else besides. There's Iron Clad wear—and wear—and wear.

ASK for IRON CLAD 907—$1.50 a PAIR

Over 14,000 merchants are required to fill the great demand for Iron Clads. But if your dealer can't supply you, write us for Iron Clad 907—and we'll mail your hose *direct*. It's an exquisite sheer silk, full-fashioned style with silk to the hem, and a mercerized top and foot for extra strength. State size (8 to 10½) and color (black, white, gun metal, mauve taupe, French nude, grain, parchment, atmosphere, champagne, blonde, toast, woodland rose, silver grey, moonlight, skin, and peachbloom).

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
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Mills at St. Joseph, Michigan, and Albany, Alabama

If you wish a seamless silk Iron Clad, ask for No. 806, $1.00 a pair.

Iron Clad

Iron Clad Hosiery

THE AMERICAN STAKE IN MEXICO

(Continued from Page 25)

still or declined. In Canada it has multiplied eight times.

Until recently Mexico led all other Latin-American countries in the volume of trade with the United States. With reciprocity treaties and peace, this trade would greatly increase. Under these two stimulants the little republic of Cuba, only a little more than half as large as the single Mexican state of Chihuahua, is now first in Latin-American commercial intercourse with us. The bulk of it is in two commodities, sugar and tobacco, both of which are indigenous to Mexico. Mexico produces 150,000 tons of sugar a year, while Cuba's output is 5,000,000 tons. Incidentally, Mexico's trade with all other Latin-American countries combined for one year barely equals her trade with the United States for two weeks.

Oil holds the spotlight. If the Mexican Government should sponsor the confiscation of one of the properties, the act would precipitate a show-down. Hence we will deal with the petroleum interests first.

The Spaniards went to Mexico to find gold, quite unconscious of the fact that beneath the soil of the domain they conquered was a liquid black wealth greater in ultimate value and far more useful to mankind than the glittering metal they had set their hearts upon. It was largely due to American initiative that an oil empire was opened up that now ranks second in world production. Since 1902, when real development began, the total output has been 1,406,977,000 barrels. This activity has tapped vast areas, and among other things put the city of Tampico, wherein Joseph Hergesheimer found such fictional inspiration, on the map.

There were various early efforts at development. In 1876 a Boston ship captain purchased a quantity of *chapopote*, the Indian name for oil, at Tuxpam for use on his vessel, and took some of it back home, where it attracted attention. A company was formed under his direction and a well put down under the crude methods that then prevailed. Only a small quantity of petroleum was produced. The captain committed suicide because of the failure of the enterprise. A little-known fact is that the great Cecil Rhodes, England's master empire builder, once sponsored an oil undertaking in Mexico on the Tuxpam River. He financed a London syndicate which spent $500,000 in a series of fruitless efforts.

Prospecting de Luxe

Mexican oil exploitation in a big way was pioneered in original fashion. In 1900 A. A. Robinson, then president of the Mexican Central Railway, became interested in oil for fuel and suggested to E. L. Doheny that he open up a field in the republic, guaranteeing a contract with the railway for part of the product. Thereupon Doheny, accompanied by his old prospecting pal, C. A. Canfield, started to develop what is now known as the northern field not far from Tampico.

When Doheny first went to Mexico for oil he was already a millionaire, because he had discovered oil at Los Angeles and elsewhere in California in the early 90's. He had hunted for gold in Mexico in the early 70's. He had been a mule driver for the Geological Survey on the border and therefore knew something about the country.

Doheny's oil prospecting in Mexico was on a de-luxe basis in that he and his associates used a special train, which had never been done before. Numerous oil seepages were discovered and Doheny decided to go in. He acquired a tract of 250,000 acres, which was later augmented by an additional 200,000 acres. This comprises what is known as the Ebano field and was the scene of the first intensive drilling and production in the country. As soon as he got oil Doheny offered it to the Mexican Central Railroad, whereupon he was informed by the new chairman of the board of directors that they had made other arrangements. At that time the Texas field was overproducing and Doheny was up against it for a market. He continued his development, however, and built a refinery at Ebano. He had oil, which means that he also had asphalt. In order to earn his overhead he organized a paving company in Mexico City. It built nearly 50 per cent of the streets in the capital that are now paved. It also built streets in Guadalajara, Morelia, Tampico, Durango, Puebla and Chihuahua.

The parent Doheny company was the Mexican Petroleum Company of California. For subsequent development in the southern field and elsewhere, the Huasteca Petroleum Company was organized. Later the Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company took over all these holdings. In 1926 the Doheny interests which were in control were sold to a syndicate of New York bankers, acting in behalf of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. In 1926 the properties accounted for 41 per cent of the whole output.

Mexican Production

The Ebano area marked the first outpost of Doheny penetration. In what is commonly known as the southern field he opened up another immense area. It was here that the famous well, technically known as Cerro Azul Number 4—the words *cerro azul* mean "blue hill"—and perhaps the greatest gusher in the history of oil, was brought in on February 9, 1916. Like many historic gushers, it ran wild for days, inundating the countryside. The yield during the twenty-four hours prior to its being closed in, as the phrase goes, was 260,858 barrels.

With the opening up of the northern field the rush began. This field, together with the southern field and the so-called Isthmus of Tehuantepec zone, comprises the backbone of the production area. It is located on the Gulf coastal plain which fringes the eastern side of the republic. The most important sections, both in point of early development and eventual output, are in the states of Tamaulipas, San Luis Potosí and Vera Cruz.

By 1914 nearly all the leading oil companies in the United States had Mexican corporations in active operation. In the northern area the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is represented by the Transcontinental, which up to January first of this year had produced 91,046,000 barrels. It leads in production. Next is the Mexican Petroleum, with 67,281,000 barrels. Third comes the Mexican Sinclair, with an output of 54,316,000. Fourth is the International Petroleum Company, controlled by John Hays Hammond, with 34,341,000 barrels. Fifth is the East Coast Oil Company, operated by the Southern Pacific Railway, with 32,870,000 barrels, while sixth is the Mexican Gulf Oil Company, with 31,232,000 barrels. Other American corporations in this area are the Texas Company of Mexico; the New England Fuel Oil Company, operated by the Standard Oil Company of New York; Panuco Boston, subsidiary of the Atlantic Refining Company; the Empire Oil and Gas Company, owned by the H. L. Doherty interests; the Penn Mex Fuel Company and the Marland Oil Company.

In the southern field the Huasteca tops the list with a production up to the beginning of this year of 282,553,000 barrels. Its closest rival among the American companies is the Mexican Gulf, with 71,554,000 barrels. Here International ranks third, Penn Mex fourth. The Agwi Petroleum Company, owned by the Atlantic Gulf and West Indies Steamship Company, is fifth, with the Transcontinental sixth.

Though the ownership of oil areas by Americans in Mexico exceeds that of all

BEAUTIFUL FLOORS

The floor is the foundation of interior decorating—if the floor is shabby or poorly finished, nothing else looks right—walls, rugs, furniture—all reflect the shabbiness of the floors.

Beautiful floors are the first consideration of those who are particular about their home interiors.

YET until recently, floor maintenance was a very difficult problem. Resurfacing by the old hand-scraping method was slow and costly. It made a great deal of dirt and the house was torn up for days or weeks. Few people cared to bother with it. Now all that is changed.

The American Universal
FLOOR SURFACING MACHINE

electrically operated—not only puts a surface on new floors, as fine and smooth as a table top, but it resurfaces old floors no matter how badly damaged they may be.

It makes no muss or dirt in the house and does its work so quickly that the resurfacing of floors becomes no more troublesome than the ordinary tasks of housecleaning.

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To contractors, builders and carpenters who want to add substantial profits to their present business—or to men who want to go into business for themselves as Floor Surfacing Contractors—the American Universal offers an opportunity of unusual attractiveness. No special training necessary. Clean, steady, inside work—no dull seasons—substantial profits—Ask for details.

The American Floor Surfacing Machine Co.
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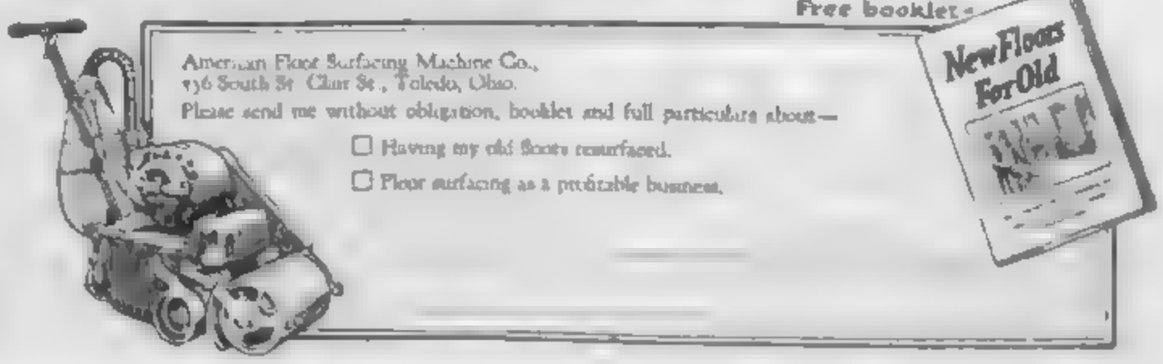
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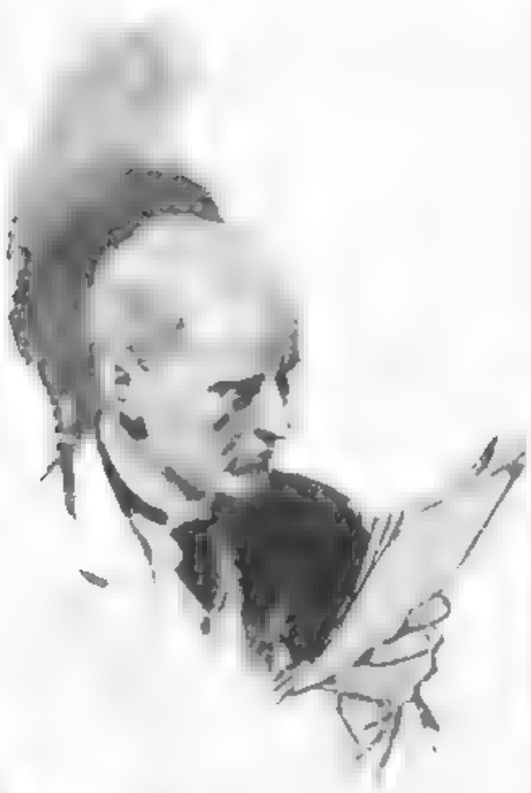
Please send me without obligation, booklet and full particulars about—
☐ Having my old floors resurfaced.
☐ Floor surfacing as a profitable business.
New Floors For Old



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For tender gums they recommend massage—a light massage at first—and thousands add "with Ipana."

Our professional men have made over 100,000 calls on the profession, and it was through the endorsement of dentists that Ipana first became known!

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other nationals combined—it aggregates 57.46 per cent of the total—there must be a word about the British and Dutch interests, because they have made common cause with us. The British counterpart of E. L. Doheny was Lord Cowdray, the famous engineer. He was born Weetman Pearson and is the grandson of the founder of the international contracting firm known as the Pearsons. While rebuilding the Tehuantepec Railroad, which connects the Gulf of Mexico with the Pacific Ocean, he discovered oil seepages. Fuel was scarce and he decided to drill for oil in order to obtain it.

At that time Porfirio Diaz was president of Mexico. When Pearson—he was then Sir Weetman—put the matter up to him, he approved the project and offered all territory contiguous to the railroad for exploitation, provided the Mexican Government got 10 per cent of the net profits. No commercial oil was found in the railroad area. Pearson, however, believed in petroleum, and spent $10,000,000 before he struck it rich in the Tampico-Tuxpam region in 1907. The Pearson interests became the Aguila Company, which is the second largest producer in the southern field. A few years ago Aguila was acquired by the Royal Dutch, which operated in Mexico as the Cornona.

All the oil development that I have reviewed in brief has meant much more than merely sapping the subsoil of one of its richest treasures. To develop an oil property you must build pipe lines, tanks, refineries, railroads, highways, terminals and wharves. This has been done by the oil companies in Mexico on a lavish scale. Without the oil development, the whole Gulf coastal plain would still be a barren waste.

Instead it was converted into a thriving domain where large communities literally sprang up like magic. For years foreign capital and foreigners flowed in. Tampico, at the peak of production in 1921, when the output in the fields was nearly 200,000,000 barrels, was a boom town that rivaled Cripple Creek in its most expansive and exciting days. Money was the cheapest thing in the town, and food and good lodging the most expensive. A big gusher out in the fields was almost a daily event. The well of 5000 barrels a day was regarded as commonplace and scarcely worthy of mention. It was a contractor's paradise, because houses, plants and equipment were essential regardless of price. From a straggling town Tampico grew into a pretentious city of 130,000 inhabitants, with well-paved streets, adequate shops and every facility of a modern municipality.

From the Spanish Rule

When I visited Tampico in January the population had shrunk to a bare 70,000. The one-time bustle and animation had almost ceased and gloom hung over the place. Although the invasion of salt water had reduced the output in some sections, the primary reason for decline was the uncertainty of operation due to the attitude of the Mexican Government and the laws it has framed.

In metal mining we have duplicated the oil achievement to a very large extent, but in less spectacular fashion. Our actual investment, however, is greater than in petroleum areas. With mining we reach the realm of romance. It is linked with the glories and cruelties of the Spanish conquest and also serves to introduce various picturesque Americans who have given Mexico a tradition of courageous adventure.

Mexico is the greatest of all silver producers. The value of this product extracted within her confines has passed the $3,000,000,000 mark. None of the other silver mines has so long and rich a story, perhaps, as the Batopilas workings.

They were discovered in 1632 by Spanish prospectors, sent out by the viceroy, who were exploring the mountain region of Chihuahua and Sonora. Previous discoveries in this region had revealed ore which could be refined only by a laborious process. The ore of Batopilas was in its native state and of such richness that it could be readily separated from the rock and melted in a simple forge. For more than a century irregular and unsystematic mining was carried on. Because of its large output, a portion of which was invariably sent as a tribute to the King of Spain, the mines became internationally known.

The war for Mexican independence in 1810 and subsequent political convulsions caused systematic work to be abandoned. The properties fell into such disrepair, due to accumulated water and lack of drainage, that they were practically abandoned. In addition, the isolated mountainous position and the lack of protection made exploitation a hazardous venture. Thus the mines lay inactive until 1860, when they were sold to John R. Robinson, an American, who formed the Batopilas Silver Mining Company. Ten years later bandits seized the property and extracted a small fortune.

American Prospectors

It was not until 1879 that they came under the control of Alexander R. Shepherd, one of the most virile and dominating Americans in all Mexican economic history. Shepherd, who had started life as a plumber, became the center of a storm at Washington, where he was governor of the District of Columbia under President Grant. He rebuilt the American capital, carrying out many of the ideas of L'Enfant, who laid it out. Because of his large expenditures and the hostility that his rough-and-ready methods provoked, impeachment proceedings were instituted against him. His public service had dissipated much of his private fortune, so he went to the then new land of Mexico to forget and to recoup.

Shepherd organized the Consolidated Batopilas Silver Mining Company and turned his vast energy and organizing skill loose, with the result that he made the mines prosperous, and they have been so ever since. Long before his death in 1902 he received complete vindication from the District of Columbia. His statue, erected by popular subscription, now stands before the District Building on Pennsylvania Avenue.

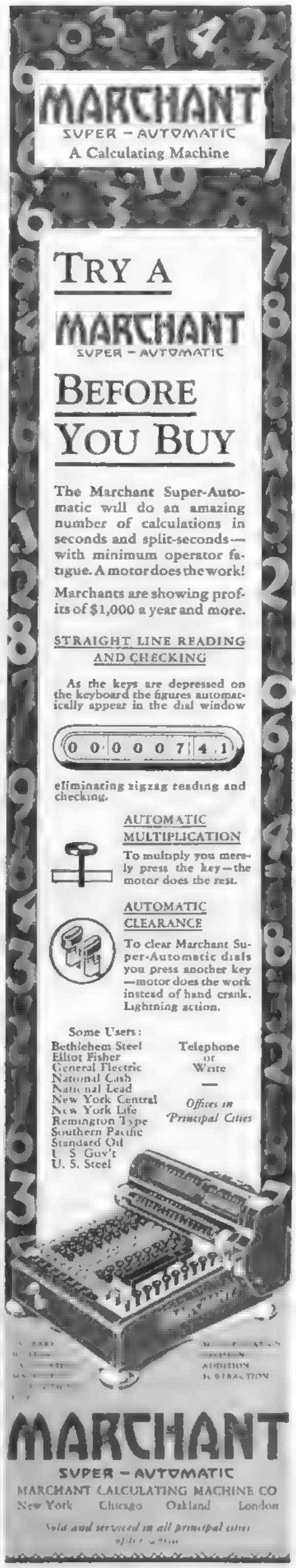
Another romantic figure was the late Col. W. C. Greene, better known throughout Northern Mexico as Fighting Bill Greene. With him we reach the really turbulent days of mining. In this case it happened to be copper.

Greene was born in New York. His early life, however, was intimately associated with the rough days of Arizona, where he was a cowboy and subsequently cattleman on his own. While protecting his life he became involved in such a serious difficulty that he decided to cross the border and start a new career. He arrived in Sonora a simple prospector. When he died at the age of sixty from the effects of a runaway accident, he was one of the best-known mining men in Mexico and his fame had spread through a considerable portion of the United States.

Colonel Greene's name is inseparably associated with that of the Cananea Consolidated Copper Company, which he founded, and around which grew the town of Cananea. Here are located smelters, concentrating plants, the headquarters of a privately built and owned railway, and all the appurtenances of a completely equipped mining center. It is said that Greene was the first man in Mexico to raise the workers' pay from one peso a day—that is, fifty cents—to three pesos.

But all this was not achieved through a period of piping peace. In the early days of Cananea development serious labor troubles arose, inspired by the first I. W. W. agitators who went to Mexico. When these radicals sought to foment trouble within his confines, Greene drove them out at the point of a pistol. Subsequently the agitators organized a force to storm the camp, whereupon Greene armed his men

(Continued on Page 183)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FASHIONABLE clothes and beautiful furniture—two of the greatest interests of any woman. And here, in a charming piece of furniture, you find both desires combined. A White Rotary Electric, which is at once a delightful addition to any room and the means for extending your wardrobe with but modest expense. With your White Rotary Electric and the White Course in Sewing and Dress Creation, you can make even the most formal gowns. From the cutting-out to the final deft touches, the making of clothes is fully explained in the White Course. Your local White Representative will be glad to demonstrate a White Rotary Electric Sewing Machine in your home, and explain to you how easily you may learn the art of making clothes for yourself. White Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

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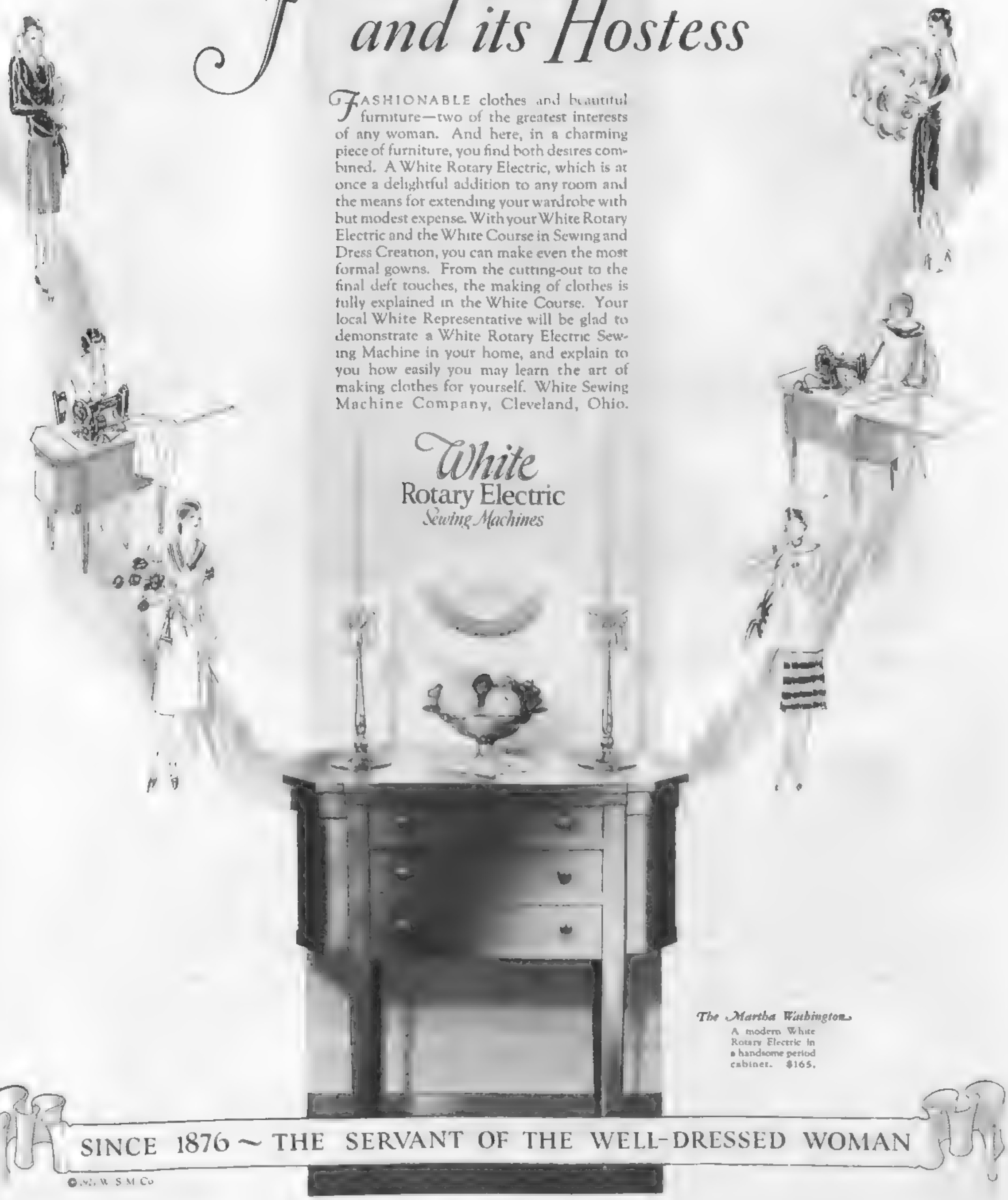

The Martha Washington
A modern White Rotary Electric in a handsome period cabinet. $165.

SINCE 1876 ~ THE SERVANT OF THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

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S K I L L

Alexander MacBeth one of the silversmiths of the special service shown above. For 35 years a Gorham Master Craftsman, Mr. MacBeth still devotes his skill to the creation of Gorham Sterling

WHEN the late Senator Clark desired to add a magnificent Tea Service to his famous collection of art treasures he entrusted his commission to the Master Craftsmen of The Gorham Company.

This Louis XIV service (shown above) was wrought *entirely by hand* from flat sheets of sterling silver.

For nearly a century Gorham has been famous for this type of craftsmanship, the highest form of the silversmith's art. The craftsmen who wrought Senator Clark's Tea Set as well as many other notable creations are the same Gorham Master Craftsmen who create the many lovely Gorham patterns displayed at your jeweler's.

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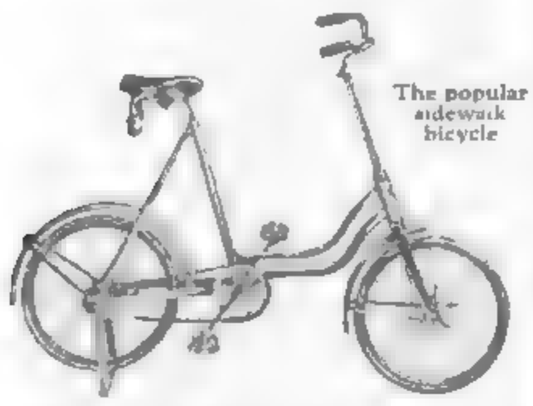
Give your child the safe Juniorcycle



The popular sidewalk bicycle

YOUR child's safety is too precious to gamble with. Don't take chances with cheap sidewalk bicycles, which look nice in the store, but which are liable to break and cause injury to your child. Buy a Juniorcycle.

Look for the name Iver Johnson when you buy a sidewalk bicycle, and assure your child's safety. Get the famous Iver Johnson features of strength and lasting quality. Equipment includes New Departure Endee coaster brake, full one inch non-skid cushion rubber tires, strong steel stand, and mudguards front and rear. Bicycle-type, ruby refractor attached to rear guard.

Colors: Blue or Red with "Duco" white head. Full nickel fork and steering column. Send for Catalog B.

Safe and sturdy

IVER JOHNSON VELOCIPEDE

Satisfy your little child's longing for this first practical, healthful plaything in a little boy's or girl's life. Safe, comfortable, easy-pedaling. Built to stand all sorts of childish abuse.

Same high quality as the famous Iver Johnson Bicycle. Made in three sizes, all with full one inch non-skid cushion tires. Colors: Red or Blue with "Duco" white head. Write for free color Catalog "B."

IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES

For Dad or Junior—the Iver Johnson Bicycle. Has every ultra-modern improvement. Color choice of Blue, Maroon, Green or Black with "Duco" white head. Best guaranteed equipment. Junior models have same famous features as the adult model. Write for free color Catalog "B."

Dealers: Throughout America the demand for Iver Johnson Juniorcycles and Velocipedes is increasing. Some new territories are still without adequate dealer representation. Write at once to Fitchburg concerning this golden selling opportunity.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
7 RIVER STREET, FITCHBURG, MASS.
New York, 151 Chambers Street
Chicago, 108 W. Lake Street
San Francisco, 717 Market Street

IVER JOHNSON

(Continued from Page 190)

and a pitched battle ensued. Greene himself was always in the thick of the mêlée. When he was not subduing labor insurgents he was fighting bandits.

The Cananea enterprise represents only part of the Greene accomplishment. He organized and owned outright the Greene Cananea Cattle Company, the Sonora Packing Company and the Greene Gold and Silver Company. He also established a smelter at Guaymas; he built the railroad line between Cananea and Nico which afterward became a part of the Southern Pacific of Mexico, and established a huge lumbering industry in the state of Chihuahua. In every sense Greene left the impress of his personality and performance over a wide area.

One of the conspicuous American copper enterprises in Mexico is that of the Phelps Dodge Corporation, which owns the Moctezuma Copper Company at Nacozari, in the state of Sonora. Nacozari is about seventy-five miles from the border. One property consists of mineral lands in the Nacozari and Ariape districts of Sonora, including Pilares, where the principal mines of the company are located. The town of Nacozari is about six miles from Pilares and is connected with it by a narrow-gauge railroad, which brings the ore from the mines to the concentrating mill at Nacozari. The headquarters of the company are also at that point, as well as the shops, power plant and stores. Schools are maintained by the corporation at both places for the children of employes; also a well-equipped hospital, library and recreation halls.

The property has been operated by the company since 1897. At the present time 2000 tons of ore are being treated daily and approximately 2100 men are employed in various operations.

Mining provides the largest single American industry in Mexico. I refer to the activities of the American Smelting and Refining Company, which employs 20,000 workers and artisans and whose Mexican interests extend from the Texas border to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. A whole empire of production, with many ramifications, is embraced within its control and ownership.

With this huge undertaking we arrive at the far-reaching operations of the Guggenheims. Their entry into mining grew out of an interesting incident. In the late 80's Meyer Guggenheim, founder of the well-known house that bears his name, was a lace importer in Philadelphia. In exchange for a bad debt he received a controlling interest in a silver mine in Colorado. For a time he operated it as a side issue. After a year he came to the conclusion that the cost of smelting his ore was excessive. Upon investigation he discovered that the profits were large. He thereupon built his own lead smelter at Pueblo.

Pill Boxes for Protection

From this plant, which he operated under the name of the Philadelphia Smelting and Refining Company, grew the Guggenheim domain of mining and smelting which now extends to Bolivia and Chile. The American Smelting and Refining Company was the result of various combinations, including the original Philadelphia concern.

As the Guggenheim field expanded, it became necessary to seek sources of ore supply outside the United States. Mexico was the first logical base. At first the lead and zinc ore was transported to this country. In the early 90's the first Mexican plant, a lead smelter, was erected at Monterrey. This was followed by a copper smelter at Aguascalientes. These two plants launched operations south of the border on a large scale.

Near the city of Chihuahua the American Smelting and Refining Company operates the largest lead-smelting plant in the world. It has a capacity for smelting 60,000 tons a month and produces approximately 10,000 tons of lead bullion every thirty days. These works were started in 1907, during one of Villa's worst bandit outbreaks, and were enlarged in 1917. Because of Villa's antagonistic attitude toward the American Government, and his threats to destroy all mining property, the Chihuahua plant was strongly fortified with every known modern agency, including concrete pill boxes such as the Germans subsequently used in the World War. For years the place was under strong military guard. I cite this episode to show the kind of hazard and handicap under which American industrial operations were carried on for years in Mexico.

In Chihuahua the American Smelting and Refining Company has built a model town for its 5000 employes. Elementary schools are provided for the children and there is a night industrial training school for the workers. For those who desire to better their station in life, free instruction in mechanical drawing, electrical engineering, stenography, music and English is available.

In the cafeteria a substantial meal can be obtained for the equivalent of seven and one-half cents. As in all the other works, a motion-picture theater and a well-equipped hospital are maintained.

Metal From Gases

At San Luis Potosí the company has just completed the second largest smelting unit in Mexico. It consists of a lead and copper smelter and the largest arsenic plant yet constructed. The arsenic comes as a by-product in the fumes from the copper and lead smelting operations. Under present-day metallurgy, the fumes no longer escape from the stack, but are caught either by means of bag houses or electrical precipitation plants. These fumes carry lead, arsenic and a small amount of gold and silver. In order to recover the lead and precious metal values, it is necessary to eliminate the arsenic, although the latter has practically no commercial value under present prices. The arsenic plant was started two years ago at San Luis Potosí with native labor. Due to close scrutiny and careful operations, the company has been able to avoid sickness or any ill effects in the handling of this very poisonous commodity. Approximately 700 tons of 99.5 per cent arsenic are produced and shipped monthly. It is used mainly as an insecticide and especially for fighting the boll weevil in the South.

The Chihuahua and San Luis Potosí plants are the most modern in Mexico. With the works at Monterrey and at Matehuala, the output each month aggregates some 2,000,000 ounces of silver, 12,000 tons of lead, 1500 tons of copper and considerable gold.

These plants comprise only a part of the American Smelting and Refining scheme. The company acquired the extensive Rosita coal mines formerly owned by the Madero family, and have just completed their rehabilitation. In connection with this operation is the recent construction of a coke and by-product plant, the first of its kind in Mexico. The mines produce all the coal and the 16,000 tons of coke consumed each month by the smelters. Near Rosita is located Mexico's first zinc mine, also a company asset, which uses as fuel the by-product gases from the coke ovens. The company also owns and operates mines of various kinds in half a dozen other Mexican states. Its extensive exploration campaign to develop mines in remote parts of Mexico goes on all the time.

One final detail is further illustrative of how American companies have not only overcome the dislocation due to incessant Mexican political tumult but contributed to stabilization so far as it was possible to do so. In Mexico, as in China, one of the first agencies to suffer from insurrection is the railroad. Tracks are torn up by bandits or equipment seized for troop movement. All this demoralizes traffic.

In 1917, when Carranza established a central government and dominated most of the territory, the American Smelting and

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Refining Company found it impossible to operate its plants because of inadequate railway facilities. Disruption was widespread. In order to continue its work and at the same time assist in the reestablishment of something like nominal traffic conditions, the company purchased locomotives and equipment necessary to haul the tremendous amount of fuel and ores used in the plants. Thus it was able to carry on despite the unrest that raged everywhere. By keeping the furnaces stoked, so to speak, some degree of income for the mass of the people, the usual victims of such disorder, was assured.

This leads to the subject of railways, which are more than 50 per cent American built and owned. The principal arteries from the northern border down to the capital were part of the large construction movement between 1870 and 1890 which gridironed our own West and Middle West with rails. Since that time the Pullman and the inevitable colored porter, who often speaks Spanish with a Southern accent, have been features of Mexican travel.

Railways and revolutions are closely related in Mexico. Rehearse the turmoil and you discover that outbreaks seldom occur where communication is easy. The bandit general usually first strikes where the government cannot quickly concentrate troops against him. Hence Mexican revolt has almost invariably started in remote northern areas of Chihuahua and Sonora or in the south at Oaxaca and Chiapas. It was in Oaxaca, for example, that Porfirio Diaz launched the insurrection that made him master of the republic for more than thirty years. The Yaqui Indians, who are nearly always in rebellion, inhabit a portion of Sonora not directly connected with the center of the state. It follows therefore that one effective agency to combat the chronic unrest is a more intricate and extended railway system.

Having been projected by foreign capitalists, railway building in Mexico was not devised to aid military movements, as was the case in France, but to encourage commercial and economic development. The idea was to carry commerce and not troops. It so happened, however, that for nearly fifteen years a considerable portion of the rolling stock was operated by the various forces engaged in civil strife. You can still see endless armored freight cars with loopholes.

The principal railway system of the country is the National Railways of Mexico. The two principal lines incorporated in it are the old Mexican Central and the National Railway of Mexico. Both knew the galvanizing American hand, especially the latter. It owed much of its rapid expansion to E. N. Brown, who went to Mexico in 1887 as a civil engineer and rose to be president of what eventually became a 1400-mile line.

A Toy for Mars

In 1908 the Mexican Central and the National Railway of Mexico, together with the Mexican International, the Vera Cruz and Isthmus, and the Pan-American Railway, were merged into the National Railways of Mexico by José Ives Limantour, for many years Minister of Finance under Diaz and the principal economic adviser of the dictator.

The consolidation gave railroad construction an impetus and various new lines were projected. As I have already intimated, all this practically ceased with the outbreak of the revolution against Diaz in 1910. There has been very little new building since. In fact, the railroads have been hard put to maintain physical and financial integrity.

To tell the postrevolutionary story of the railroads would be to recapitulate a series of outrages upon the properties. In 1914, Carranza, by a governmental decree, took charge of all the railroads, and the era of disintegration began. Rolling stock was commandeered, terminals destroyed and general havoc wrought. The roads became the plaything of warring factions. It was not until January 1, 1926, that they were restored to private management. In order to finance much-needed renewals more American capital was poured into the country, and our ownership was increased to fully 60 per cent.

Though the National Railways of Mexico represent the largest group under single management, there are other important lines. First among them is the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of Mexico, which is an out-and-out American enterprise. It does for the west and northwest what the National Railways does for the center and the immediate north.

The Southern Pacific of Mexico was born of the vision of E. H. Harriman, who was responsible for the series of consolidations of lines running from Nogales in Arizona to Guaymas on the Gulf of California, which formed the nucleus of the system. The company then extended the road down the west coast to Tepic and also built a section from La Quemada to Guadalajara. At the time I write, the 103-mile gap between Tepic and La Quemada is being closed.

By April first it will be possible to go direct from Guadalajara to Nogales, a journey of 1101 miles, on Southern Pacific track and equipment.

The National Debt

Construction of the link between Tepic and La Quemada has not only been expensive and difficult—the cost will approximate $14,000,000—but the usual excess and banditry have been encountered. Less than a year after work started in 1923 the De la Huerta revolt against President Obregón started and the right of way was fought over. The engineers, who were nearly all American, persisted in the face of all the upheaval. When things got too hot they turned on the radio and got news and entertainment from home.

The significance of the Southern Pacific of Mexico in relation to the development of the republic cannot be overestimated. It taps a rich agricultural and cattle country and brings California into direct touch with the City of Mexico, because there is easy connection with the capital over the National Railways at Guadalajara.

The Kansas City, Mexico and Orient, created by Arthur Stillwell, is another American railway enterprise.

In connection with the Mexican railroads is an interesting fact which has big possibilities for American export expansion. Because of the restricted mileage, the country is turning to the automobile. More than one thoughtful observer has pointed out that good roads would mean a definite step toward peace, because they could supplement the steam transport lines. No one realizes this more than Calles, who, at the beginning of his term, inaugurated an elaborate highway-construction program. It includes a north-and-south highway through the entire republic from Laredo, Texas, to Mexico City, and then on to the Guatemala border. A lateral road to the Pacific Coast also is projected.

Linked with the railways is the vital matter of the Mexican national debt, of which we carry a considerable share. Again you have the process of orderly business procedure dislocated by revolutionary activity.

Up to the Diaz eclipse in 1911, Mexico fully met all her financial obligations, and they were more or less continued until 1914, when she stopped paying her foreign creditors. Obregón's régime, which began in 1920, marked something like a return to normalcy. The bondholders who had held the bag so long decided that it was high time to get some action. Accordingly, in June, 1922, Adolfo de la Huerta, who was Obregón's Minister of Finance, met an International Committee of Bankers, of which Thomas W. Lamont was chairman of the American section, in New York. The committee also included British,

(Continued on Page 196)

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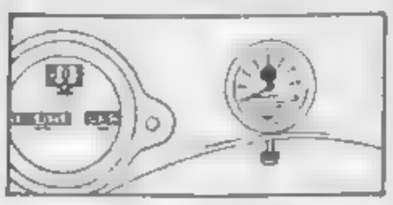

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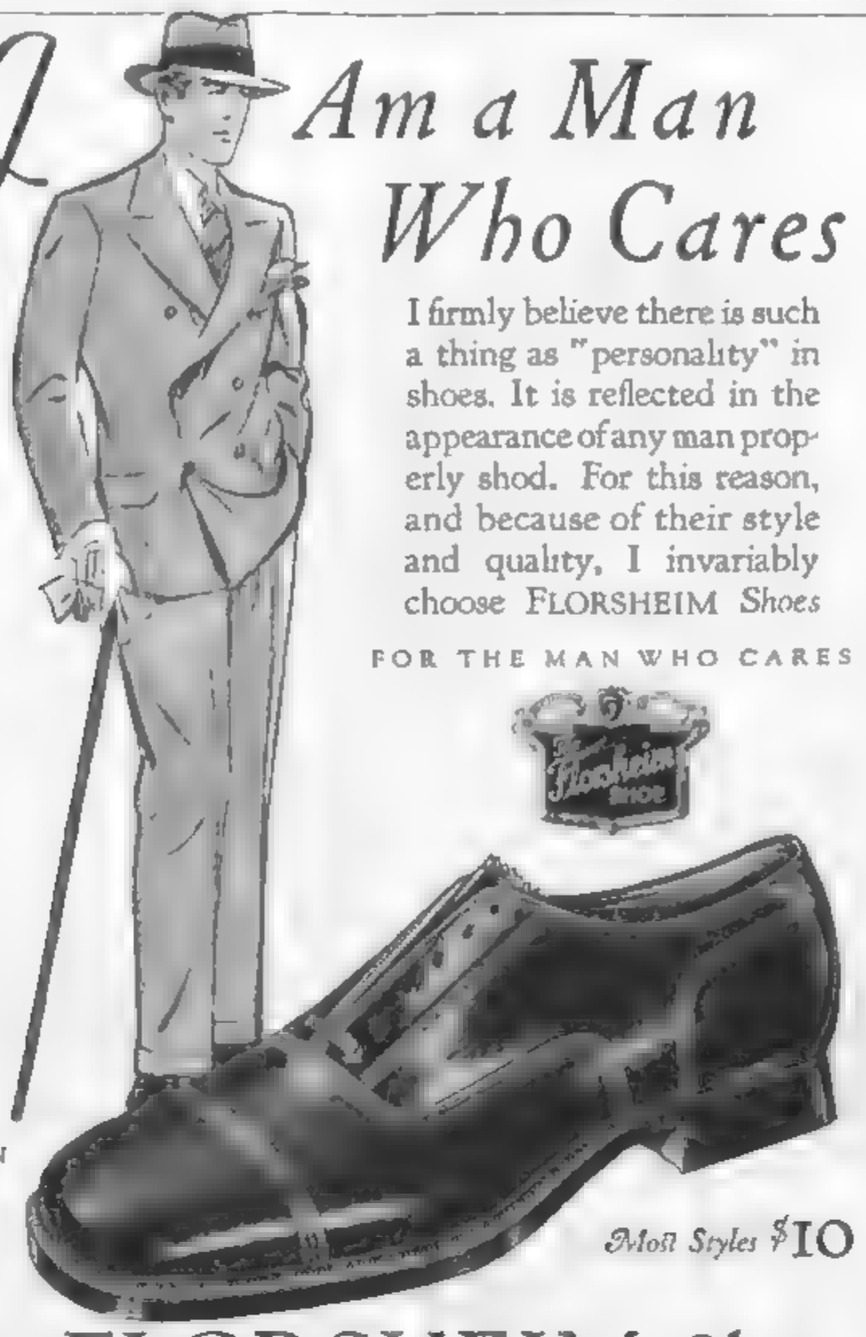

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(Continued from Page 194)

French, Swiss, Belgian and Dutch representatives. From this you can get some idea of the extent of the holdings.

As a result of this conference, Mexico acknowledged a debt of $517,000,000, which included government bonds and the National Railways debt, and also arrears of interest aggregating $207,000,000. Under the agreement reached, $87,000,000 in bonds maturing between 1923 and 1928 were extended until 1933. The item of $207,000,000 of accrued unpaid interest was exchanged for scrip upon which payment was postponed until 1928. Typical of the generosity of the terms was the fact that the railway bondholders waived the right of foreclosure.

In exchange the Mexican Government agreed to restore the properties to private ownership in good condition.

The Mexican Government further obligated itself to pay $15,000,000 in 1923, $17,500,000 in 1924, $20,000,000 in 1925, $22,500,000 in 1926 and $25,000,000 in 1927. As guaranty it pledged the entire oil export tax, 10 per cent of the gross revenue of the National Railways and the entire net operating revenues of the roads. After 1927 there was to be complete resumption of service on the debt.

Mexican Subdivisions

By early January, 1924, the government remitted $14,638,565 as the oil export tax of 1923. The advices received by the committee showed that it had really been $19,220,000. Moreover, the government failed entirely to remit to the committee the 10 per cent on the gross earnings of the railways and also neglected to send in the net earnings. In the face of all this, Obregón succeeded in getting a cash advance on account.

The usual thing now happened, because the De la Huerta revolt against Obregón began. Once more the country was plunged into fiscal confusion and the arrangement entered into in 1922 broke down.

In 1925, and after Calles had become president, his Minister of Finance, Alberto J. Pani, went to New York and made what is known as the Modified Agreement with the International Committee of Bankers. One of the most important features was the separation of the government debt from the railway debt. The Mexican Government agreed to remit the entire oil export tax and also $416,667 out of the oil production taxes for service upon the direct debt, in monthly installments. In case of deficiency, the government bound itself to pay the deficit out of other oil or additional government revenues. The government was relieved of one responsibility imposed by the 1922 agreement in that the railways were required to remit their entire net revenue to the international committee direct. There were various other details, but these indicate the trend of modifications.

It is to the credit of Calles that since he came into power the government has met the terms of the Modified Agreement. The same has not been true, however, of the National Railways. Only a nominal sum has been remitted for the service of the obligation.

Up to July 1, 1926, it was not sufficient to meet six months' interest on the bonds. The international committee thereupon asked the government to make up the deficit on this interest, and it agreed to do so.

In the extent of landholdings Americans lead all other aliens. The $142,000,000 that our nationals have invested in rural properties embrace ranches where thousands of head of cattle, sheep and goats graze, and also cotton and sugar plantations. Among the largest landowners are the Southern Pacific Railway of Mexico, John Hays Hammond and William Randolph Hearst.

Americans are also largely responsible for what we call subdivision development in and about the cities, and especially the capital. In Mexico, subdivisions are called *colonias*. The American idea of selling lots and houses on the installment plan is carried out. Through these projects the Mexicans of moderate income have been enabled to live in modern comfort and convenience. Some of these subdivisions have golf and country clubs.

Ownership of land in Mexico these days is fraught with much hazard. The new agrarian law, the pet hobby of Calles, ruthlessly expropriates developed areas without regard to the needs of the owner and with little thought of adequate compensation. All this, however, will be dealt with in a succeeding article devoted to the Mexican land problem and its ramifications.

One American land development must be mentioned here because it may eventually affect the control of an essential commodity—rubber. I allude to the cultivation of guayule, the shrub from which a rubber is extracted. Mexico is the only known region where it grows wild. The Intercontinental Rubber Company, founded by the late Senator Nelson W. Aldrich and Thomas F. Ryan, acquired immense areas in the north and built factories at Torreon, Credos, Rancho, Cedral and Visca. Development had reached a large scale when it was interrupted by the inevitable revolution. Meanwhile scientists made an extensive study of the propagation of the wild shrub and laid out experimental tracts. These were fought over by warring factions, but enough seed was salvaged to start plantations in California and Arizona, where guayule is now being produced in commercial quantities. The company still owns 1,800,000 acres of shrub land in Mexico. With peace, operations there will be resumed.

American technical skill is having the major part in the expansion of the Calles irrigation program. The bulk of the investigation and construction work is being done by the Mexican branch of an American engineering company that operates in various parts of the world. The company has a service contract with the government and works under the direction of the Minister of Agriculture and the National Commission of Irrigation.

One Peaceful Revolution

Twenty irrigation projects have been or are being investigated, in the states of Michoacán, Nuevo León, Durango, Chihuahua, Lower California, Tamaulipas and the Valley of Juarez. At Gustimape, in Durango, actual work has begun. The existing dam has been strengthened and a canal is under way. Another project upon which work is under full progress is on the Santiago River, thirty kilometers from the city of Aguascalienties. This development will open up 75,000 acres of land. A third undertaking, also in course of construction, is on the Salado River in Nuevo León, seventy-five miles from Laredo. Here a huge earthen dam 100 feet in height will be built. Its capacity will be 35,000,000,000 cubic feet of water, or enough to irrigate 150,000 acres. All together Calles expects to spend $15,000,000 a year in his irrigation scheme. So far all the contracts have been with Americans.

With one essential public utility—the telephone—American inventiveness and resource are bringing about a real revolution. Contrary to the general Mexican rule, this one is peaceful and constructive.

In the use of the telephone, Mexico occupies first place, chronologically, among Spanish-speaking countries. In 1880, exactly four years after Bell perfected his historic invention, a system was commercially operated in Mexico City. Apparently the country soon recovered from its first attack of telephone enterprise, because at the end of 1925 there were only 50,000 telephones in the entire republic. Of this number, 28,000 were in the Federal District, which is Mexico's District of Columbia.

Mexican telephone development, such as it was, was similar to that in Spain and Italy. There were numerous small companies financed by local business men or

capitalists with little knowledge of the telephone business. By 1924 fifty of these companies had sprung up, some owning only 200 telephones. Anything like long-distance communication was out of the question.

The under-telephonization of the country was well-nigh incredible. Tampico, which exported 13 per cent of the world's supply of oil and with a population of more than 100,000, had less than 200 telephones, while business demanded 10,000. Torreon, the center of the cotton industry, struggled along with two minor telephone companies without interconnection.

The first attempt at expansion was made by the Ericsson Telephone Company, a Swedish concern, which received a concession to install service in the Federal District. It made no effort to go in for long-distance service, however.

Realizing the opportunities for a nation-wide development, the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, an American enterprise which had already put the telephone on the map in Spain, Cuba and Porto Rico, obtained a concession in 1925 to establish both local and long-distance service. For operation in Mexico it acquired the name and the properties of the Mexican Telephone and Telegraph Company, which had been in existence since the 90's. The government is a partner in the enterprise, receiving a percentage of the gross receipts.

As in Spain, the company is bringing about a complete reversal of the antiquated policies and service. The old equipment of the Mexican Telephone Company in the Federal District, as well as in the states of Querétaro, Guanajuato, San Luis Potosí, Coahuila, Nuevo León and Tamaulipas, is being rebuilt in some parts and replaced in others by new material. In each locality an active expansion movement is taking place. In Mexico City, for example, a new central exchange of the automatic type is being constructed, while at Tampico a modern underground installation, with a central automatic office having a capacity for 20,000 lines, is nearing completion.

One of the early difficulties encountered by the company was the lack of sufficient trained workmen to splice the aerial and underground lead cables, some of which contain as many as 2400 wires in a single lead sheath. To meet this need a school for cable splicers was started in April of last year under the direction of American experts. A similar training school for linemen was also established. Telephone expansion has become a sort of free industrial college which is making a body of the population more efficient and therefore more contented. In such enterprises as this the real antidote for unrest is being set up.

International Communication

What is happening in Mexico City and Tampico marks the beginning of a transformation which will affect nearly every section of Mexico. The general construction program of the Mexican Telephone and Telegraph Company provides for the building of twenty-two central exchanges in fifteen of the largest cities of the republic, most of them engineered and constructed for a capacity of 10,000 lines. All these will have intercommunication by means of a modern long-distance network. Connecting circuits between Mexico City and Querétaro, a distance of 154 miles, are already in operation. This is the first leg of the long-distance circuit. Before the end of this year Mexico City, Querétaro, San Luis Potosí, Tampico, Ciudad Victoria, Saltillo, Monterrey and Nuevo Laredo will be joined.

Once the American border is reached, international connections will be made with the entire Bell system of the United States, which serves 17,000,000 telephones; with the Bell and other systems in Canada and their 1,000,000 telephones; and also with the 70,000 telephones of the Cuban Telephone Company in Cuba, via the submarine telephone cable laid in 1921 between Key West and Havana. Thus the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation will link the individuals of four nations and bring about what will be the greatest unified area of telephonic communication on the globe before the end of 1927.

On the borders of this area will lie Mexico City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver, Chicago, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Havana and Santiago. If a similar area, approximately circular in form, should be stretched on the map with its edge at London, England, the outer limits would extend well south of the Sahara Desert into the Gulf of Guinea, touch the northern borders of Abyssinia, include practically the whole of Persia, reach to the western borders of India and China, and cover a large part of Siberia. The diameter of this area measured by air line would be practically 3500 miles.

Any estimate of the American stake in Mexico must include a reference, at least, to the claims for damages resulting from revolutionary outbreaks between 1910 and 1920. Under a convention between the United States and the Mexican Government, signed in September, 1923, a Special Claims Commission composed of a Mexican, an American and a neutral presiding commissioner was established to sit upon 3000 claims aggregating a total of more than $400,000,000. These figures show the extent of devastation to American property during the course of ten years.

Ambassadors of Business

The commission heard only one case. It was the so-called Santa Isabel incident. Fifteen American mining experts who had been asked by the Carranza government to reopen their properties in Chihuahua in order to provide work for the starving peon population, and who had been guaranteed protection, were taken from their train by Villa and his men and foully murdered. The claim made in behalf of the widows, orphans and other relatives aggregated $1,290,000. The presiding commissioner—a Brazilian—voted with the Mexican member against its admission on the ground that the government was not responsible because Villa was a bandit. The American representative refused to concur and no sessions have been held since.

The commercial watchdog of American interests in Mexico is the American Chamber of Commerce of Mexico. Most Yankee chambers of commerce in foreign countries accept natives of the country for political and financial reasons. The body in Mexico is one of the few that receives into its membership only companies in the two countries the majority of whose stock is owned by Americans, or native or naturalized Americans as individual members.

The chamber has many members on this side of the border. Each group has a chairman. In New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and Los Angeles these groups hold regular meetings in which trade possibilities with Mexico are discussed. The central office in Mexico City receives reports of the conferences, with suggestions as to how the deliberations can be capitalized into actual commerce. In Mexico there are member groups in the states of Jalisco and Vera Cruz and in the city of Tampico.

The American Chamber of Commerce in Mexico has long been recognized by the Mexican Government as the representative of American business interests in the country and is consulted by the authorities when they desire to reach our nationals. When the government held the celebration of the centennial of Mexican independence in 1921, it called upon the chamber, as it did upon organizations representing other foreign colonies, to do something to make the occasion more brilliant. The Spanish and French communities gave balls and open-air *fiestas*. The Chinese put up a street clock on one of the leading avenues. The Assyrians illuminated a business block on a downtown thoroughfare. The American colony raised $10,000 and presented

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This exclusive Blackhawk turbine type impeller delivers more water per revolution. Gives better circulation without racing the pump.

The "Scout"

A wonderful pump value at its price—$5.00

Both pumps come complete with belt and horn bracket, and fit the latest Ford and all previous models. Ask your garage or Ford dealer about them.

BLACKHAWK

ASHEVILLE

Its season is "All the year Round!"

NORTH CAROLINA

Any time, any day, now, spring is due to arrive in the Land of the Sky.

With a genial gesture of health-pulsing warmth it will bid the world

"Come Up to Asheville"

One lends an outdoor life here, perched on a lofty hilltop, with mile-high mountains all about.

There's golf on courses that the whole world knows. Tennis. Trapshooting. Hiking. Horseback riding. Motoring over a thousand miles of perfect highways to natural wonders—Mt. Mitchell, the Great Smokies, Mt. Pisgah and the Rat, National Forests and Game Preserves—to rivers, lakes and falls.

Magnificent tourist hotels and inns offer unusual luxuries and comforts.

Wholesome home life, advanced educational and cultural facilities, with profitable enterprise, sharing in the present unprecedented development of the section, bring Asheville to the fore as a permanent residence.

Through Pullman trains from principal cities via Southern Railway. Direct motor routes.

For descriptive booklet and further information, address

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Asheville, N. C.

Mexico City with a fully equipped American playground. When the carnival of 1925 was held the American Chamber of Commerce, at the request of the State Department, put a float representing American ideals in the parade. The queen and her maids of honor who sat on it were taken from the graduating class of the American School.

The American School in Mexico City is really an international institution. Though all the teachers are American, the Mexican children predominate among the pupils. When De la Huerta revolted against the Obregón government in 1924 the offspring of both leaders were in the school at the same time.

To round out the story of American cultural influence, the American residents have been especially active in promoting the work of the Y. M. C. A. There are branches in Mexico City, Tampico, Monterrey and Chihuahua.

From this has developed the movement in field sports and general athletics that is becoming country-wide. It is also providing an effective agency for civic training as well.

There remains the vital matter of our trade across the border. In no other country of this Western world has the foreign commerce had such a romantic background as in Mexico. Its most colorful epoch was the Colonial era prior to 1777. It was during this period that the China ship, as it was called, made its annual voyage from Manila to Acapulco. The galleon left Manila in mid-July loaded with spices, silks, chinaware and finely wrought articles of gold and silver and was five or six months on the way. When the news reached Mexico City that the vessel had been sighted off the coast the road to Chilpancingo was soon alive with merchants with the burro trains loaded with strong chests, travelers and connoisseurs, all eager to be among the first at the port of arrival. The galleon started on its return voyage in February or March. The principal cargo, according to the current saying, was "*plata y frailes*," which means silver and monks.

During this picturesque period, and for many years later, the Spanish crown maintained a monopoly of the trade of her colonies. The United States did not get a look-in until after the war of independence, which began in 1821. The first year for which there are authentic records is 1826, when we exported to Mexico goods worth $1,900,000 and imported merchandise worth $3,100,000. Then, as now, we bought more from Mexico than we sold in that country.

At the present time United States exports to Mexico practically cover every important article known to commerce. The two principal items, however, are automobiles and lard. These are likewise the outstanding commodities in the total Mexican imports. We have a dominant part in Mexico's foreign trade because there is a common frontier, and transport is easy except during the persistent revolutionary outbreaks.

The difference in climatic conditions is such that the products of the two countries are complementary rather than competitive. In 1901 we furnished 60 per cent of Mexico's imports. The peak was reached in 1918, during the war, when we attained 90 per cent of the total. With the restoration of normal conditions our percentage has declined until now it is about 70 per cent. Last year the value of our exports to Mexico was $137,000,000, or nearly one-sixth of our entire trade with Latin America.

Thus the American effort extends to every activity. Instead of being aggressively imperialistic, it has worked for larger social and economic advancement. Relieved of the incubus of adverse legislation and the burden of official animus, it could assist Mexico to a commanding place among the Latin-American republics.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with Mexico. The next will be devoted to oil and kindred issues.

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns

ONA MUNSON'S *Famous Feet*

"Wise men tell us that everything has a use. So maybe corns were intended to help movie stars register sorrow."

So writes Ona Munson, the captivating star of "Twinkle Twinkle."

"But for my part I'd rather get my woe synthetically . . . and dispose of corns quickly with Blue-jay."

Blue-jay is the safe and gentle way to end a corn because the medication is "controlled." No chance of injuring delicate skin tissue by an over-application. Each plaster contains just the right amount of the magic medication to end the corn . . . The new Blue-jay in the new package has the creamy-white pad. . . . At all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.*

THE *New* Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

© 1927

First Tourist: "Wonderfully Cool Climate in Holland"
Second Ditto: "Yeh. No Wonder—Look at the Big Electric Fans"

What We Furnish for One Guaranteed Price

We ship you [illegible] lot. Inch. [illegible]

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Your Home

Can Now Be Built Plan-Cut at Amazing Savings

Write for Book of 100 Home Plans

97% of the lumber that goes into a home must have one or more saw-cuts. The average is two and four-tenths cuts to each piece used

Your carpenter, building the ordinary way, must saw these pieces by hand—every stud and every rafter. The more careful he is the longer time he takes. And you are paying him from 80c to $1.25 per hour for work that can be done in 1/50th of the time by machine at the mill!

That is the secret of the enormous savings the Gordon-Van Tine PLAN-CUT method has brought to home-builders all over America. Thousands write us their savings run from $200 to $1,500—some as high as $2,000.

The Plan-Cut Method Gives You

—A home of distinctive design, planned by skilled architects.
—A stronger, tighter-built house, due to Plan-Cut accuracy.
—A saving of 30% labor-cost, through machine-sawing.
—A home built at guaranteed cost.
—Highest quality materials, direct-from-mill at wholesale prices.

The Accuracy of PLAN-CUT

The Gordon-Van Tine system starts with the plan. Each home is individually designed by skilled architects. Each is structurally correct—planned for beauty, for stability and greatest economy.

Then the lumber for these plans is cut by power-driven saws. At one stroke you wipe out hand-sawing by carpenters! Your men can begin framing and building the day the material is unloaded on your lot! No sawing of heavy rafters! No expensive "kindling wood." And a labor-saving which our customers say averages 30%.

Because every piece is accurately laid out and cut absolutely true to steel-gauge measurements it must fit! There is no chance for error. All stresses and strains have been anticipated. All angles and pitches have been figured. All joints meet perfectly and fit tightly. This scientific exactness means just one thing greatest solidity and *structural strength*. A Gordon-Van Tine Home is not portable, or knock-down. On the contrary, it is the strongest, staunchest, most permanent frame house possible to build.

Know Your Cost Before You Build

You can figure to a penny the finished cost of your Gordon-Van Tine House before you build. We furnish you complete building instructions; architect's blue-prints; figure amount of foundation and brickwork necessary; advise you as to carpenters' and contractors' contracts. In short, we take all the speculation out of building for you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

With such construction and such high quality materials, we guarantee satisfaction in your Gordon-Van Tine Home for 20 years.

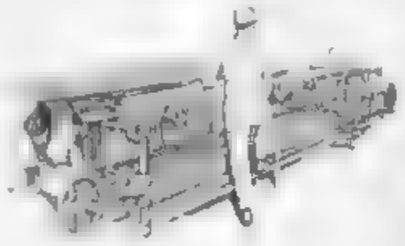
And finally, we sell you *guaranteed*, highest quality material, direct-from-mill, with the further savings that buying from the source always brings. There are pleased Gordon-Van Tine home-owners in nearly every community. They will vouch for *your* satisfaction!

3940 Saw-Cuts Saved

Our power-driven saws wipe out the costliest item in home building—the labor of hand sawing framing lumber. In this material for this house you [illegible] average of 3940 hand saw-cuts

Tested Plans

Every Gordon Van Tine Home is the work of expert architects. Each piece of material is dimensioned, cut and fitted to plan Your home goes together exactly right because exactly planned



Machine vs. Hand-Sawing

We saw, notch and bevel all parts possible by machine. As labor is 60 to 65% the cost of your finished home, think of the enormous savings this makes for you!

Send for This Book of

100 HOME PLANS

This 140 Page Book shows photos, floor plans, specifications, direct-from-mill prices of Bungalows, Colonial, English, Spanish, city and farm homes, 4 to 10 rooms. Fully explains our PLAN-CUT method

Also Garages, Summer Cottages, Barns and Poultry Houses.

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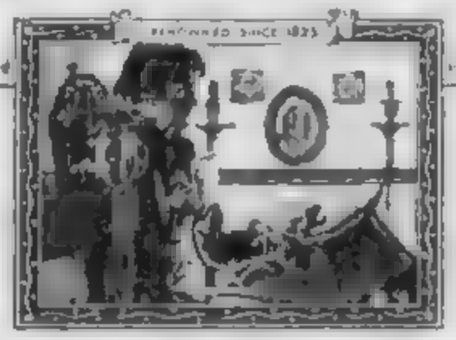
What "Cravenette" Means To Mallory Hats

It keeps in permanently the smart style that the designer put in originally. It protects your hat against moisture, stains and spotting. It does not affect the smoothness, lustre or pliability of the felt. It makes your hat last longer, and look better, and cost you less per day's wear and per dollar's expenditure. Remember the "Cravenette" Process is *invisible* and *exclusive* to Mallory Soft Hats and Derbies.

SIX TO TEN DOLLARS



MALLORY HATS

The Hats Of Unexampled Smartness

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY, 234 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

WHERE TO BUY

MALLORY *Hats are on sale at the better hat shops. Watch for the announcements of merchants who feature Mallory Hats.*

FIND THE LABEL

MALLORY *Hats bear the Mallory Label stamped in the crown and upon the sweat-leather. It is important to find it.*

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

everything that has to do with our everyday existence? It's bound to spread. The theaters might take it up next. And then what will happen?

Imagine a barker in full dress appearing from the wings at the completion of the first vaudeville act and making a speech like this:

"Good evening, folks—everybody happy? We're having a great time here tonight. You just saw Umphwomph and Goswoof, vaudeville's cleverest contortionists, do the Oliver Twist, the South Bend and the Banana Split in response to a request from Fred Ginshaw and party who are sitting in row three, upper balcony. We have a note here from A. J. Oswitz —O-s-w-i-t-z main floor, who says, 'Show just fine. Lighting excellent. I come every week and am organizing a club of your admirers. Please have the Ipswitch Sisters sing my old favorite.'

"You bet we'll have the Ipswitch Sisters sing your favorite—and we know what it is too. Yes, sir, we're always glad to hear from Mr. Oswitz. We'll put that number on in a few minutes. And now we're going to hear a xylophone solo by Barney Bullock, the hammering harmony hitter, who will play The Anvil Chorus in response to a request from Olga Olgasbach, who is having a birthday box party this evening. Congratulations, Olga, we're always glad to help pep up a birthday party."

Maybe you don't go to theaters much anyway, and just wouldn't go at all if this folksy idea began to permeate the performances.

But that's only the germ of what may become an epidemic. Some evening in the near future you may be riding home from work in the street car, peacefully reading your newspaper, when the conductor will push his way to the front, face the throng with a silly smile and bellow:

"We just stopped at Forty-third Street at the request of Mrs. R. J. Hallenbork, 4344 North Winchester Avenue, who gets off there every evening. In response to a request from Mr. Samuel Stredlerer—S-t-r-e-d-l-e-r-e-r—of 5119 Glenwood, we will next stop at Forty-fifth. We also have a request from Virginia J. Wigham, 4756 Osdale Avenue, who says, 'I wait for your car every evening. Please stop at Eighteenth Street.' We just stopped there a few minutes ago, Virginia, but if there's any other place you'd like to have us stop, just let us know. This is the Newton Surface Transportation Company, carrying you along Route Number 27 and the next stop will be Forty-fifth Street."

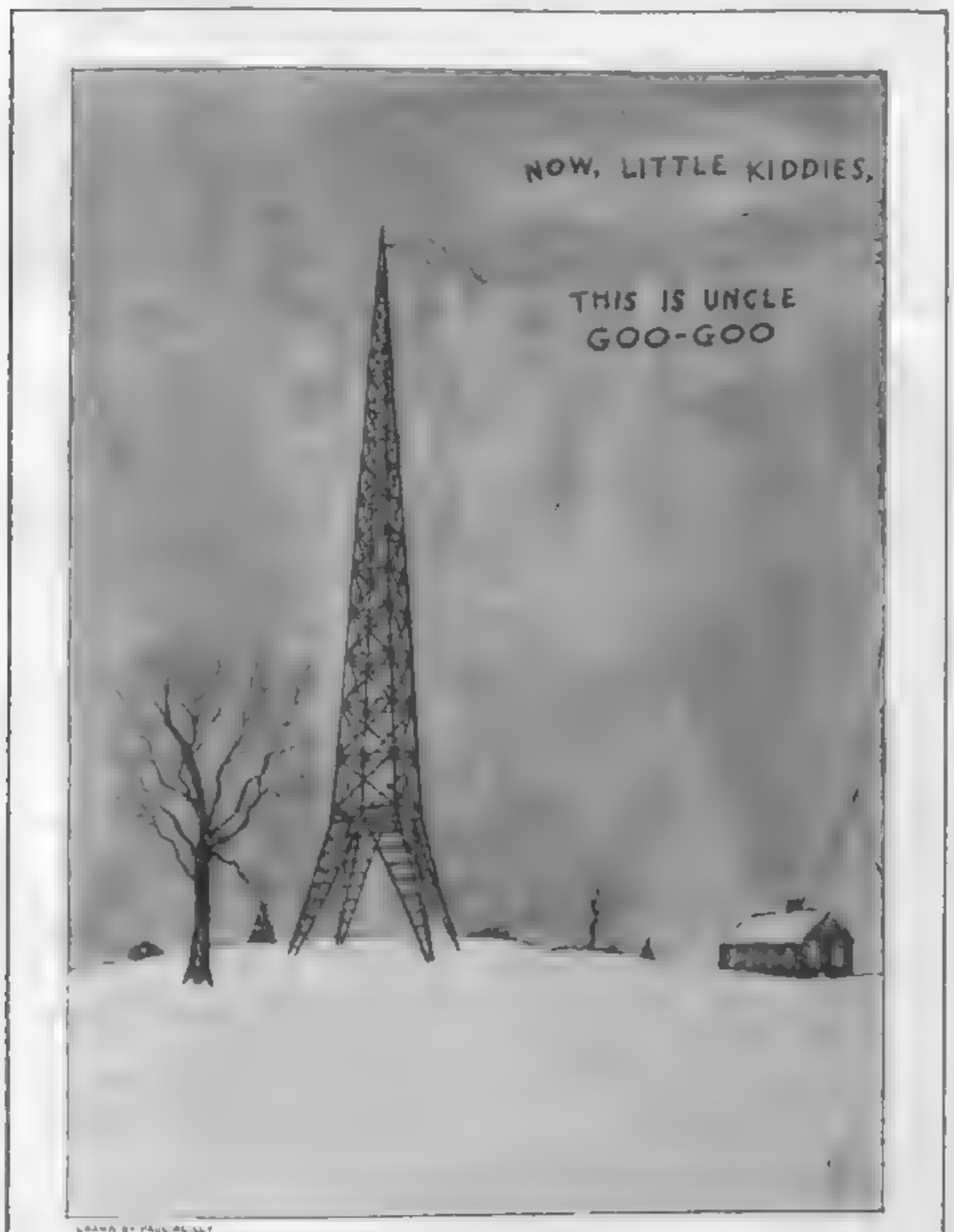
I could go on indefinitely citing instances where this radio nuisance can easily become a plague. But why go on? If you have any feeling for humanity or any intention of spending your future years in peace and happiness, act—write to your nearest congressman now before it is too late.

—*Jack Auburn Pennmann.*

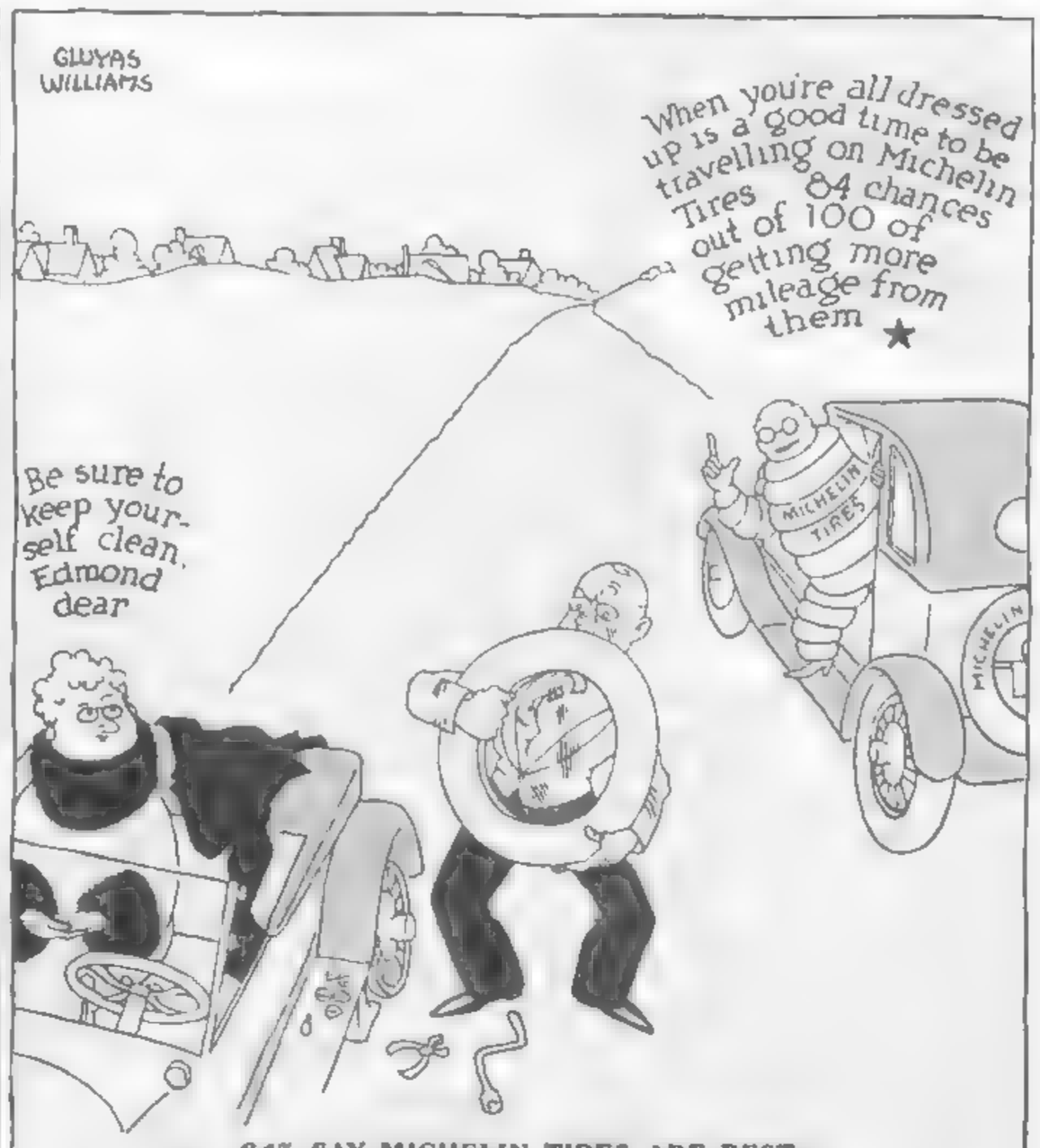
Only a Roomer

MY WINTER duds oppress me,
The early robins sing,
And wistful dreams obsess me—
Vain fantasies of spring.
So frugal are my spirit's needs,
Yet fate declines to grant them;
I want to buy some garden seeds—
I have no place to plant them.

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.



The Tower of Babble


GLUYAS WILLIAMS
When you're all dressed up is a good time to be travelling on Michelin Tires 84 chances out of 100 of getting more mileage from them ★
Be sure to keep yourself clean, Edmond dear
MICHELIN TIRES
MICHELIN

84% SAY MICHELIN TIRES ARE BEST

★ THIS STATEMENT IS BASED ON FACTS. WE PICKED AT RANDOM 1500 MOTORISTS WHO WERE TESTING MICHELIN TIRES OPPOSITE OTHER MAKES. 84% SAID MICHELINS PROVED THEMSELVES BETTER.

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"YOUR OFFER SHOWED ME HOW I COULD MAKE MONEY"

WHEN we asked why he had accepted our plan for spare-time money-making, Joseph A. Kitchin of North Dakota replied, "I needed more money, but I could not keep a steady job and still go to school. Your offer showed me how I could make money in my spare time." Joseph plans to enter college. He realizes that to do so takes money. That's why he uses this *sure way* to ready cash.

Joseph A. Kitchin
North Dakota

How He Does It

After school and on Saturdays, he calls on his friends, acquaintances and others, asking them to let him forward to us their renewal and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. In this way he has earned as much as $5.00 in a single day.

No matter how limited your spare time, you are invited to turn it into welcome dollars by our plan. You need no experience, no capital. We'll furnish everything required (except *your* energy) and tell you just how to make extra money right around your own home.

THIS IS THE COUPON WHICH GAVE HIM HIS START

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Please tell me how I can make extra money in my spare time.

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Backyard farming is SPORT!

It begins early in SPRING and holds your fascinated interest every month in the year. Keeps you fit, puts the fat of the land on your table, and money in your pocket.

Best of all—everybody is eligible. Planet Jr. Seeders and Wheel Hoes remove all handicaps by making it easy to plant and to hoe your entire garden. There's no mystery about it, either. Anyone can grow prime vegetables with Planet Jr. tools to help them. Write for our helpful garden manual—"Home Gardens—How to 'Grow What You Eat'". It makes everything clear and easy for you.

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The largest selling Quality pencil in the world

17 Black degrees—3 copying

Try VENUS B—a soft pencil for general use.

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Unequalled *for* writing or drawing.

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Makers of *UNIQUE* Thin Lead Colored Pencils
12 colors—$1.00 per doz.

CALLOUSES

Quick, safe relief for callouses and burning on bottom of feet.

At all drug and shoe stores—35c

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$400 MACHINE EARNED $5610 IN ONE YEAR

NATIONAL KELLAC CO.

WHERE ROMANCE BEGINS

(Continued from Page 19)

Sugar manufacture is also undergoing a tremendous change. Cane sugar, which had the field to itself, soon found a competitor in the form of beet sugar; and this latter had hardly got going good before sugar from corn and other sources appeared to enliven the situation. Western Canada has just discovered the gold in beets and in the mill by-products which can be used as an efficient feed to build up a great live-stock industry. The innovation has become so interesting that British Columbia proposes to subsidize the new industry, all of which brightens the prospect that sugar mills all over the western provinces will provide Canada with a permanent Klondike.

In the meantime the Bureau of Standards at Washington holds forth hope of sugar from native artichokes at two cents a pound. These artichokes are not the fancy kind that are a table luxury, but are weeds of the aster family. The sugar from this plant has several times the sweetening power of the present product. Present experiments indicate the possibility of our getting artichoke sugar within four or five years. Such a development, if realized, would be revolutionary, for the artichoke is not so easily perishable as beets and sugar cane, which means that the mills using artichokes could save millions by operating on the basis of a much longer season.

Harnessing the Elements

Machines are being created that do everything but think. The Diesel engine promises to upset many current practices. What we want to do is to cut out the waste now incurred in keeping up steam and banking fires. The Diesel engine, of course, consumes fuel only when it is running; so no matter whether it is used in a locomotive or in a stationary plant, it cuts out the expense of standing by idle with steam up in the boiler. Should present plans carry through, engines of this type will soon be placed in automobiles and will operate on fuel costing less than ten cents a gallon. The latest Diesel designs operate on a two-cycle, double-acting principle, delivering power on the upstroke as well as on the downstroke, giving practically the equivalent of eight cylinders in the space of four. The double action permits the development of power on both sides of the piston, all of which means a radical reduction in the size and weight of the engine—a matter of vital importance in every field of power use

No scientist engaged in energy studies ever hears the wind howl without saying to himself, "I'll get you yet." The wind has blown in undiminished force through all the centuries, and yet its power continues to elude capture. The rotor ship is a trick to catch this phantom fuel that is available to man in billions of horse power. Anton Flettner, who is trying to apply the principle that a cylinder rotating in the wind exerts a force at right angles to it, has become a leader in this interesting field of effort. He got his first idea during a hurricane at sea, and then left his roving life to attend school and learn the technic of energy utilization. People laughed at his idea of crossing the ocean in a fuelless ship, and his progress was slow until the German Government recognized the merit of the plan and backed the scheme by launching a 3000-ton wind ship. It may be sooner than most of us imagine when we shall see forests of wind machines centralized in fuelless regions to supply power and light to near-by cities and factories. Anton Flettner has succeeded if he does no more than arouse the world to the wealth that lies in howling winds.

Dr. W. W. Coblentz, of the United States Bureau of Standards, has taken a step forward in the never-ending task of trying to harness the sun. Through the exposure of molybdenite to rays of the sun passing through colored glass, definite quantities of electricity have been produced. Though this result is only in the nature of a laboratory achievement, it supports the reasonableness of the hope that we shall one day see trains, ships and airplanes running without raw fuel, and factories operating with only a generator that has no connection with any boiler plant.

Energy utilization in its most complex form is now developing marvels that we comprehend with difficulty. Dr. William Coolidge's new cathode ray tube, though only a research instrument at present, makes possible the production of a stream of energy that makes rocks glow, turns gas to yellow powder and kills germs and insects instantly. Let no one doubt that this device will quickly pass into the field of practical usefulness. In fact, there are many who believe it will rank with the X ray in its importance to mankind. This discovery probably represents the most important move yet made to tap the atom's hidden power. It offers a possible new way to coat metals with a film that acids cannot penetrate, and it may find almost immediate use as a weapon against disease. As an instrument for use in warfare, its possibilities appear to be nil, because the destructive range of the atomic bombardment is no more than five feet.

Developments in the closely related fields of sound and vision transmission are coming so fast that one finds it difficult to keep in step with the advances. Doubtless most of our electric light and power companies will soon be transmitting radio programs over their own lines to millions of homes. All the effort required will be the insertion of a plug in an electric light socket in order to hear local and distant programs. The number of stations to be heard over the house wires will be limited only by the number of machines installed in the home.

Notable was the accomplishment of Prof. G. O. Russell, of Ohio State University, in photographing the mechanism of the human voice in action. This achievement not only disclosed the fallacies of many existing theories but has unlocked vocal secrets of such importance that the results are sure to be felt not only in the radio, telephone and phonograph industries, but in voice culture, the teaching of languages and the instruction of deaf-mutes.

Broadcasting Moving Pictures

The most recent of amazing developments to center our attention is television—radio sight over land and sea. The longest step in this direction has been taken by Dr. E. W. Alexanderson. The device known as the telephotograph, which is already in use, projects a still picture by radio. The televisor, newest of wonders, even in its present early development stage, operates 20,000 times as fast as the other apparatus, thereby making possible the projection of a series of still views which combine to give us a radio motion picture. This brings us closer to the time when we shall have moving pictures in our homes. Important events will be picked up by wire, sent to broadcasting stations and then radiated to television receivers throughout the land. Historical functions the world over will be on view instantly in millions of homes in distant countries. This means it will be no more difficult to see across the ocean than it is now to hear over such an expanse of space. The police in New York will be able to identify a criminal in Chicago without having to wait for the photograph.

Probably no devices that man has so far produced are more essential to progress than those which make it possible for us to record observations with accuracy. A contour-measuring projector will disclose an error of one-ten-thousandth of an inch in the thread of a screw. An apparatus of

(Continued on Page 204)

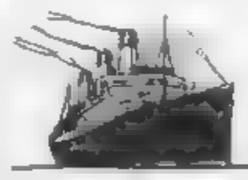
$95 (up) takes you to EUROPE!

Round Trips $170 up

HAPPY days at sea in Tourist Third Cabin, the new type of economical transatlantic travel designed for college people and American business men and women.

In our fleets you have a choice of many sailings, among them *Majestic*, world's largest ship, and *Minnekahda, Minnesota, Devonian* and *Winifredian*, the latter four the only *exclusively* "Tourist Third" ships in the world.

Sailings from New York, Boston and Montreal to principal European ports.



For complete information and literature address Tourist Department, No. 1 Broadway, New York, our offices elsewhere or any authorized steamship agent.

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RED STAR LINE LEYLAND LINE
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

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A tap of the hammer puts them on—10 cents per set of 4, at dealers' everywhere—look for the name inside each slide.

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I'd like a spare time proposition that promises to net me some extra money as your subscription representative. What have you to offer?

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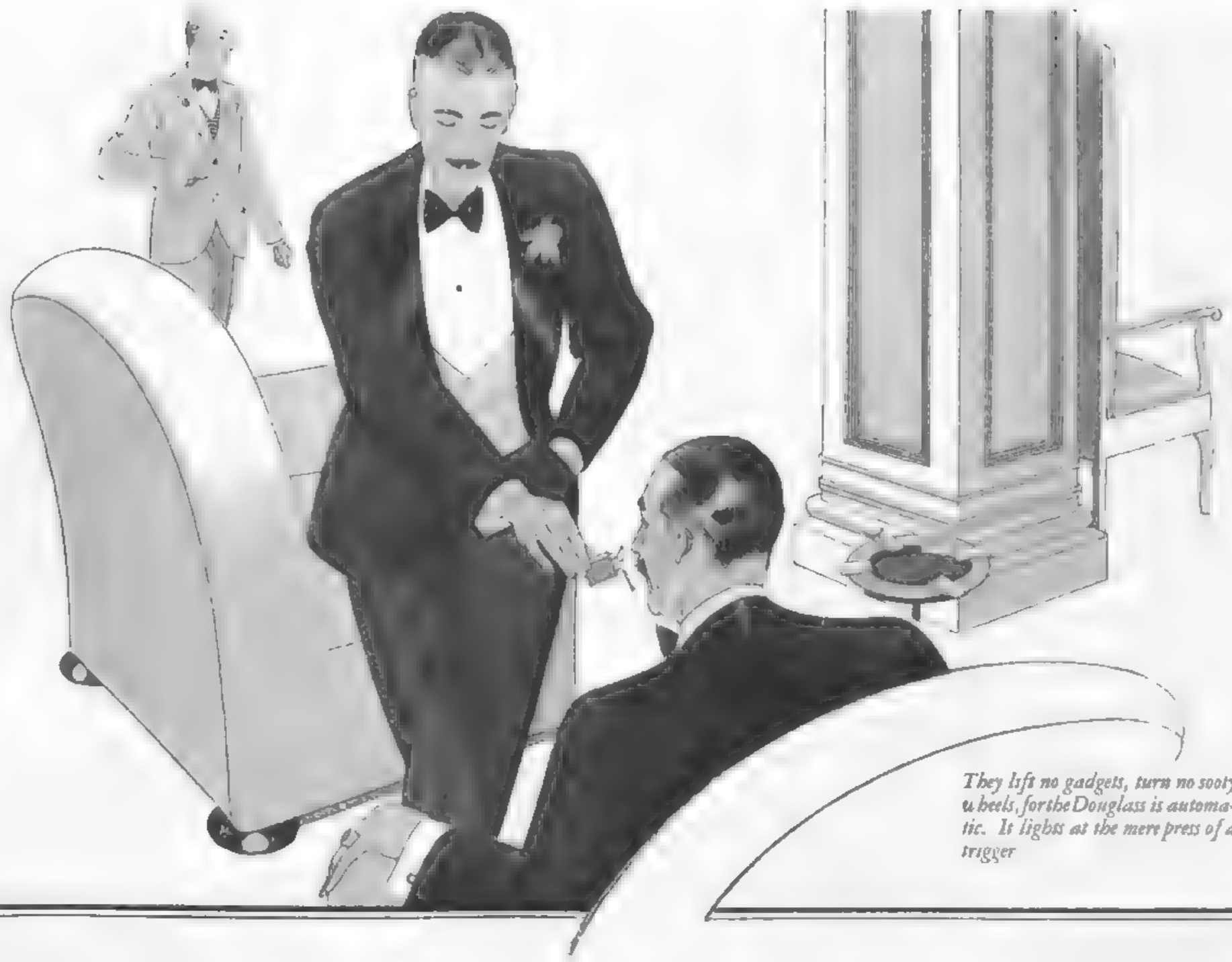


They lift no gadgets, turn no sooty wheels, for the Douglass is automatic. It lights at the mere press of a trigger

THIS MATCHLESS AGE

At the Clubs

SHEDDING the mantle of the commonplace, assuming the prideful ease that is his right of membership: So enters a man his club.

The world is his, and he would banish bother from it, banish any kind of inconvenience. How natural that he should seize upon appurtenances that befit this matchless age, should wave away the old and bunglesome.

He discarded matches for a lighter—and when the Douglass appeared last winter it found his pocket first.

For the Douglass is automatic. No gadgets to fumble, no wheels to thumb; it lights at the mere press of a trigger.

Such a simple, practical lighter had long been sought by Leon F. Douglass, formerly Vice President of the Victor Talking Machine Company.

Press the trigger—there's your light

With him, lighters were a hobby and he rode it as men do, trying out the best of every land.

Then he set his own creative genius to the task—a versatile genius for which he has been granted nearly half a hundred patents.

The first Douglass Lighter was for his personal use, the next for a critical crony.

Now the Douglass comes in many styles—in gold and silver and rare leathers. And each is made with a precision that insures unfailing service.

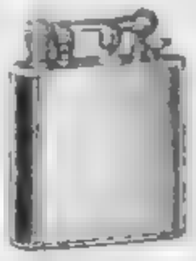
If the Douglass isn't on sale at your club, or you do not come handily upon a jeweler, tobacconist or such who can show it to you, write Hargraft & Sons, Wrigley Building, Chicago. They will direct you, and send you, too, an interesting descriptive leaflet called "This Matchless Age." THE DOUGLASS CO.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

DEALERS who have not yet stocked the Douglass need reminding that there is no closed season on matches for smokers, therefore none on Douglass Lighters. They should write Hargraft.

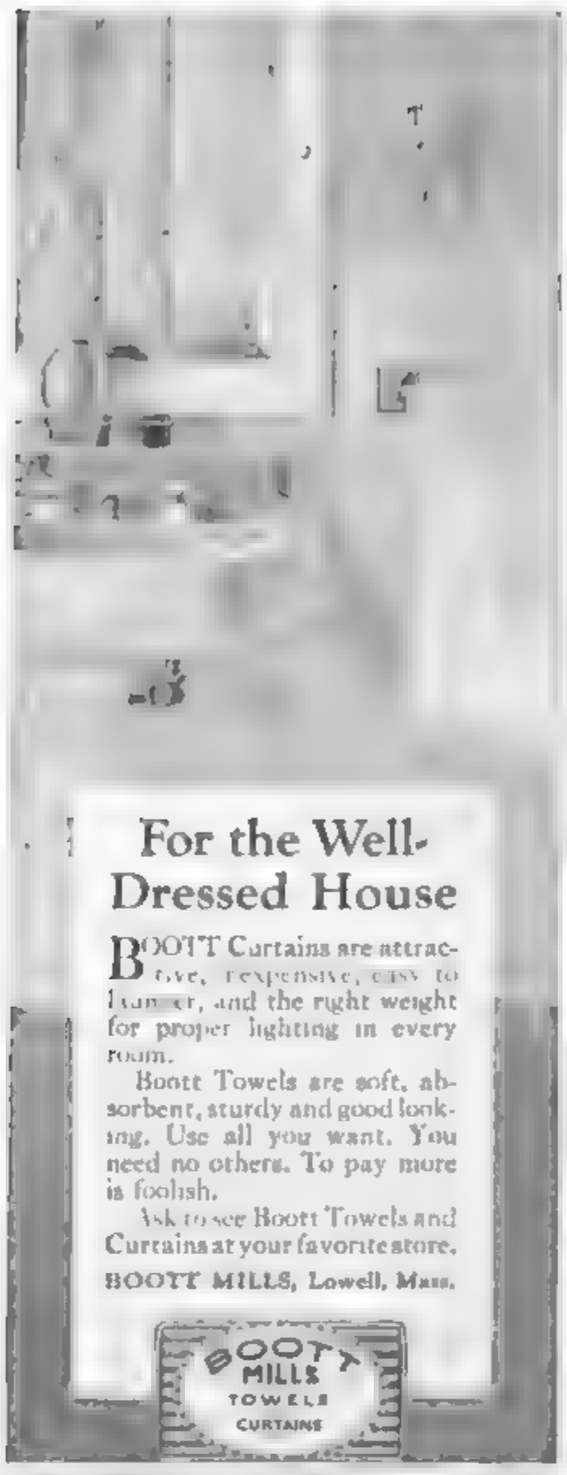
For slender fingers a Douglass suited with [illegible]

Douglass Lighters are also offered in metal cases with [illegible]



The Douglass Lighter

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT



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BOOTT Curtains are attractive, inexpensive, easy to launder, and the right weight for proper lighting in every room.

Boott Towels are soft, absorbent, sturdy and good looking. Use all you want. You need no others. To pay more is foolish.

Ask to see Boott Towels and Curtains at your favorite store.

BOOTT MILLS, Lowell, Mass.

BOOTT MILLS TOWELS CURTAINS

Ends Paring

Corns or Calluses

Stops all pain in 3 seconds

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No paring or cutting—that is dangerous. Besides the corn then comes back. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off like dead skin. Works alike on corns or calluses.

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J. THOS. RHAMSTINE

505 Woodbridge St. E., Detroit, Mich.

(Continued from Page 202)

the Weather Bureau used to measure the solid content of the atmosphere will count the dust particles in a cubic foot of air. Its use has shown that country air contains 2000 dust motes, suburban air 30,000 and city air about 115,000. The fellow who goes walking in some of our busy industrial communities takes in a million dust particles with every breath. The Bureau of Public Roads in Washington has developed a roughometer that accurately determines the relative smoothness of a highway. This puts an end to indifference on the part of road builders.

From the standpoint of everyday business, the measure of value for a machine is its labor-saving possibilities. In the past practically all the stone-lifting devices necessitated the drilling of two holes in the block to be hoisted. A new apparatus developed by H. H. Dutton, of the Bureau of Standards, will lift stones that have only one hole drilled in them, making it possible to set stone faster, saving time and labor.

The post office in Washington has a new machine that faces, stacks and cancels letters in a single continuous operation. This machine, in general use, will save the Government about $1,000,000 a year, which is not surprising in view of the fact that it has a capacity of 130,000 letters a day. Three power accounting machines just installed in the office of the city controller in New York require only two operators and do the work of ten clerks, with a saving of 40 per cent in time. These machines have made it possible to consolidate three bureaus into one, enabling the taxpayer to pay his tax bill, assessments and any arrears at the same office in each borough.

Mechanical corn pickers will husk from sixty to one hundred and two bushels a day, which compares with an average of fifty-nine bushels when the work is done by hand. Greater savings result when a tractor is used to pull the machine. Although this equipment has been in use in certain sections for several years, it has not been generally introduced. Ownership of these machines is hardly warranted where the acreage is small, but in many such cases joint ownership has worked out with great advantage to all.

Many other new devices are coming along to save money for farmers. A new type of aspirator, invented by a market specialist in the Department of Agriculture, cleans grain by vacuum. A crop-drying machine has cut the time of the drying process from two days with sun drying to one hour with this mechanical apparatus. In one demonstration the machine formed a mat of cut alfalfa six inches thick and carried it on an endless belt through a hot-air furnace that removed the moisture in thirty minutes. After drying, the crop goes through a chopper and is then raised into a loft by a mechanical blower. This invention eliminates the weather factor in hay drying.

Glareless Headlights

The efforts of the railroads to do away with the human element are bearing fruit. One new safety device now being installed on many locomotives takes the train out of the hands of the engineer in time of danger. With this new invention, warning signals are transmitted by electric currents passing through the rails. If the weather is foggy and the train flashes past a stop signal, the automatic device takes charge and the train is brought to a halt. Another new contrivance on locomotives establishes a speed limit beyond which the engine cannot travel, while the newest thing on freight trains is a system of radio communication. A Japanese instrument called a defectoscope utilizes magnetism to detect flaws in rails and prevent wrecks. This device has a testing capacity of 100 rails an hour.

Many of the 20,000 deaths from automobile accidents in the United States each year result from the glare of lights on oncoming cars. Engineers have perfected a new light that completely illuminates the roadway and side ditches without glare. This new light will reduce accidents and be a boon to motorists who have experienced difficulty at nighttime in reading the road signs along the way.

Other remarkable devices run all the way from a new camera gun that takes a picture as it shoots, to a power unit so large that it could operate 2000 steam shovels or pull forty of the twenty-hour trains operating between New York and Chicago. All phases of life are being automatized. In one place we find a new shuttleless loom revolutionizing weaving, and in another we hear the interesting story about a motion-picture camera concealed in a desk or wall, and ready to trap criminals the moment the radio control starts to operate.

In Worcester, Massachusetts, when a theft or crime is committed, a searchlight flashes a signal to the sky and patrolmen hurry to the nearest phone boxes to get the details of the case. Automobile thefts have been reduced 50 per cent. A new type of reflector on street lamps in a New Jersey town directs the rays downward, where they are intended to go, and makes life happier for uneasy sleepers. Complete weather maps are being sent to ships at sea by a remarkable radio-transmitting apparatus, while another device producing ultraviolet rays is curing chickens of rickets.

Weather Made to Order

Much has been written respecting the desirability of supplying moisture as well as heat to the indoor air we breathe during the cold months. Moisture is now supplied to the air in many large buildings, but the cost of humidification in our homes has been prohibitive. Therefore it is pleasant to know that simple devices of great merit are just now coming on the market to remedy the condition. They are ornamental and quite as foolproof as the commonplace electric fan. One employs a tiny electric motor, plugs into a lamp socket, is portable, and needs to be filled with water but once a day. If desired it can be connected to a near-by water supply.

The indoor air we breathe in the wintertime seldom contains more than 15 or 20 per cent moisture, which is less than exists in the atmosphere of the Sahara Desert. In order to keep our air passages in a healthy condition and reduce the dreaded winter diseases brought on by dry membranes, it is necessary for us to surround our bodies with a humidity of from 40 to 45 per cent. To keep this content of moisture in a living room that is open to the rest of the house requires that the little humidifier shall supply the air with the equivalent of about two gallons of water each day, all of which it does in effective fashion. This necessity for humidity in our homes, offices and factories is going to force a radical change very soon in the heating practices of the day. Air cooling must be included in the central plant and provision must be made for reversing the system in the summertime so it will produce cold instead of warmth.

It is natural to expect that science will give a great deal of thought to ways and means for improving food supplies. Artificial fogs, developed a few years ago for military purposes, are now being put to peacetime use in Norway to protect crops from frost. The vapor blanket covers the trees, vines and plants, thus preventing freezing. Milk-tank cars are replacing cans. The cars are lined with glass, insulated and contain a refrigerating system. Milk shipped in one such car from Wisconsin reached Florida in perfect condition. Our Federal Bureau of Chemistry is busy guiding fruit and vegetable growers to the use of a wrapping paper that will retard evaporation, preserve food values and prevent injury from frost, dust, sun and jarring.

Western egg producers, knowing the harmful effects of washing eggs, now use a fine grade of sand in the form of a blast to scour the shells. The product so treated brings a higher price. Another method being employed with success to reduce the spoilage of eggs requires that they pass

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A STAR BRUSH insures a smooth, even finish, because the brushes are made of pure China bristles, carefully selected and vulcanized in a hard rubber setting. The bristles will not finger, streak or become loose. A well-balanced, carefully finished handle makes the brush easy and pleasant to use.

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When finished painting, clean thoroughly with turpentine or benzine, dip in linseed oil and wrap in clean paper to keep Bristles straight. Do not stand brush on end as this will cause bristles to bend—lay flat on board. Do not stand in water over the ferrule as water will cause handle to swell and burst ferrule

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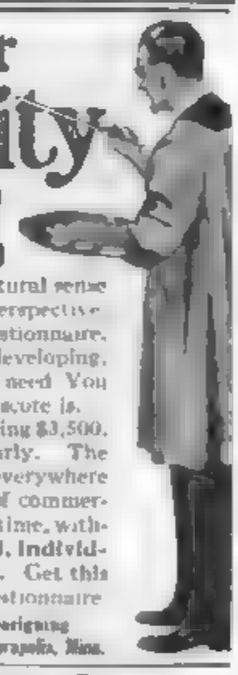

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Same good service for life of blade. Guaranteed for one year. Metal part rust-proof because Parkerized.

35¢ standard 7½ in. size. Special 9 in. size, 50c. Ask for it by name wherever auto accessories are sold.

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through an oil bath heated to a temperature of 295 degrees Fahrenheit. The oil fills the pores and stops decomposition. Rhode Island Red hens fed cod-liver oil are laying bigger and better eggs and are showing more than the usual resistance to disease.

Plant grafting is making such amazing progress that many farm products are sure to undergo a radical change. Widely different types are now being forced to merge. Plants producing tubers but not seeds have been joined with those that produce seeds but not tubers, and the union has resulted in other plants having both tubers and seeds. This indicates that we may soon be obtaining seeds for different varieties of products from tuberous plants, such as the potato. In other experiments plants which normally flower but once a year have been made to flower continuously for a considerable length of time.

The attention now being given wounds made in grafting closely parallels the care exercised by surgeons in treating human beings. So skillful has the modern plant specialist become that he can produce a hybrid growing tomatoes on its branches and potatoes on its roots. Prof. Lucien Daniel, of Rennes, France, has accomplished this feat many times.

Electric current passing through steel electrodes thrust into meat takes the frost out of frozen beef. Electric pumps with heating appliances attached are increasing the yield of milk. When water is too cold the cows drink too little. One farmer who started out to remedy this situation reported an increase of more than 300 pounds of milk a week from seventeen cows. A new method of electric sterilizing applied to the preservation of orange juice may save hundreds of thousands of dollars for the citrus packers.

Salmon fishing has become of such importance that it now receives national attention. When ready to spawn, these fish always return to the stream in which they were born. Power developments on Northwestern rivers where salmon live are rendering it increasingly difficult for the fish to ascend the streams. Engineers have put a plan into effect that employs mechanical elevators to help the fish along in their difficult journey. In some places four lifts are made an hour and the crowded elevators testify to the appreciation of the service.

Successful experiments in retarding the growth of cotton plants may one day be applied in practice to the great confusion of the boll weevils, which will arrive at maturity, only to find that the plants have no flowers ready for them to feed upon. Gypsy moths are finding it harder each year to survive the attacks of poisoned dust dropped by airplanes. Even the Japanese beetle is in for a good trouncing when it meets an aggressive little parasite that is now being imported to make life unhealthy for it and its entire family.

Wealth From Waste

Sources of new wealth are widely distributed. The fertilizers and perfumed soaps that are now being produced out of the things that the housewife insists must be removed from her back yard are enabling garbage plants to yield a revenue of from $50,000 to $200,000 a year. The desert sands of Southern California are giving us borax and potash to free us of foreign monopoly. Millions of pounds of sawdust and shavings are now being turned into linoleum, dynamite, tobacco pipes, amber-like beads, wall paper, dolls and phonograph records. Chemically treated pine needles are being substituted for wool as wadding for mattresses and the resin that remains is transformed into fuel briquettes.

Things designed for one purpose are being applied to dozens of other uses. Airplane surveys are making it possible for ulitities and power companies to map 200 miles of river in a single day. The motion picture is coming rapidly into use as an invaluable aid in teaching surgery and dentistry. It now becomes possible to preserve for future generations of medical men the technic and operative skill of the eminent specialists of this age. A package of film small enough to drop into an overcoat pocket can now be taken to the remote corners of the earth, there to illustrate the technic of the great masters to thousands of students, who may even speak a foreign tongue.

Nothing is too large or too small to escape the critical eye of science. If it is a valuable dog with distemper we expose the animal to ultra-violet rays. Should it be a scourge of moths they are killed quickly in a sealed and insulated chamber, where a battery of electric air-heating units destroys even the deep-seated eggs and larvæ with a temperature of 165 degrees. Perhaps we are traveling thousands of miles from our home bank and have met with difficulty in getting a check cashed. All we have to do is to send a wireless photograph of the check and back comes an immediate order for payment. Even the little California vine with the long Latin name meaning "trouble of the earth" met its Waterloo when it punctured a tire for an ill-tempered chemist who sent it to perdition with a treatment of cheap mineral oil. Soon California will be rid of the nuisance that folks out there call the puncture vine.

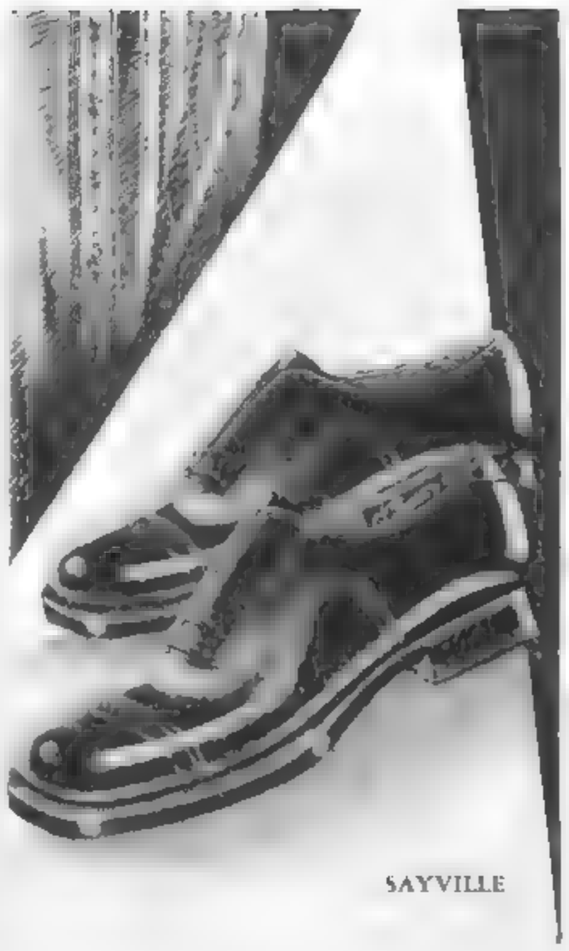
War Gases In Peacetimes

War gases appear to be about the only inheritance of real value that we derived from the late world struggle. New uses appear for them daily. One is more quickly to kill the cocoons which, under the old method of using steam, made raw silk too easily perishable. Germans run their railroad coaches into huge disinfecting tanks having air-tight doors and supplied with pipes carrying a powerful gas that is deadly to insects and germs. Even concrete is now gassed to give it lightness. A Swedish plan introduces gas into the mixture while it is yet soft, the effect being to fill the mass with pores, which reduce its weight without lessening its strength.

In Maine a clever German is coloring trees to order with indelible dyes. A few hundred miles south, at Schenectady, we find Irving Langmuir taking time from his studies of molecules and atoms to give us a new atomic-hydrogen flame that produces a heat 50 per cent more intense than that now developed by the widely used oxy-hydrogen flame. Farther west we find the disclosure of a scheme that permits what really might be called the welding of rubber to wood or metal

One might gather from all this that we are getting near the end of our mad plunge to a state of civilization in which life is to be entirely automatic. The fact is that each new tool develops a necessity for more tools, and each new discovery opens another road leading to wider markets and the creation of new industries. Not even the very wise can always see the ultimate result of the application of a new principle. A few years ago no theater had an air-cooling system. Now motion-picture managers recognize that refrigeration is a box-office factor that must be ranked with the location of the house and the attraction on the stage or screen. The first theater that put in a cooling plant in New York City ran 27,000 admissions during the week that the town had its first hot spell. The normal run for such a week heretofore had been 10,000 admissions. A summer liability has been turned into a valuable asset. People now leave their homes and go to the theater to keep cool. Even actors may find that refrigeration has bettered their opportunities by enabling them to work the year round.

And talking of refrigeration, how wonderful it is to think that games like hockey can be played the year round on indoor ice in great amusement palaces such as the new Madison Square Garden in New York. Here is a remarkable installation that provides an ice surface one inch thick in twelve hours. Six hours later people may be dancing on the same floor where the hockey was played. In this freezing process a



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"MY regular business of distributing newspapers occupies most of my time," Ira M. Gaulke wrote us last year. "Am finishing my work at the University; promoting amateur shows; playing in the local band; drilling with the National Guard. Now and then I get a chance to sleep."

Consider that program, and the fact that Gaulke earned the coveted Phi Beta Kappa key for scholarship. Then this:

"I have never put in a full day at Curtis work, but I cleared six dollars in a couple of hours one afternoon."

Now Gaulke is through college. And through with picking up spare cash by the Curtis Plan? No! Curtis subscriptions sell too easily and the cash profits are too generous! He's making a collection of them to buy a home.

Do *you* want extra dollars—for a home, a car, anything at all? In a few minutes a day, an hour a week, a day a month, you can earn substantially *in your own neighborhood.*

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A tiny thing to carry, in vest pocket or handbag—a big help when you need it. The handy pocket manicure cleans, trims and files nails quickly and easily, anywhere, used by either hand. Ask your dealer. Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c.

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white pigment mixed with the water makes the glistening ice a thing of beauty, for it is white as snow. Madison Square Garden, with its manufactured weather, can now boast that every day is a good day, which will make summer attendance at a great national convention a pleasure instead of an ordeal.

The rise of the curtain tomorrow promises to disclose huge energy factories pouring forth streams of electrons derived from sources not understood today. Even now, if we were to dispense with all our mechanical energy, it would be necessary for every man, woman and child of us to have 900 slaves to carry our messages, light our lamps, do our lifting and cleaning, draw our conveyances and carry us up flights of stairs in tall buildings. We often wonder how folks ever got the work done by hand 200 years ago, and our children's children will likewise be amazed at our present ability to stagger along with the crude methods now employed.

In the era that's coming the new art of catalysis, whereby chemical processes are intensified or stimulated, will supply magic that will join hundreds of chemicals with other hundreds in the production of strange compounds. It may release powerful atomic forces, making commonplace realities of predictions now regarded as fantastic. It will force ordinary water gas made from coal to yield a dozen kinds of alcohol, twice as many useful acids and several varieties of liquid fuel to keep our automotive industries running.

The fact is that the potentialities which lie in the field of catalytic action are so great they are terrifying. Realization of this truth has brought many to hope that the forces of the atom will not be unleashed until the present race has evolved sufficiently along ethical lines to make man morally fit to be the master of a power that might destroy an entire solar system if improperly used.

Tomorrow's Discoveries

Tomorrow will probably disclose nation-wide systems of lights and signals to show airmen their way. No longer will curtains of fogs over mountain ranges close the air lines between the East and the West. Synthetic foods may be in large use, and there may be much farming of the indoor variety. In this practice every inch of soil used will be correct in texture and composition and free of pests. Air can be kept at optimum temperature, and humidity and production go on the year round, with crop failures unknown.

Automatic machinery promises to release more than half our time for self-education. Sound-deadening devices will tend to increase efficiency by eliminating noises in offices, stores and factories. Invisible rays may yet be rendering invaluable services, running all the way from sending in an alarm when a burglar crosses an unseen beam, to the detection of dead teeth in the mouth and the production of weird effects on darkened city stages.

Such experiments as that of the Rockefeller Medical Institute in keeping part of a chicken's heart alive for fifteen years will have supplied vital knowledge useful in extending human life.

Parts of roadways, as well as many city streets, will probably be utilized only for express traffic and there will be no grade crossings. Helicopters, which alight vertically, may change the character of roofs. Composition-rubber shoes fitted to steel wheels may ultimately make street cars and subways noiseless. No city need permit politics to enter into its management, and communities having mayors may pick them from highly trained men and women, educated as specialists in municipal administration. We may graduate mayors from our colleges as we now do doctors and lawyers.

There may be window glass one can see through from the inside but not from the outside. Many men may eliminate the shaving nuisance by having their faces rid of hair in a quick and harmless fashion at a single sitting. Vitamines probably will have been positively identified and made available in isolated form. Psychology may have been taken out of the realm of theory and made useful in removing fear, relieving mental depression and in determining the traits and talents of young people in time to permit their futures to be shaped along lines that will bring success.

No Such Word as Can't

Tomorrow may disclose a long-delayed recognition of the power of advertising on the part of leaders of government and religion. The Government will probably use pages to report on its stewardship and also carry on in a large way the small but effective efforts of insurance companies to extend life by teaching how to eat and live. The church may invite attention in a bold and convincing manner, not hesitating to enter into competition with other agencies that are striving to attract and hold the interest of a well-intentioned public that insists on being entertained while being saved.

Simple problems now begging for solution will have been handled in the era that's coming. The evident savings from such things as the revision of the alphabet will then be realized. The word "the," which now makes up 7 per cent of the letters on the ordinary printed page, and a number of other very common words will have been replaced by signs or symbols, saving thousands of tons of paper and ink, as well as a tremendous amount of time and effort on the part of typists, typesetters and readers. It will have been proved that the reform of printed English is as much a typographical problem as a phonetic one.

Truly the present is a time for serene courage and a broad outlook. It is a day when the word "impossible" must be canceled. Many things here set forth with hesitation will probably be realized facts in a decade.

Our future was established on the soundest kind of foundation when wise leaders of American business made organized scientific research a function of industry equal in importance to manufacturing. There is only disappointment ahead for any executive today who disagrees on this point.

A Scene on the Monterey Coast, California

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REFRIGERATORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

Making more money for Grocers

FRESHER STOCKS—better display—quicker service—less spoilage—lower costs for ice or electricity—satisfaction year in and year out!

These are the marks of McCray refrigerator service—a time tested service which has been *making money for grocers and food dealers for more than a third of a century.*

For every need, wherever food is sold or served, there is a suitable McCray model—for stores, markets, hotels, restaurants, hospitals, institutions, florist shops, homes.

Electrical or Mechanical Refrigeration of any type may be used with the McCray. All models are ready for immediate installation of the cooling unit. Quality built into every hidden detail of the McCray insures efficient, economical, *enduring* service.

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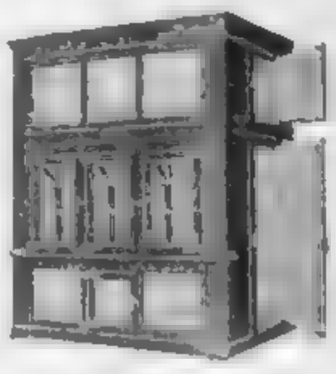
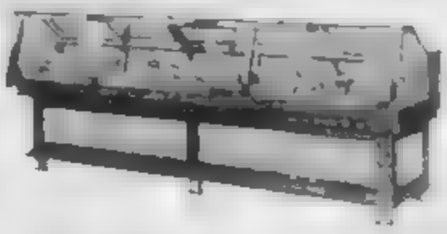
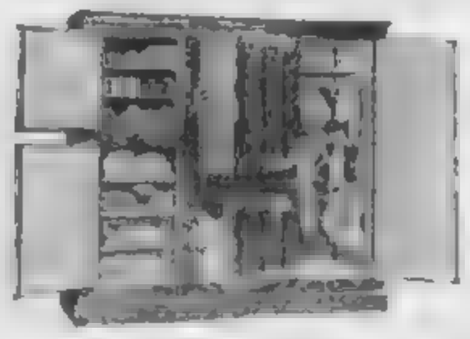


The Favorite Cooler for Meat Markets

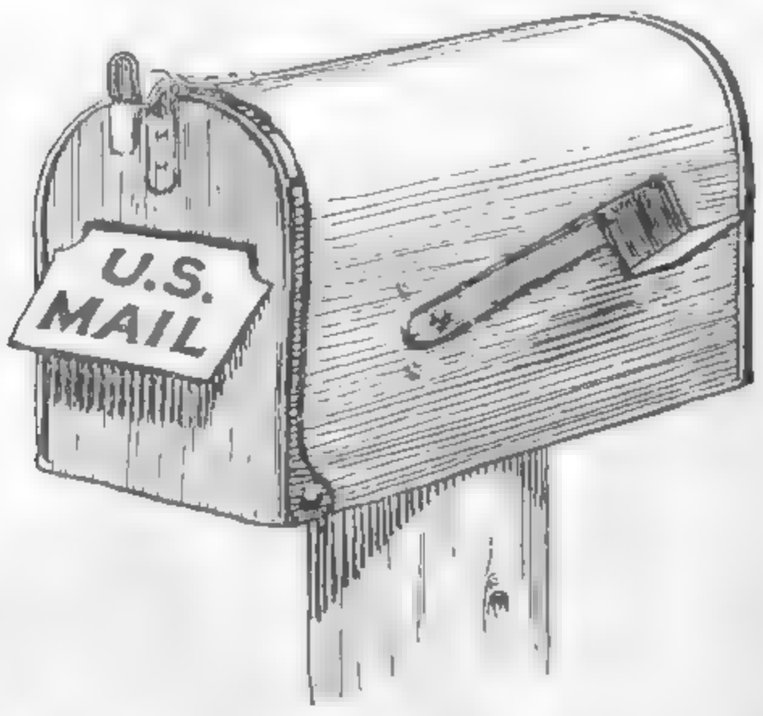


This refrigerator top counter, enabling attractive display in the grocery store, market or delicatessen shop, has been especially developed for use with electrical refrigeration



For Hotels, Restaurants and Institutions

Popular Model for Florist Shops



Do You Sell By Mail to Farmers?

DURING 1926, *The Country Gentleman* carried 56% more classified advertising of livestock, poultry, etc., than was carried by all the other five national farm papers, combined.

All this advertising came from people who sell to farmers by mail, and who buy their advertising space solely on the testimony of results.

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Magazine for Leadership Farm Families

More than 1,350,000 a month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Question-marks that keep the window-shopper out of your store

If the passer-by knew what you know about your merchandise, your prices, and your policies, window-shopping would lead to more buying over your counters.

WHAT causes men and women to shop at your windows yet hesitate to enter your door?

Questions about the merchandise you display. Questions about merchandise which is not displayed and which they doubt you carry. A reasonable fear in regard to prices. Timidity concerning policies and service.

Merely questions, if you will. Or perhaps "ignorance" is a better word. Ignorance of facts that are so well-known to you that you can scarcely imagine others not knowing them.

Probably the most potent force working to keep new sales from your store is this questioning, hesitating feeling of the folks who glance in your windows and then move on.

Yet this is a condition which direct advertising—advertising sent by mail—has proved itself able to correct.

For the indifferent passer-by has a home and an address and a letter-box. And he is interested in everything that the postman places in that box.

Write down on a piece of paper the news about your business. What articles you carry. The new seasonable styles now in stock. The old reliable quality back of your line. The range and fairness of your prices. How far you are willing to go in serving customers.

In other words, those facts about your business that you would gladly tell the passer-by this very moment if only he were sitting across your desk.

And then call in a good printer and hand him that sheet of paper.

In the business of favorably influencing people through the mails, in the art of changing attitudes of mind by means of direct advertising, the printer is an aid that no business can afford to overlook.

People look with interest at the well-printed advertising—folders, booklets, catalogs, broadsides that picture and describe things they would love to possess. Further, they are normally glad to learn more about the institutions where such merchandise can be bought.

And when they have read these printed pieces, many of the questions that now keep them outside your door have been answered. Their business comes to you, naturally, because they feel they have always known you.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

The preparation of direct advertising that will bring new faces to your store is discussed and illustrated in a series of books issued by S. D. Warren Company. Some of the books are already available; others will be issued from time to time during 1927. Ask the paper merchant near you who handles Warren's Standard Printing Papers to put you on the mailing list for these books. Or, if you prefer, write to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

[better paper ~ better printing]

Aqua Velva tones . . . it's natural moisture . . . keeps it smooth and comfortable all day long

Discover
all-day after-shaving comfort *this new way*

IF you have never tried Aqua Velva after shaving, there is a surprise in store for you. For this scientific, crystal-clear liquid works wonders with the newly-shaven face.

Aqua Velva's refreshing tingle puts a new complexion on the whole day—keeps your own complexion as it should be—skin flexible and smooth. It helps to conserve the needed natural moisture of the skin, so essential to all-day face comfort.

Aqua Velva helps the newly-shaven face in these five ways:

1. It makes your face feel sharply alive.
2. It sterilizes and helps to heal each tiny cut and scrape.
3. It has a fine, fresh, manly fragrance.
4. It helps the skin in its fight against cold, wind and exposure.
5. It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin and keeps it smooth and flexible. Aqua Velva conditions your face and *keeps* it just as comfortable all day long as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Try Aqua Velva FREE. We will send you a generous sample bottle in exchange for the coupon below or a postcard.

Aqua Velva sells for 50c (60c in Canada), in large 5-ounce bottles. We will mail it to you postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

FREE OFFER—SEND COUPON

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 43A, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address, 1111 St. Patrick St., Montreal
Send me free test bottle of Aqua Velva

Name

Address

City *State*

S. E. P. 3-12-27

The Poets' Corner

If I Were as Old as the Moon

IF I WERE as old as the moon
And as tired of lovers . . .
I should find on the floor of the sea,
Which no wave discovers,
A bed in the silken sand—
I should lie there basking,
Away from the eyes of men,
And their endless asking.
I should find on some mountain-side
By dark, storm clouds ridden,
A cave—of the winds forgot—
I should lie there . . . hidden. . . .
I should wake and not wish for the night—
And at night, in my sleeping,
Never dream, never pray for the dawn. . . .
I'd do no more weeping. . . .

If I were as old as the moon—
But, my dear, I'm not—
And as tired of lovers . . .
absurd! . . .
With the new one I've got!

—Fanny Heaslip Lea.

Blue Eyes

I NEVER knew
That eyes could be
So blue,
Till I met you.

But now, to my surprise,
I find your eyes
Are like the sea,
Or skies.

Now, hazel eyes or gray
Seem quite passé.
I frown
At brown.
I lack
Appreciation, too, of black.

For all my days
I'd like to gaze—
Although
I know
It's most unwise—
Into
Your blue
Blue,
Blue,
Blue,
Eyes.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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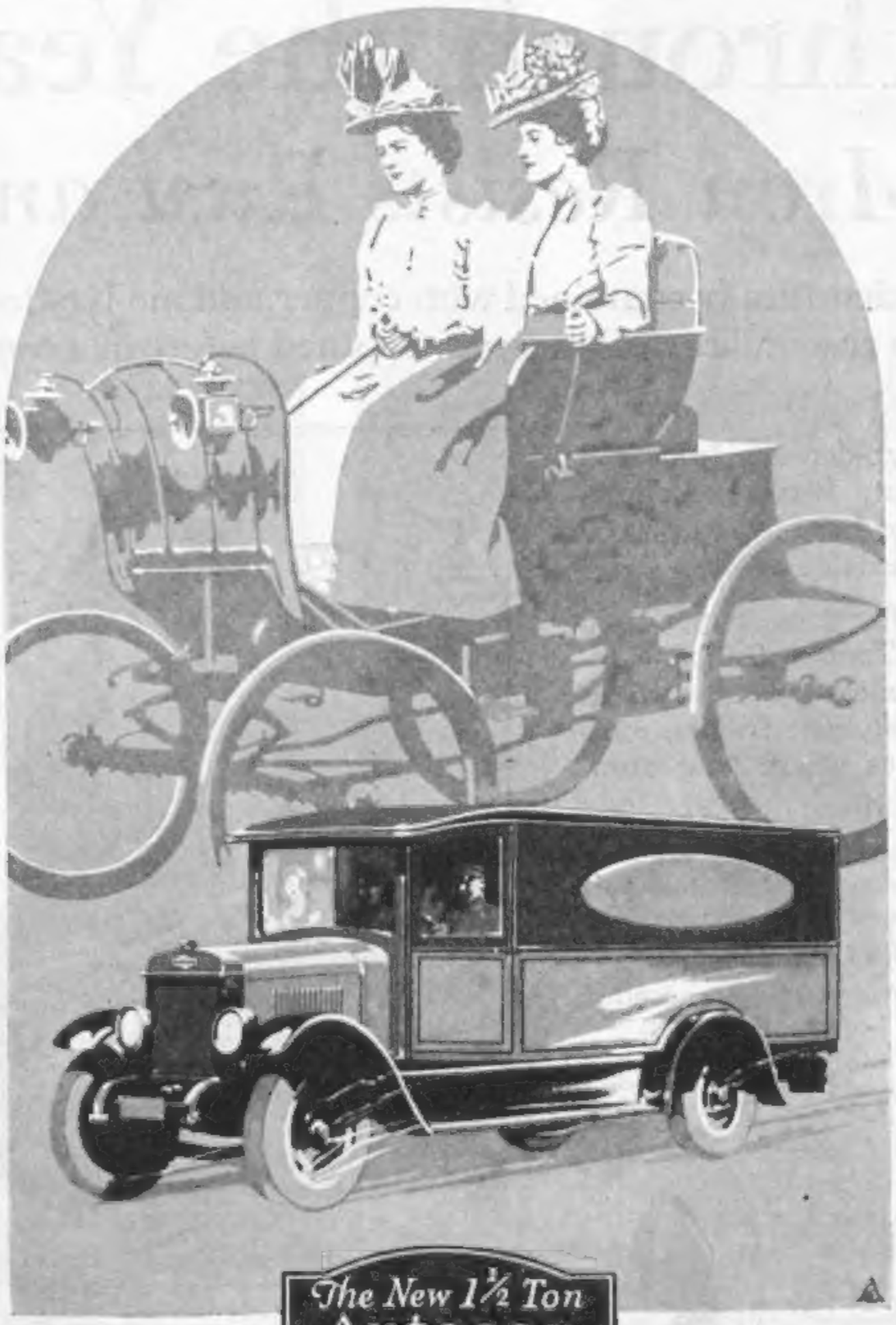
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

1897 1927



Autocar

a pioneer for 30 years again leads the way

FROM the earliest days of the automobile, Autocar has been a pioneer. Autocar designed the first porcelain spark plug insulation; Autocar designed and built the first American shaft-driven automobile; Autocar invented the double reduction gear drive; Autocar was the first in America to use a circulating oil system.

Autocar has pioneered and brought to its highest perfection the system of after-sales service through factory-owned and operated Branches.

And now in its 30th anniversary year Autocar presents its greatest triumph: a 1½-ton Delivery Truck with the speed, grace and comfort of a fine passenger car—and the vitality of a locomotive.

This is the Autocar's newest addition to the most complete line of motor trucks that is on the market today—most complete because most specifically adaptable in type and in wheelbase length to each specific hauling job.

*Albany
*Allentown
Altoona
*Atlanta
*Atlantic City
*Baltimore
*Boston
*Bronx
*Brooklyn
*Buffalo
*Camden
*Canton, O.
*Charlotte
*Chester
*Chicago
*Cleveland
*Columbus
Cumberland
*Dallas
Denver
*Detroit
*Erie
*Fall River
*Fresno
Harrisburg
*Indianapolis
*Jersey City
Lancaster
*Lawrence
*Los Angeles
*Memphis
Miami
*Newark
*New Bedford
*New Haven
*New York
*Norfolk
*Oakland
*Paterson
*Philadelphia
*Pittsburgh
*Providence
*Reading
*Richmond
*Rochester
*Sacramento
*San Diego
*San Francisco
*Schenectady
Scranton
Shamokin
*Springfield
*St. Louis
*Stockton
*Tampa
Utica
*Washington
West Palm Beach
Wheeling
Wilkes-Barre
Williamsport
*Wilmington
*Worcester
York

*Indicates Direct Factory Branch

The Autocar Co.

ARDMORE, PENNA.

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

Through the Years
This Super-Iron Resists Rust and Corrosion

Pure iron, scientifically combined with copper and mo-lyb-den-um yields a resistance to rust and corrosion never attained before in a commercial iron

TONCAN Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron is a metallurgical achievement. It makes a super-iron of Toncan—the iron that has already proved its durability through long years of service.

There are many uses for this Super-Iron. Leading architects specify Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron for sheet metal work, such as cornices, ventilation ducts, skylight frames, roofing, sidings and other places where long durability is the prime consideration.

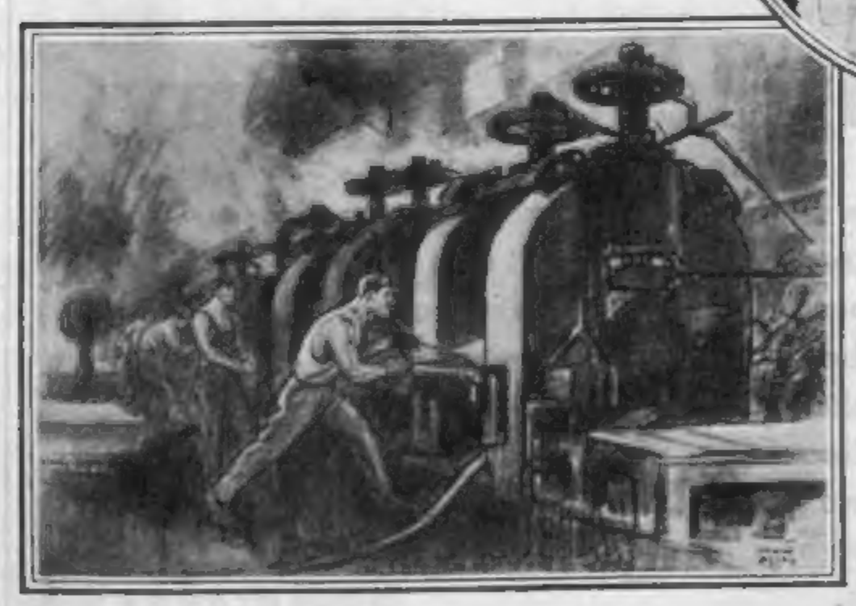
In the home, Toncan is recommended for furnaces, furnace piping, spouting and flashing by reliable sheet metal contractors. They have found it the most economical metal from the owner's standpoint.

For refrigerators, stoves, washing machines and other household appliances subjected to heat, cold or water, the use of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron is a guarantee of long life. Oven and refrigerator linings resist rust indefinitely when made of this super-iron. And Toncan Enameling Iron, on account of its uniformity, improves the quality and lowers production costs of enameled products.

Write for the new Toncan Book, "The Path to Permanence." It gives complete information on this Super-Iron.

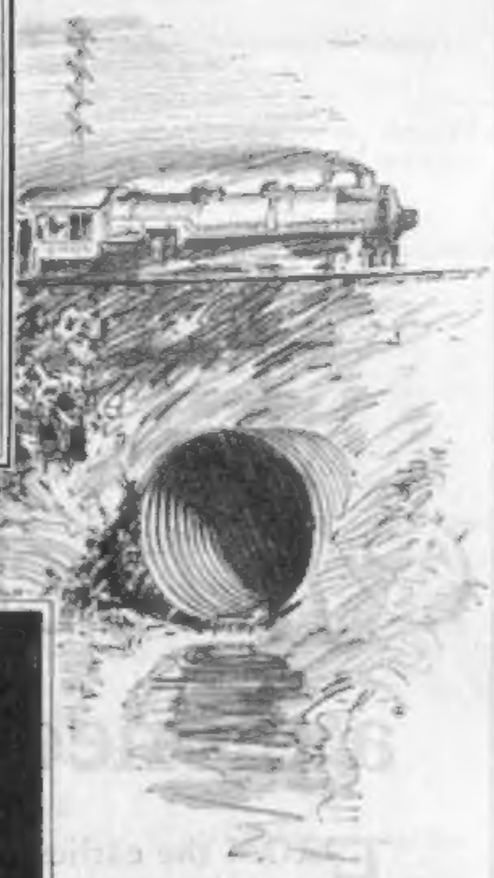
Toncan is used for all of the sheet metal work in the King Edward Hotel of Toronto, Canada. Architects, Essenwein & Johnson. Associates, Watt & Blackwells.

Leading stove manufacturers use Toncan Oven Lining. It resists rust and corrosion and will not flake or peel under heating and cooling.



Battery of sheet mills in our plant. Nowhere is greater care exercised in the production of every sheet.

The Toncan label on kitchen cabinets, stoves and refrigerators is a badge of integrity on the part of the manufacturer. He uses this rust and corrosion resisting iron for your protection.



Culverts withstand severe shocks and strains and the ravages of varying weather conditions when made of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron.

The Robinson Furnace, made by the A. H. Robinson Company of Cleveland, is of Toncan Iron throughout.

ACATHON STEELS

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Toncan Enameling Iron, Toncan Oven-Lining, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product. It is gladly furnished.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TONCAN COPPER

Mo-lyb-den-um IRON

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

CLEVELAND PHILADELPHIA LOS ANGELES CINCINNATI DETROIT CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO SYRACUSE TULSA ST. LOUIS SEATTLE

ROCK STRENGTH

SEALED

JOINTS

An exclusive Sheetrock feature is the USG reinforced joint system. Seals and conceals all joints, so that you get flat, unbroken wall and ceiling surfaces with Sheetrock.

INSULATION

Winter-warm and summer-cool are the rooms you line with Sheetrock. Broad, thick sheets of gypsum keep out the summer sun and keep in costly fuel warmth in winter.

LOOK FOR THAT MARK

USG SHEETROCK USG SHEETROCK USG SHEETROCK USG SHEETROCK
The FIREPROOF WALLBOARD

TIME TESTED

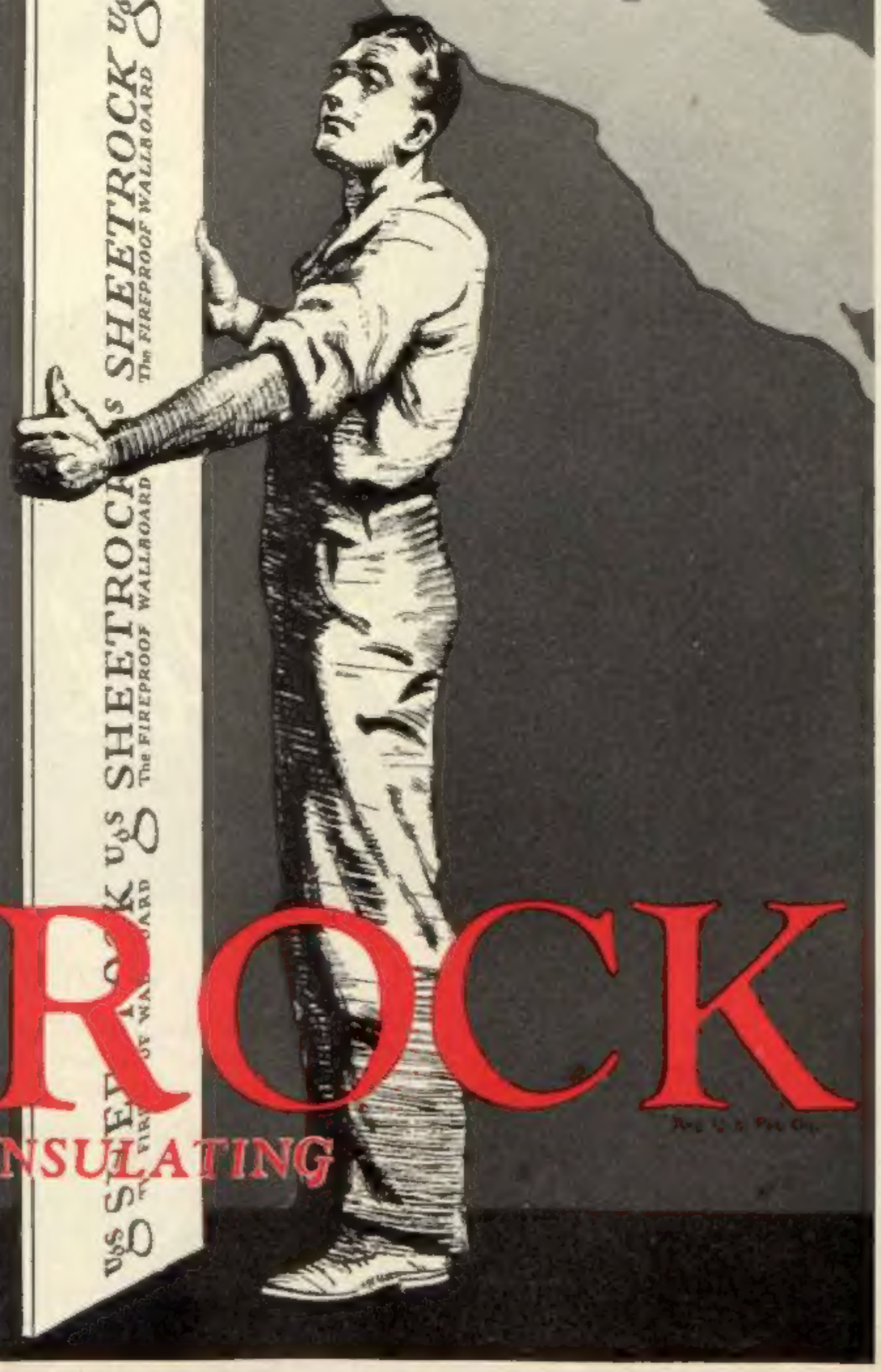
The first wallboard made of gypsum was Sheetrock. It is the first today. Perfected through 20 years' development. No experiment can ever give you what you can always get in Sheetrock.

FIRE PROOF

Rock—not wood, fibre, pulp or other vegetable matter: Sheetrock will not burn, ignite or transmit fire. Pure gypsum cast in sheets, it puts a fire-resisting wall around the room.

DECORATION

Smooth, flat, rigid walls of Sheetrock provide ideal surface for any decoration—wall paper, paint, or *Textone*, the plastic paint that combines both tone and texture effects.



SHEETROCK

FIREPROOF . . . . INSULATING

Sold by all good local dealers . . . . . Made only by the United States Gypsum Company . . . . . Dept. 30, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago

Send for free sample and copy of "Sheetrock Walls" booklet

© 1927, United States Gypsum Co.

The Symbol of

Healthful Cleanliness

There's nothing else like Old Dutch

Chases Dirt
Protects the Home

Old Dutch has won distinction as "The Symbol of *Healthful Cleanliness*" because there is nothing else like it for keeping the home hygienically clean and sanitary.

Old Dutch is a natural cleanser of a distinctive quality and character. It looks like a fine powder, yet, under the microscope its particles are flaky and flat shaped. Like thousands of tiny erasers, these particles simply, quickly and easily erase the invisible impurities as well as the dirt you see.

Old Dutch is so efficient because it is so different; it is free from harsh, scratchy grit, and does not scratch. This is a vital protection in the home, because scratches are catch-alls for unseen and unhealthful impurities.

Millions of housewives know that a little Old Dutch goes a long way and that it is the safest and most economical for all cleaning. As *Healthful Cleanliness* is a safeguard to health, so is Old Dutch your safeguard to *Healthful Cleanliness*.

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